LIFE



THE BALLET

MARCH 20, 1944 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $4.50

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TRUE TOWEL TALES: No. 5 . . . AS TOLD US BY A SAILOR

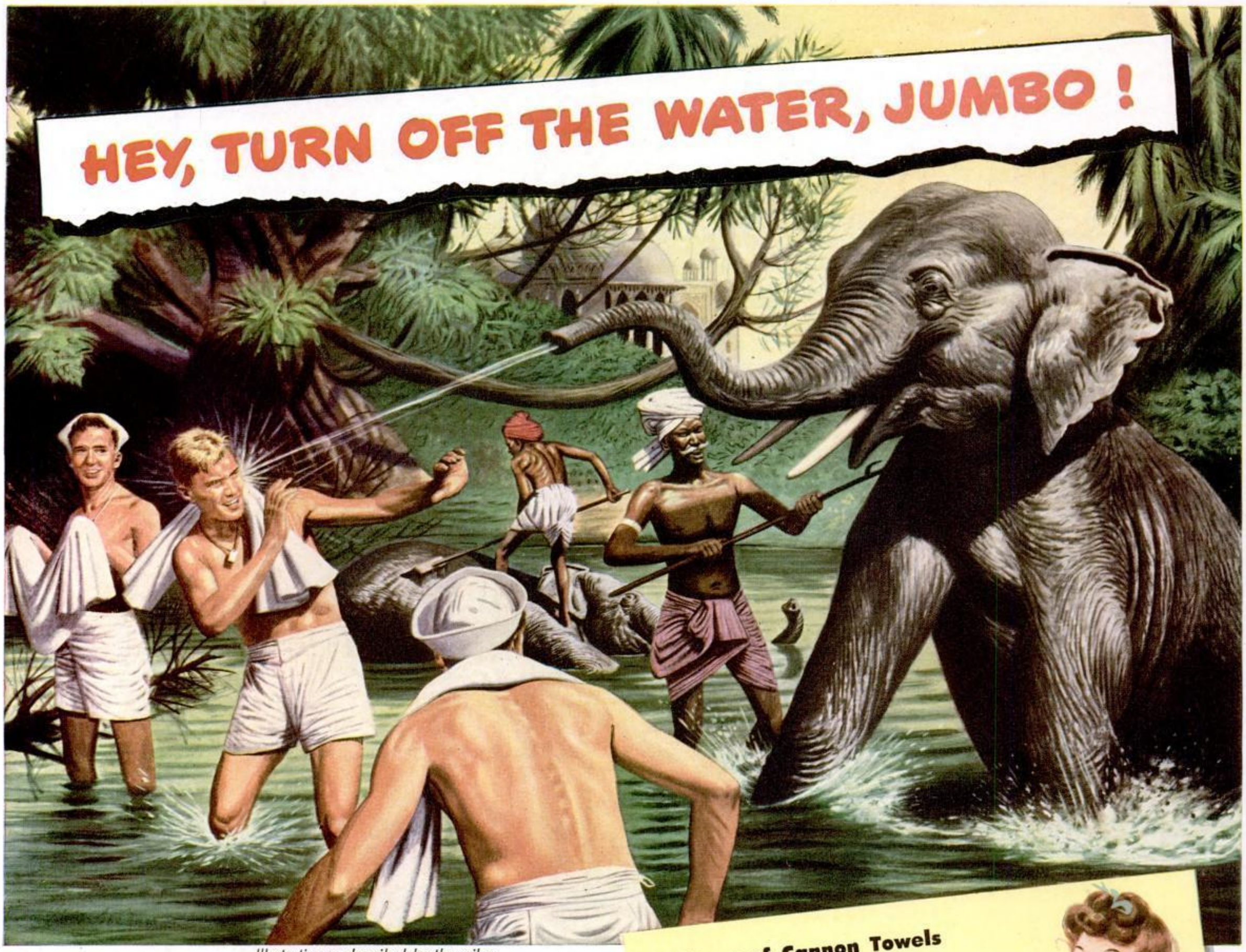


Illustration as described by the sailor

Down in Colombo, Ceylon, according to this American sailor, there's a Hindu who lives near a river and owns an elephant. When the hot season comes, he'll sell our shore-going sailors a shower-bath for less than a rupee. (You furnish your own towel.) "Me and me mates tried it," said the sailor, "and 'twasn't bad!"

Maybe this is a sailor's yarn — but the point is, whether our men use elephant showers and rivers or G.I. running hot and cold, they're certainly glad to have the same brisk, efficient towels you take for granted. In fact, many are those durable Cannons used so proudly in your own home.

Because *they* need them more than we do, there are fewer towels at home . . . the best reason in the world for us to take good care of the towels we have.

TRADE MARK CANNON

Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY

Millions of Cannon Towels

are now going to the Armed Forces. So you may find a smaller selection in the stores — fewer styles and a limited variety of colors. But the durable Cannon quality, the hardy quality that will see you through, remains the same. When the war is over, Cannon will again present the newest designs in the most charming colors. For free booklet, "How to Make Your Towels Last Longer," write to Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

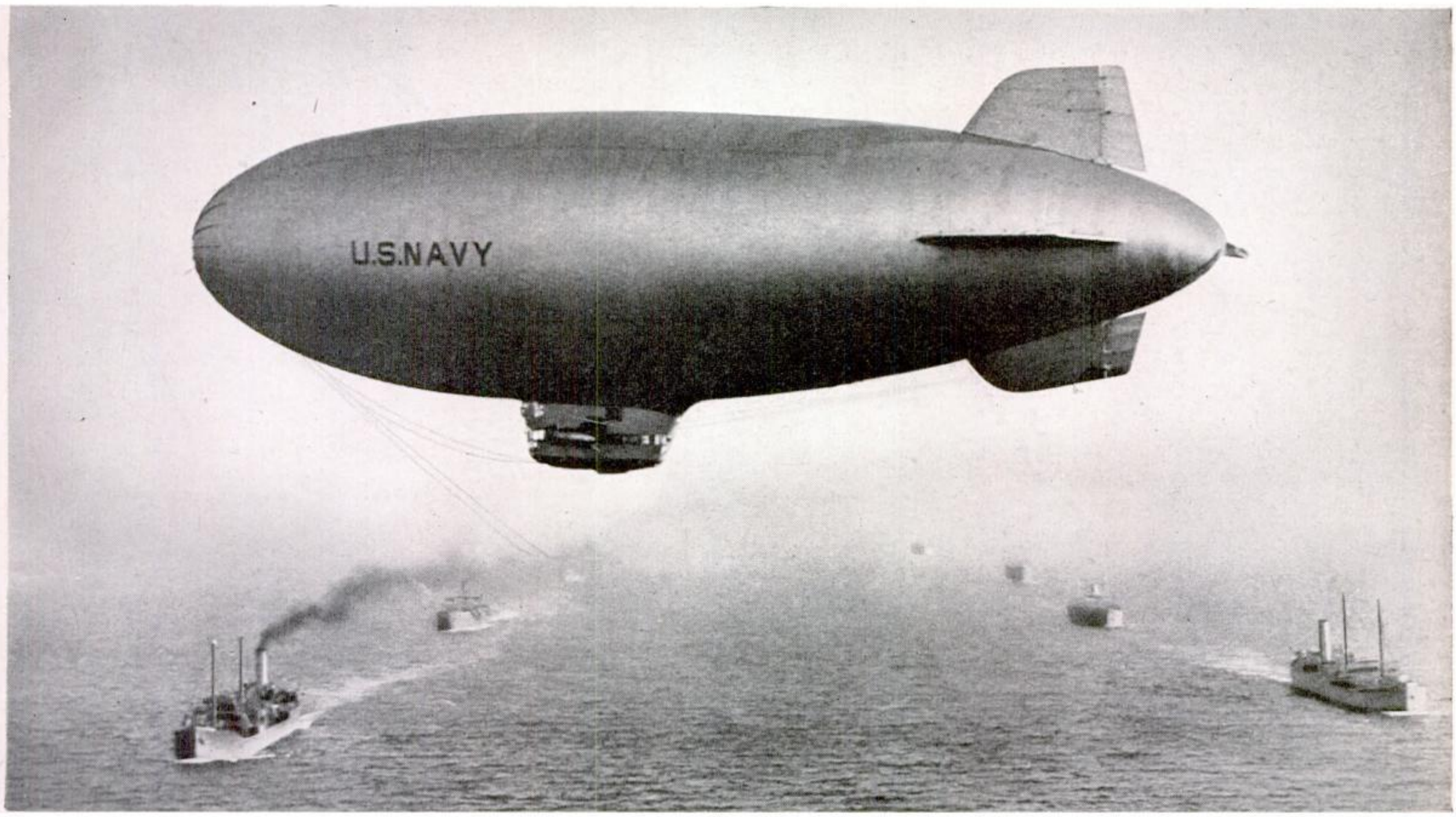
For Victory—Buy U. S. War Bonds!



HOW TO MAKE YOUR TOWELS LAST LONGER AND STAY "DURABLE FOR THE DURATION"

Launder before they become too soiled
Fluff-dry terry towels — never iron
If loops are snagged — cut off, never pull
Mend selvage and other breaks immediately
Buy good-quality towels — always the best economy

Copyrighted material



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

FIGHTING TODAY...TO GIVE YOU *Greater Joys Tomorrow!*

GUARDING the sea lanes that carry vital war supplies to our fighting forces, winning the battle against the wolf packs that lurk beneath the surface, are the watchful eyes of our Navy escorts. Through them and their heroic personnel, the menace of the enemy's submarine has been thwarted.

It is a source of satisfaction and inspiration to the men and women of Philco that the military radio equipment they are building has contributed to that Victory. They, too, are fighting . . . in their laboratories, at their desks and machines. Fighting with the knowledge that the real battle has just begun! And putting into their tasks all the scientific experience and productive skill that had made Philco the overwhelming leader in radio manufacture for twelve straight years.

Like all America, they are fighting to preserve the joys of freedom. But more than that, they see a new day dawning . . . when the miracles of war will become the blessings of peace. And when the achievements of their laboratories will bring greater joys for you in your home, in radio, television, refrigeration and air conditioning . . . *under the famous Philco name.*

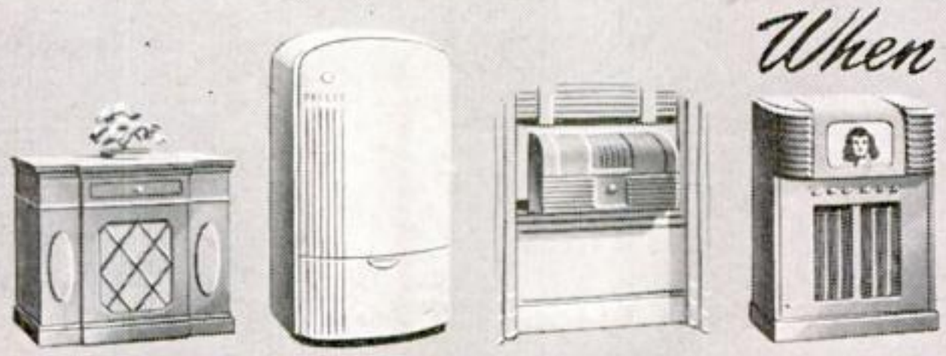
PHILCO

PHILCO CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EVERY SUNDAY • BLUE NETWORK

The Radio Hall of Fame

A Weekly radio review of the top hits from all fields of entertainment, as selected by Variety Magazine. See your newspaper for time and station.



When Victory is Won—

Philco leadership will bring you the newest developments of war research in Radio, Recorded Music and Television, in Refrigeration and Air Conditioning.

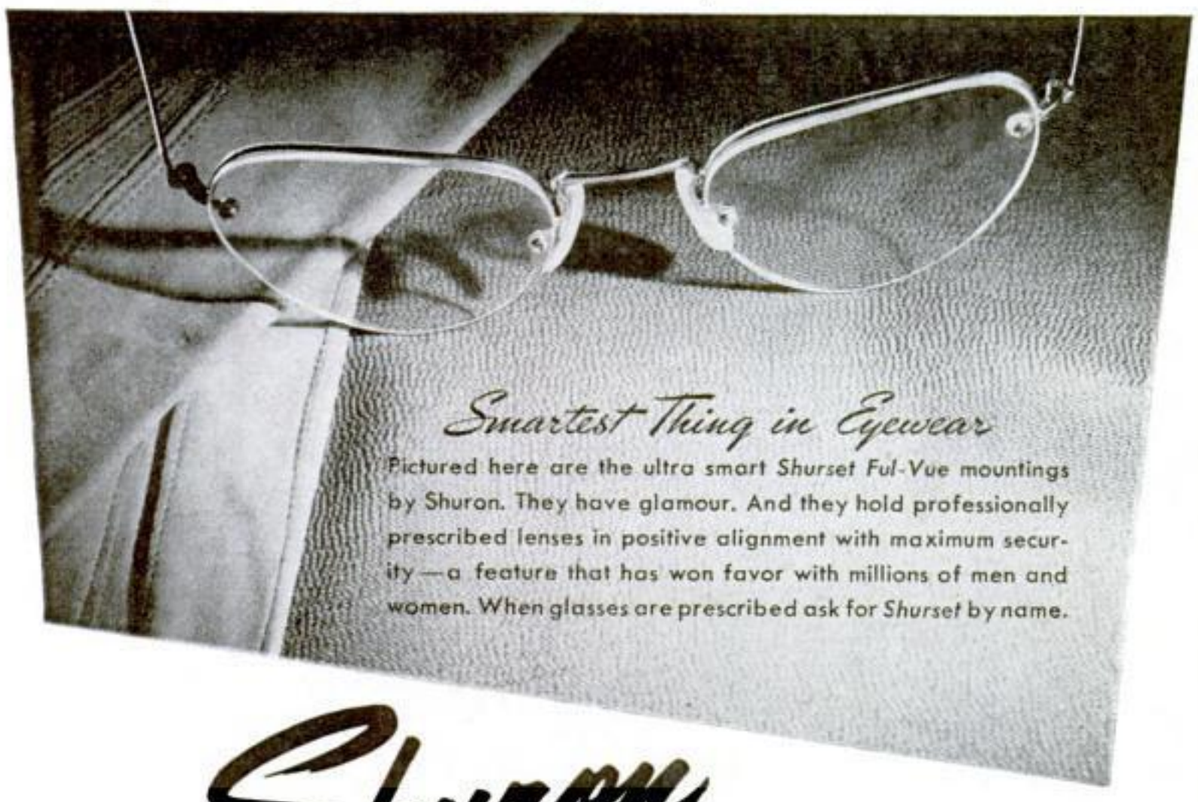
BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

This One
PA66-Q4U-SRJY

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A lonely heart is one thing. But there's another kind of loneliness that many people experience because of "visual isolation." As a result of subnormal vision, they go through life only half-seeing the world around them—passing friends unnoticed on the street, for instance. If your eyes need help, place your confidence in the professional man who has spent years in the study and practice of eye-care. He will prescribe the means for better vision.



Shuron
SMART EYEWEAR

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

BEST BOXER

Sirs:

That was a fine set of pictures on Warlord, the "best boxer" (LIFE, Feb. 28). I was able to see him at the Westminster show during my last furlough. He is a great dog and certainly deserving of the title "best American-bred."

CPL. SAUL SHAW

Hunter Field, Ga.

Sirs:

Congratulations to LIFE for its story on Warlord. As a boxer owner, it gets pretty monotonous reading about every breed of dog but the boxer. As a watchdog, child's companion and all-around fine pet, they are unsurpassed.

LESTER R. NICHOLS

East Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

As a $66-a-month fighting man it's pretty tough to read about people who spend $7,500 for a dog. My buddies and I, now awaiting shipment overseas, are asking ourselves if we are fighting for $7,500 dogs? That boxer is sleeping on better beds than we are and eating better food than our buddies in the jungles.

I'd like to point out that $7,500 will pay 150 fighting privates for a whole month, or buy enough small-bore ammunition to take a village.

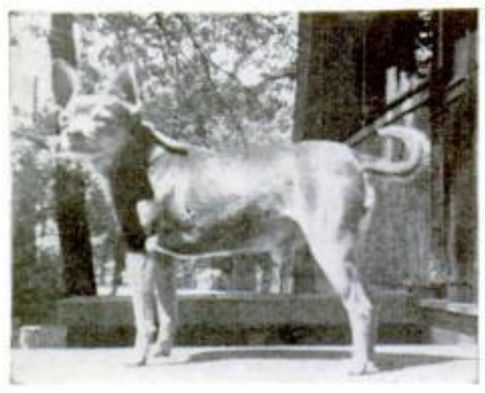
I certainly will hate to bed down in a foxhole "over there" and think of that dog sleeping on a mink coat.

CPL. DONN HALE MUNSON

Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

Sirs:

Here is a snapshot of my $7.50 dog, Skippy. I wonder if our soldiers aren't



PAL

fighting for the home life symbolized by a pal such as mine rather than for a $7,500 show dog.

WARD R. CROWLEY

Des Moines, Iowa

Sirs:

True, Warlord cost $7,500 but that is not the whole story. My kennels are not an extravagant hobby but are run on a strictly business basis. Warlord was purchased as an investment. The serv-



INVESTMENT

(continued on p. 4)

WEAREVER
Zenith



By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

It's the "write" thing to do



Write that soldier or sailor today. Letters from you make his thoughts easier, happier—help him do his job better. So it's important to write him and write him often. Let a Wearever Zenith pen speed your writing . . . a fine, durable, ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Of course, our armed forces have first call today, so if your dealer can't supply you, it's because the service man is served first!

DAVID KAHN, Inc. (established 1896)

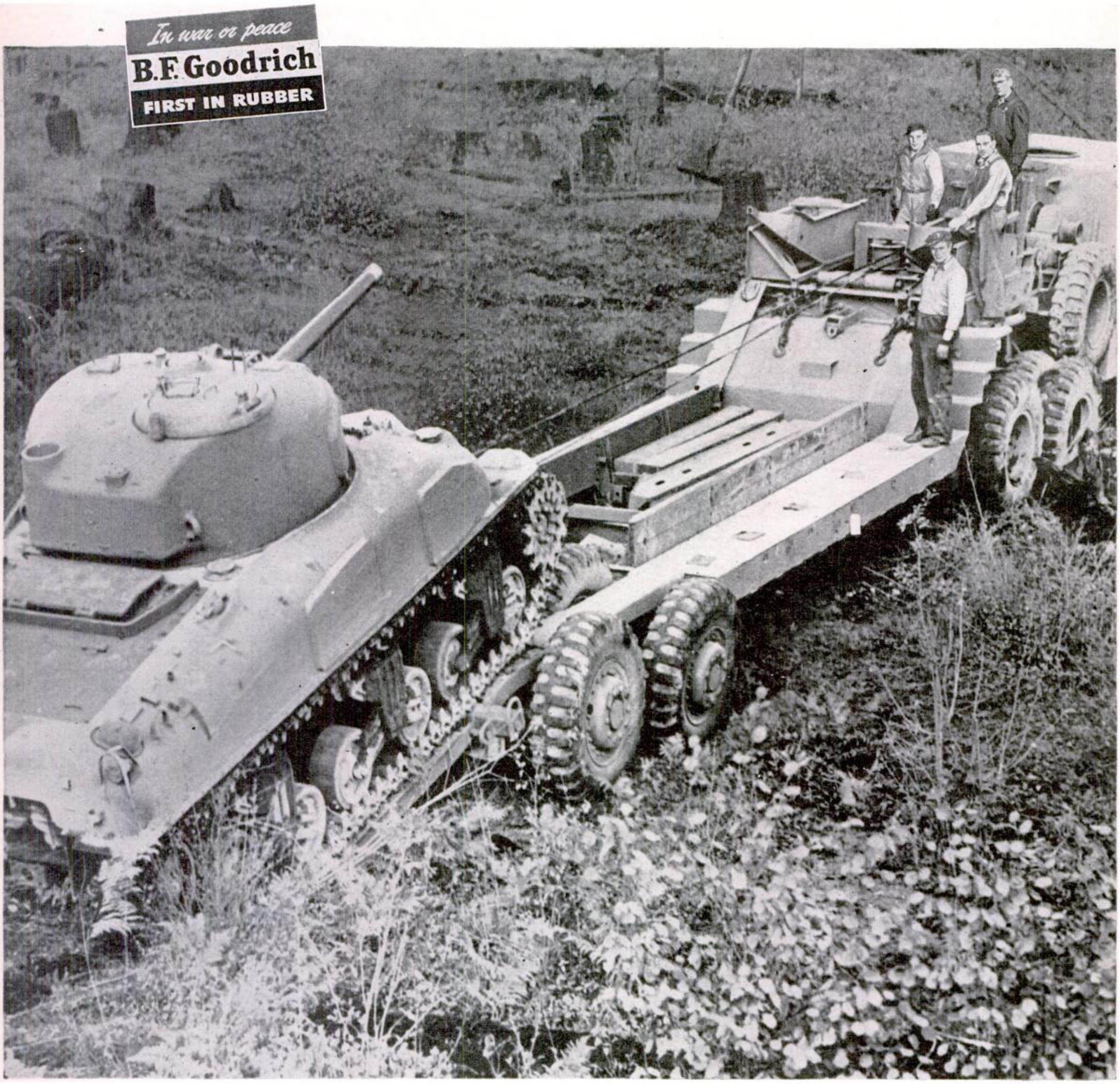
Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box $2.75



LIFE is published weekly by TIME Inc., 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, 16 Ill. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1936 at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Authorized by Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Subscriptions $4.50 a year in U.S.A.; Canada, $5.50.

Volume 16 Number 12

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Meet the dragon wagon

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

"DRAGON WAGON" is what the soldiers call this tank recovery unit. It is a mammoth truck trailer powered by an army-designed tractor, big enough to carry a 30-ton General Sherman tank on its back.

On the battlefield, the dragon wagon is used to haul away disabled tanks, carry them behind the lines to a repair depot.

Tires for such front-line service presented an unusual problem. They had to be able to carry tremendous loads, to travel over rocks and desert sand, to wade through mud and water — and to keep on going when hit by machine gun bullets!

For many army jobs regular B. F. Goodrich truck tires did the trick. For combat service special tires were developed of extra-thick rubber. These tires are built in such a way that when hit by a bullet the extra-thick sidewalls can support the load. And the tires are locked to the rim so that even when flat, the tire hangs on to the wheel. The vehicle can still travel.

It's because of these military needs that tires for civilians are scarce, but some are being made. Those for passenger cars are all-synthetic (99.8%) and are almost as good as pre-war tires. Truck tires aren't yet as good, especially in intercity service with overloads, but are being improved day by day. If you *can* buy tires, go to a B. F. Goodrich dealer or store. You'll get synthetic tires backed by 17 years of experience with synthetic rubber in all kinds of products. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.*

B.F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

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The

ONE Brand name

that's a

Grand name

the world over

...KAYSER



KAYSER

GLOVES • UNDERWEAR

HOSIERY • LINGERIE

If you must buy...Be wiser buy Kayser

- but buy War Bonds first

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

ice charge for a dog of this caliber is $100 and Warlord will pay for himself in time. As a matter of fact he has been booked already for more than 60 services. The income thus derived makes possible the extra activities which are a part of my kennel program.

These activities include donations from my litters to Dogs for Defense and also the free training of some dogs for the armed forces.

RICHARD C. KETTLES JR.
Long Island, N. Y.

REPORT FROM THE NATION

Sirs:

I hope Roger Butterfield will give us a report from the nation each month. His report for January (LIFE, Feb. 28) pulled the home-front news into excellent focus.

MRS. ANNIE WALKER
Cocoa, Fla.

Sirs:

Please . : : every month as a regular feature.

E. C. MAXWELL
St. Joseph, Mo.

Sirs:

I am unhappy to think that "They are especially angry at the Roosevelt administration over the taxes they have to pay" ("Report from the Nation," p. 20). Are the people of the U. S. actually that stupid, that greedy, that empty of fairness and justice? Do they really think they should eat more, drink more, buy more entertainment, save more dollars during the war than before? And all this while soldiers fight and die for them?

I hope that something is wrong with this "Report from the Nation." I hope that Mr. Willkie is generally thought right in his advocacy of heavy taxes. I hope that Mr. Roosevelt's veto of the tax bill, even though untactful, will produce higher and simpler taxes.

LIEUT. (j.g.) ROBERT R. SCHUTZ, USNR
Astoria, Ore.

ELLA RAINES

Sirs:

Having seen your fine pictures of that very charming young lady named Ella Raines (LIFE, Feb. 28), we have reached the unanimous decision that



MISS RAINES

she is the young lady whom we should adopt as our official pin-up girl.

For months we have been debating between Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth and then along comes your article on Miss Raines and upsets all of our carefully made decisions. Therefore we hope you will print another picture of Miss Raines.

It will be given the place of honor in our communications shack.

PFC. JAMES A. MAXWELL
Barksdale Field
Shreveport, La.

(continued on p. 6)

TODAY . . . over there



Our fighting men on all fronts get the finest precision optical instruments—hundreds of thousands of them, we are proud to admit, made by Universal. And many a fighting man, when he can snatch a moment for himself, is taking movie shots and stills with fine Universal cameras.

TOMORROW . . . back home



MOVIES BETTER THAN EVER

With Finer Cameras, Finer Projectors

When these men finish their jobs and come home, Universal can promise them *new* camera thrills—made possible by our unceasing wartime production of precision optical instruments. While producing night and day for war, we have employed new skills, pioneered new production methods. And tomorrow, after Victory, we will translate this experience into a whole new series of truly great cameras and other photographic equipment. Expect your next new camera to be a Universal!

UNIVERSAL CAMERA CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

There's only one flag we're prouder of!

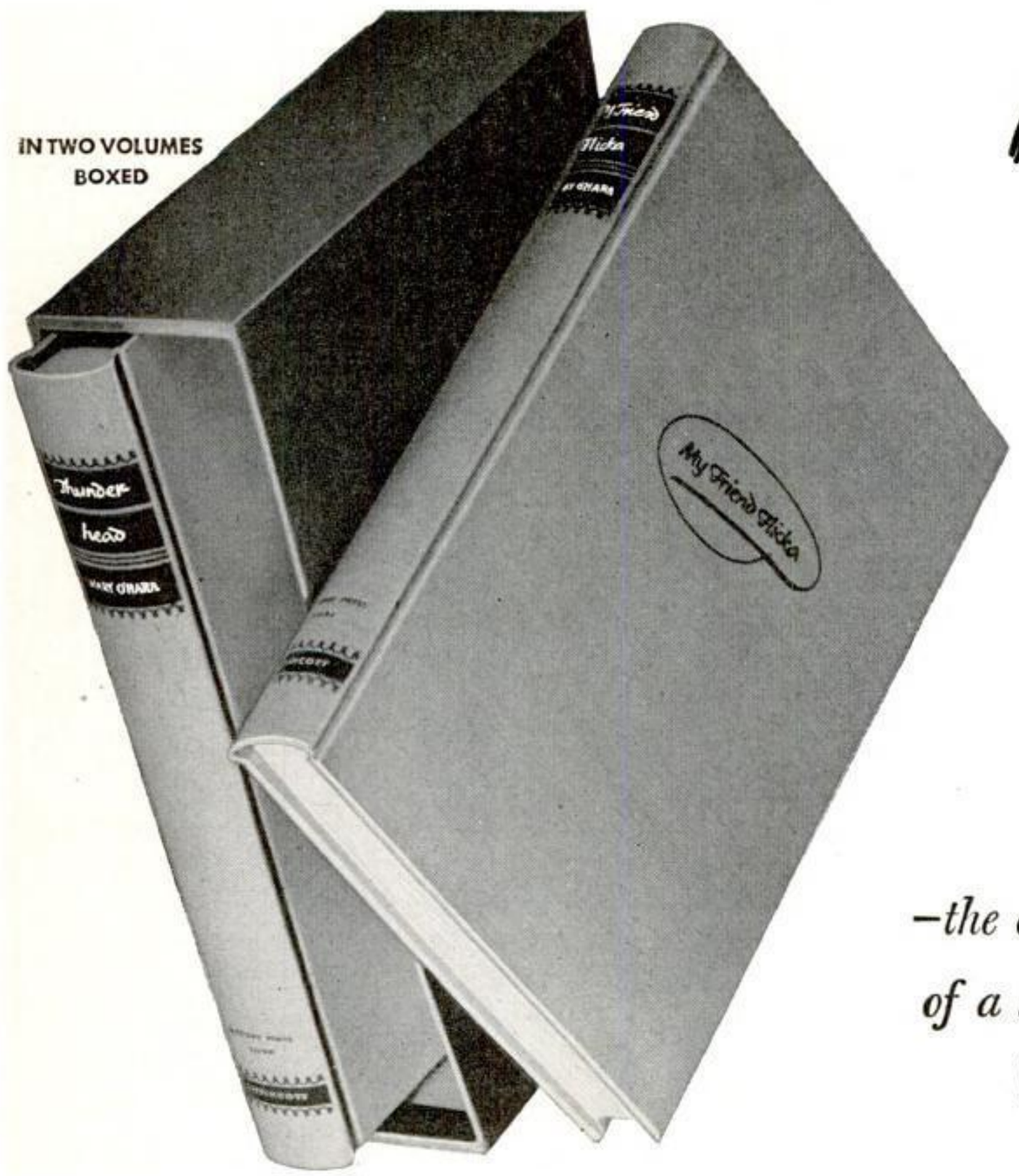
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • HOLLYWOOD

Peacetime Manufacturers of Mercury, Cinémaster, Corsair Cameras and Photographic Equipment

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TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



MY FRIEND FLICKA
and
THUNDERHEAD

By Mary O'Hara

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN STEUART CURRY

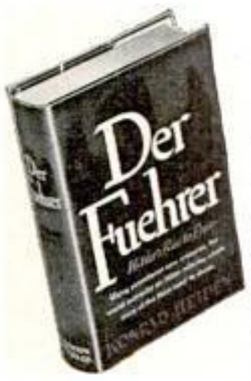
Retail Price $5.75



—the charming story, and its sequel, of a sensitive boy and his enduring love for his very own colt

YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH ANY ONE OF THESE NATION-WIDE BEST-SELLERS

All recent Book-of-the-Month Club selections!



DER FUEHRER
BY KONRAD HEIDEN
$3.00

Using new material of a sensational nature, the world's foremost authority on Hitler and National Socialism tells for the first time the complete story of *Der Fuehrer's* rise from nowhere to absolute dictatorship.



PERSONS & PLACES
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***and* THE SIGNPOST**
BY E. ARNOT ROBERTSON
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An account of the world-famous philosopher's formative years, *Persons and Places* is wise and delightfully humorous. *The Signpost* is a charming, witty novel set in modern Ireland.



SO LITTLE TIME
BY JOHN P. MARQUAND
$2.75

One of the leading and most talked-about best-sellers all over the country. "I do not recollect in any recent novel such a really brilliant succession of scenes," says Henry Seidel Canby.



PARIS - UNDERGROUND
BY ETTA SHIBER
***and* c/o POSTMASTER**
BY CORP. THOMAS ST. GEORGE
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

Paris-Underground tells of the exciting experiences of two brave women who defied the Gestapo.

In *c/o Postmaster,* the Corporal gives a gay account of American soldiers en route to Australia, and during their stay there.

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES: Over 500,000 book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the important new books they are really interested in.

As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over $7,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers—one for every two books-of-the-month purchased.

Your obligation as a member is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. Your subscription to the Club is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you get them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. (*Prices are slightly higher in Canada.*)

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Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of MY FRIEND FLICKA and THUNDERHEAD, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

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Remember this One?



IKE: Mike, vot are you vearing under dere?
MIKE: Undervear!
IKE: Under dere!!
MIKE: I just told you—underwear! I'll spell it for you,dumhead—*"B.V.D.!"

*B.V.D. AND *RUGGERS ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE B.V.D. CORPORATION

Now B.V.D. comes out in the open!

You've missed a lot if you still think B.V.D. means only a brand of underwear! Today you find that famous label in a whole line of style-setting apparel . . . See the latest *Ruggers Shirt by B.V.D.—soft, comfortable, yet beautifully tailored. To be worn with a tie or open at the neck.

YES, TODAY IT'S B.V.D. FOR

Clothes that work Overtime!



The NEW "BLENSPUN" *Ruggers Shirt by B.V.D.
Made from spun rayon and Teca rayon and just right for Spring weather. The American Institute of Laundering guarantees washability! Flexible Fit Collar looks smart and feels comfortable open or closed . . . $3.50
Short sleeves, $3.00

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"

UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
CONTINUED

Sirs:

We of the ski troops have unanimously voted Miss Ella Raines "The Girl with Whom We Would Most Like to be Caught in an Avalanche."

S/Sgt. BURTON C. LARSON
SGT. ROBERT H. REED
SGT. JOHN C. LIEBER
PFC. DAVID D. OGDEN
SGT. WILLIAM NEDER

Camp Hale, Colo.

Sirs:

Ella Raines over my heart.
(Sorry, but I couldn't resist it.)

BILL DUFFY

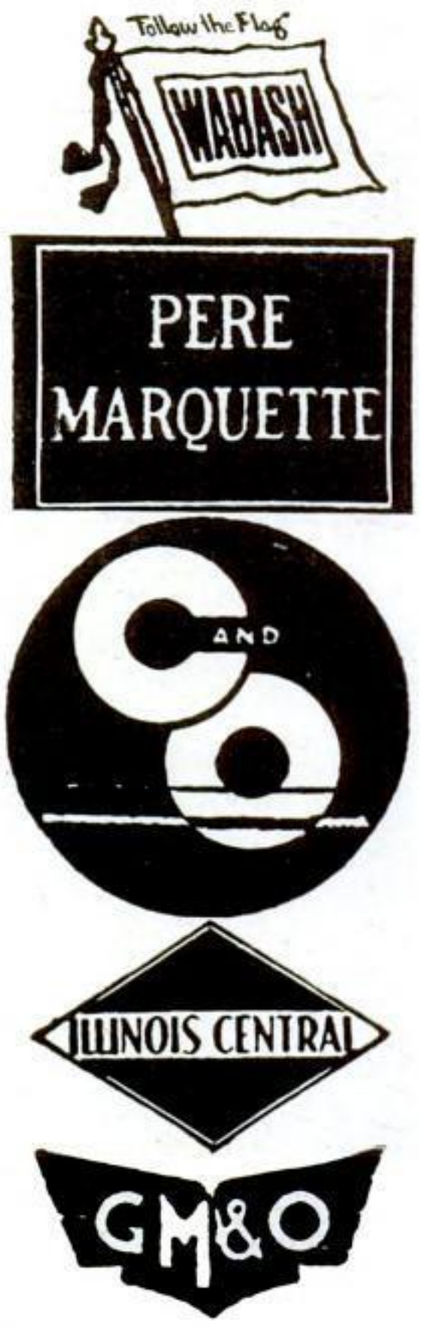
New Haven, Conn.

RAILROAD EMBLEMS

Sirs:

You certainly had a fine story on railroad emblems (LIFE, Feb. 28). LIFE is one of the few publications which prints good stories on railroads. There is a lot more interest in railroading in this country than the great majority of publishers would like to believe.

Some of your photos, however, did not show the "emblem," but rather the name of the road. Here are emblems from those lines which were slighted: Wabash, Pere Marquette, Chesapeake & Ohio and Illinois Central and the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio. No doubt you will be besieged by people plumping for a mention of their own line. Jealousy runs high in the railroad game and no road wants to be left out of the limelight.



ROBERT A. LeMASSENA

Oak Park, Ill.

PERSPECTIVE MAPS

Sirs:

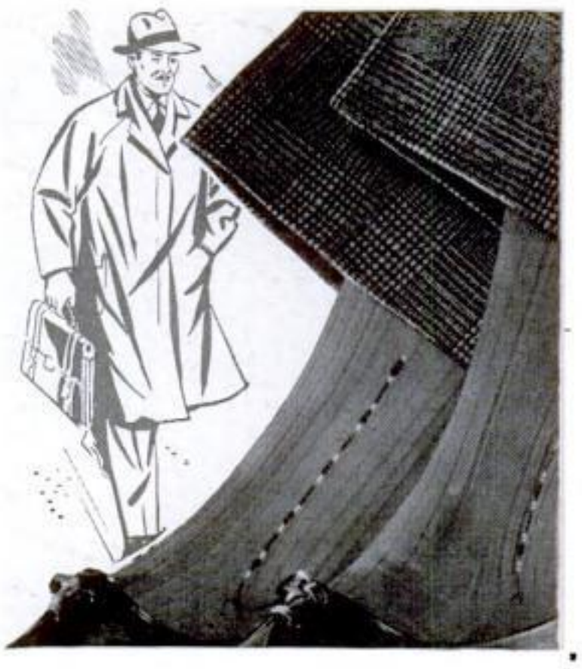
I was very much impressed by the perspective maps which appeared in the Feb. 28 issue. We ought to have more like them because they show a

(continued on p. 8)

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



What do they do in the Infantry?
They march, they march, they march.
Onward and onward determinedly
When the order is, "Forward—*Harch!*"
It's plenty hard on hosiery
So send your lad a box
Of sturdily made for the Infantry
Tan-ribbed Westminster Socks.



What do you do in *civilian* life?
You walk, and walk, and *walk!*
Without any fanfare of drum and fife,
Without complaining talk.
Now if you hope to walk through life
With plenty of stylish flair,
It's wiser to buy Westminster Socks
That wear, and wear, and WEAR.



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

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Work with a wartime DeSoto

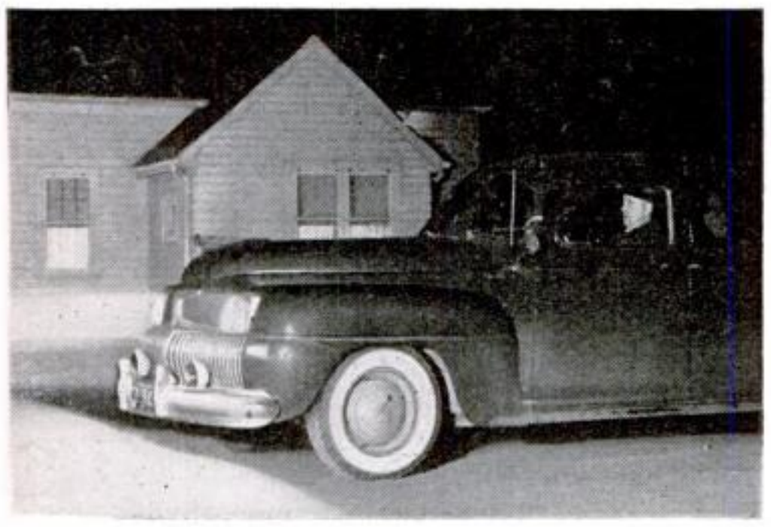


War workers E. H. Krug and his pretty daughter Dolores have an early morning breakfast before driving to work. Krug is factory manager of a big Detroit war plant.

THERE are half a million of these fine De Soto cars registered and running in the United States. Many thousands of them have joined the essential work of the war and, in that role, are performing with distinction. Not only is their performance reliable, but their great economy of tires, gas and upkeep expense makes them well suited for the exacting, and often strenuous, jobs required of them.

• • •

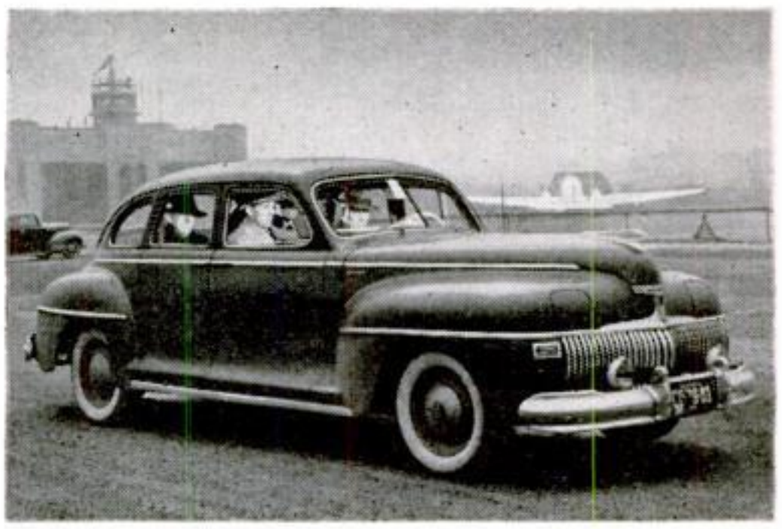
This quick picture story has been selected at random from thousands of similar ones. The pride and confidence of this De Soto owner are typical, and the work done by him and his car is a genuine example of wartime service to the Nation.



Krug lives in Centerline, Mich., 15 miles away. In early morning darkness, he and his daughter leave at 6:45 a.m. Their De Soto is their only means of transportation.



Pulling up for his ration of gas, Krug chats with the attendant who knows Krug's efficient and economical car is typical of many other DeSotos which he services.



Day breaks as he passes busy Detroit City Airport. Krug has driven a quarter of a million miles in DeSotos. "They never fail," says Krug.



Day or night emergency calls, demanding Krug's immediate return on a moment's notice, require instant and unfailing transportation. Here, Krug is returning to the big war plant at 3 a. m.



Like other DeSoto owners, Krug services his car often. "This is my tenth DeSoto," says Krug. "I keep it running smooth with frequent dealer inspections."

Your DeSoto dealer can help you keep *your* DeSoto running smooth, too. Make periodical inspection dates with him so he can watch your car and use his trained help and factory-engineered parts whenever necessary. Frequent dealer inspections are your best insurance for a smooth and efficient car.

DE SOTO APPROVED SERVICE PLYMOUTH

★

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a variety of special manufacturing services to American war industry.

★

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

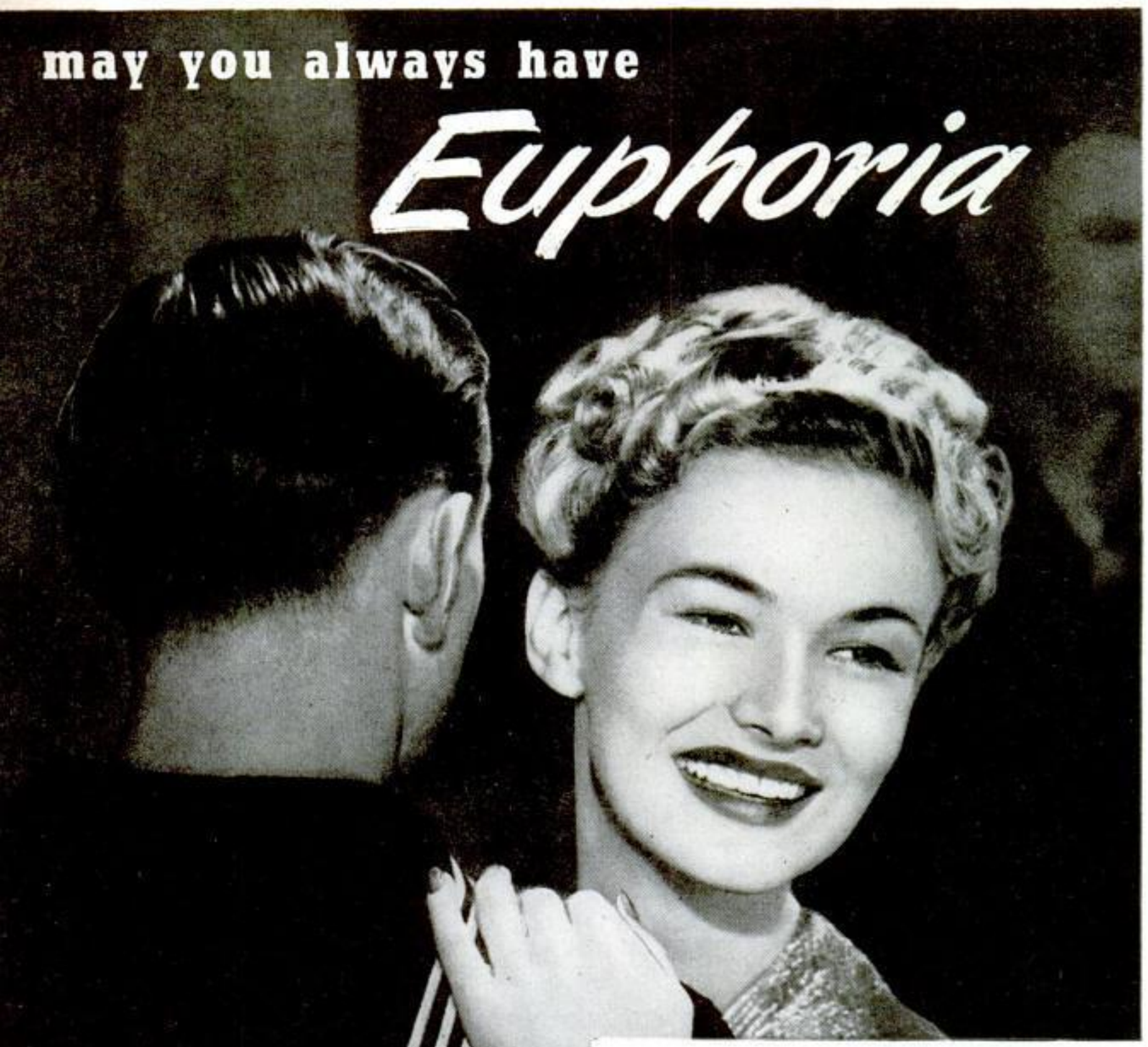
DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

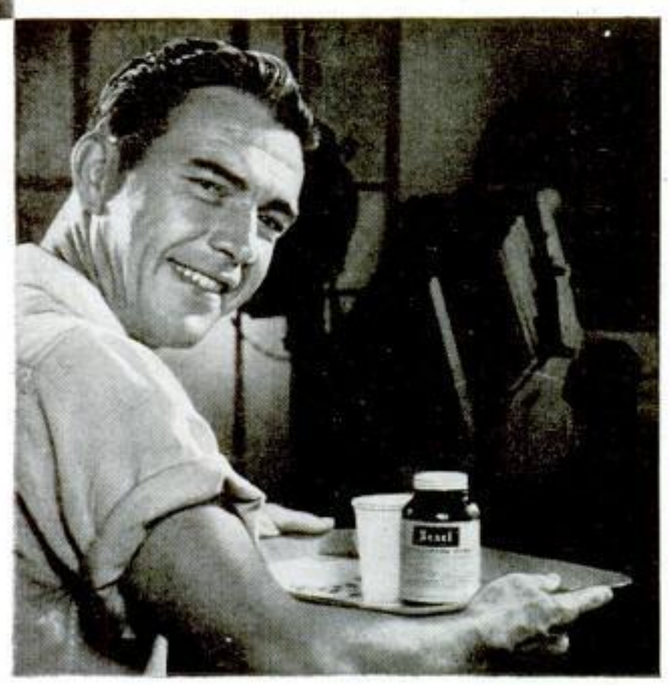
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Here's to your *good,* good health, VERONICA–

may you always have *Euphoria*



VERONICA LAKE
Paramount star of
"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN"



GOOD, GOOD HEALTH, joy of living—that's what doctors mean by the word, Euphoria. A perfect example is Veronica Lake. Day after day she works hard at the studio, yet night after night finds her blithely dancing with the service men at the Hollywood Canteen. Of course Veronica knows that a two-job schedule takes plenty of energy—plenty of B Vitamins. *So she supplements her diet with Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules daily.*

HOW ABOUT YOU? If you're working harder, you, too, may need extra B Vitamins. A sure way of getting them is Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules. That's why 85% of all workers on the Paramount lot now take Bexel—every day.

Now—more BEXEL Capsules are sold than any other Vitamin B Complex preparation

Even a slight Vitamin B deficiency may induce *worry, fatigue, "nerves," a below par feeling.* That is why millions of sensible people are today supplementing their diet with a Vitamin B preparation. The most popular Vitamin B Complex preparation is *Bexel* Vitamin B Complex Capsules. Why Bexel? Well—read below the five advantages Bexel offers!



5 BEXEL ADVANTAGES

1. Five B Vitamins. Authorities agree results are best when these vitamins are taken together.
2. *Double* the minimum requirement of important B_1 when taken as directed.
3. A capsule for protection against light, air, moisture.
4. A money-back guarantee.
5. *Made by* a famous laboratory—McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

BEXEL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
CONTINUED

whole new geography—a round geography instead of the familiar and misleading flat one.

CONSTANCE L. HUNT
East Providence, R. I.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Richard Edes Harrison. He is not only a great cartographer, but an explorer of merit. He has discovered a new lake in Russia.



SEA OF RYBINSK, CIRCLED

I have consulted many atlases and maps, and I have been unable to find the large odd-shaped lake he places at the bend of the Volga above Rybinsk, south of Lakes Beloe, Lacha, Vozhe and Kubinskoe (near 60° north lat. and 40° east long.).

ROBERT PERLE
Woodside, N. Y.

● Mr. Harrison's new lake is Sea of Rybinsk (*above*), a gigantic reservoir completed in 1941, fed by dammed-up waters of the Volga.—ED.

"THE REPUBLIC"

Sirs:

With growing interest I have been reading your articles by Charles Beard. I am a refugee from Nazi Germany and have just passed my citizenship examination.

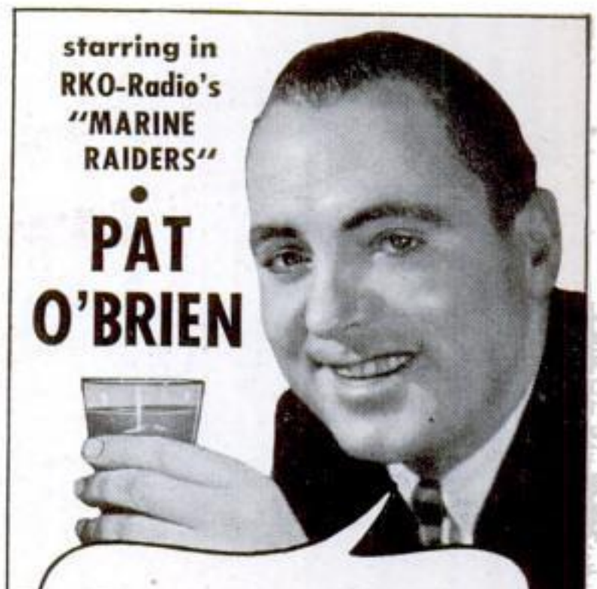
We who have lived under the heel of dictatorship, who have suffered racial and political persecution, who were stripped of all our personal liberties, cherish more than anything else the rights the Constitution grants the citizens of this great country. We are happy and grateful that we can share in these rights.

I wish to thank you for acquainting us with Charles Beard's outstanding book. The knowledge it conveys to us will help us to be good citizens of the United States.

MAX L. BERGES
Los Angeles, Calif.

Time, LIFE, *Fortune* and the *Architectural Forum* have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

starring in RKO-Radio's "MARINE RAIDERS"
• PAT O'BRIEN



THIS IS WHAT I CALL A **WOW** OF A TOMATO-JUICE COCKTAIL!

You try a WOW! Made with FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE!

To make this *different,* refreshing cocktail, add to each glassful of tomato juice a pinch of salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix well—serve very cold. Blended from choice ingredients, this famous sauce gives tomato juice a wonderful rich new flavor!

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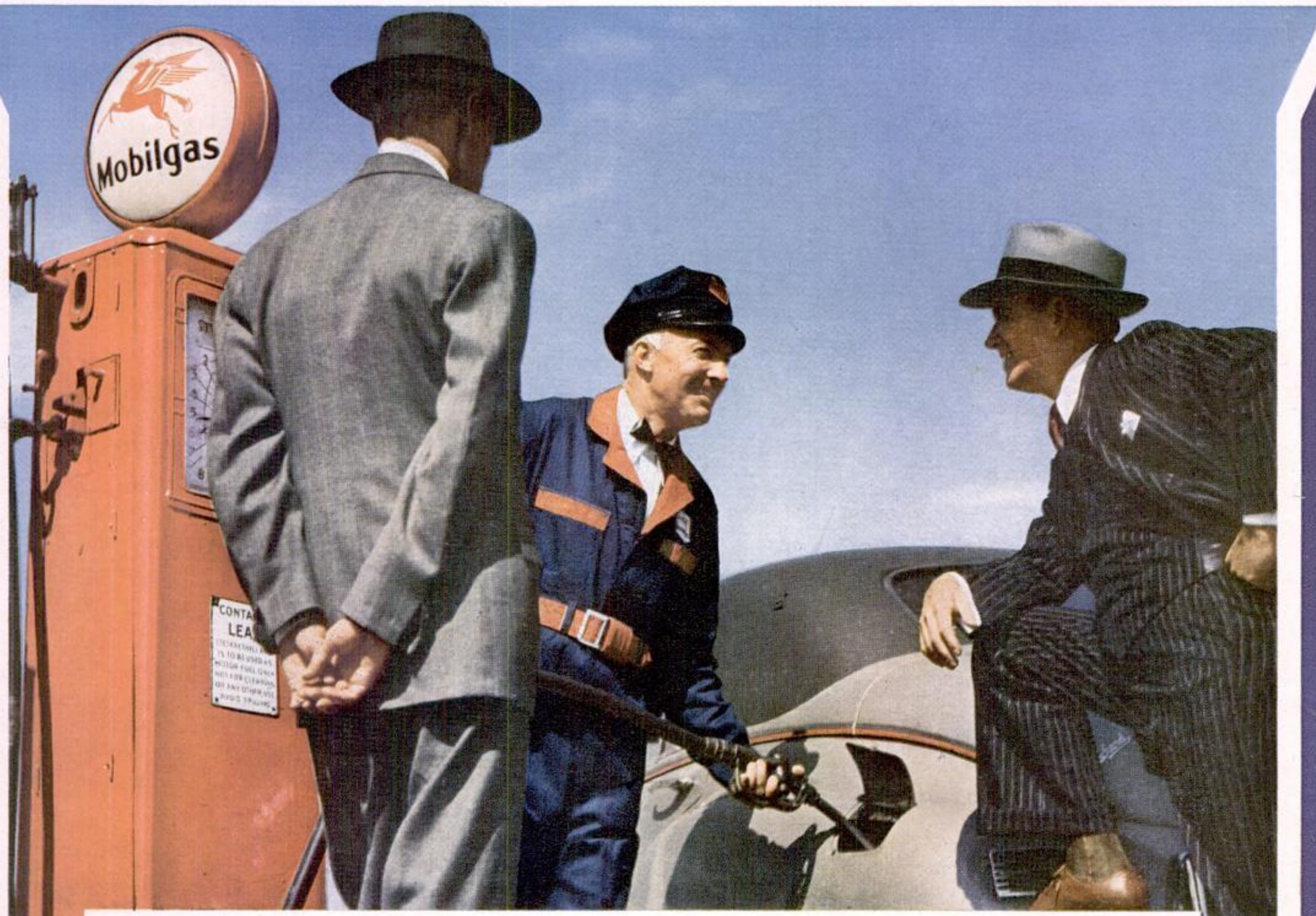




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Day of Deliverance



An interpretation of "La Marseillaise," the French national anthem, the authorship of which is attributed to Claude Joseph Rouget de l'Isle. Bernard Lamotte, celebrated French painter, has depicted in his painting a present-day city in France which has just been evacuated by the Germans after their customary destruction. The people march into the public square led by the modern Jeanne d'Arc who raises anew the tricolor. . . . Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

A NEW DAY! . . . Out of the dark hovels of poverty and despair come the people, long oppressed. Timidly they step into the arena of light—hoping—yet fearing lest they be smitten anew. . . . But the tyrant weakens and reels! And for them — the people of France — day of deliverance!

Day of joy — when Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité are reborn with a rapturous meaning. When men may sing—unchained, ungagged—the song of a free people — *"Allons, enfants de la Patrie!"*

Yes, come, you children of France — and come, you children of *all* beggared nations of the earth — *arise!* And — as the chains of slavery fall — *sing!*

For song is the ever-ready accompaniment of freedom. In music of all kinds men find the truest reflection of their hopes, their dreams and their loftiest aspirations. Find in it, too, the inspiration to greater courage and mightier action!

Men who love music — be it the stirring strains of a national anthem or the sweep of a symphony — have come to look to the Capehart for music supremely interpreted. Today the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments for war; but new Capeharts will be available after victory is won.

However, your Capehart dealer is still ready to serve you in other ways. And you are invited to his showrooms where you may hear "La Marseillaise" as recorded by Marcel Journet (Victor No. 6557), or as conducted by A. V. Alexandroff (Columbia No. 36266). And you may hear the heroic works of France's great national composers — Berlioz, Franck, Debussy, Bizet, Ravel.

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LIFE'S REPORTS

PISTOLS AT 50 PACES

IN ARGENTINE DUELS NOBODY EVER GETS HURT

by HOLLAND McCOMBS

When I first came to Argentina and heard and read about all the dueling that goes on I thought about bullet holes in bodies, blood on the ground and maybe a corpse now and then under picturesque oaks. But that isn't the way it is down here in Argentina. There hasn't been anything worse than a scratch in an Argentine duel since who can remember. Recently I asked a dueling authority why no one ever gets killed in all this shooting and cutting. He haughtily refused to answer, but his cold stare implied that if I, too, were "a man of honor," I would understand these things.

Obviously, killing has nothing to do with Argentine dueling. Nobody is supposed to get hurt. But on the other hand nobody is supposed to act like they know nobody will get hurt. The proper way to act is to be full of Castilian dignity and give the impression that you, of course, being a man of honor, understand all these things. The man of honor faces with proper funereal calm all the dramatic didoes attendant on such duels, including wailing families, last-minute wills and, of course, the full and not unwelcome glare of publicity.

It was not always thus. Back in 1907, for instance, the dreamy-eyed poet, Belisario Roldán, fought a fatal duel because someone had failed to appreciate the beautiful eyes of Arnolda Brickman, his fiancée.

But in these modern days Argentine duels are fought not by poets but by politicians and rambunctious army officers, not because someone failed to appreciate limpid eyes but because somebody got personal in the course of accusing somebody else of election fraud or political graft.

Take the string of duels in late 1940. First there was Vicente Solano Lima versus Manuel Osores Soler. It was in late November while congress was in session, always the height of Argentina's dueling season, for congressional sessions offer wonderful opportunities for insult. Both men were deputies. During a debate in the chamber regarding fraudulent elections, Solano Lima called Osores Soler a "cynic" and Osores Soler said something about a "scoundrel." Immediately after adjournment, the seconds met but there was terrific conflict over who had hurt whose feelings. Which after all, was the stronger word, "cynic" or "scoundrel?" Who was insulter and who the insultee, so it could be decided who had choice of weapons? Next day at lunchtime, the conferences on this grave matter moved into the social limelight of Buenos Aires' swank Jockey Club and hence into the rank of top-flight publicity. At luncheon's end no agreement had yet been reached. One principal wanted swords, the other pistols. But both insisted stoutly that the duel

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



TWO ARGENTINE DUELISTS SATISFY THEIR HONOR BY TRADING TOKEN SHOTS



WHEN WEIGHING BABY (AND AT ALL OTHER TIMES), HOSPITALS GUARD INFANT AGAINST GERMS

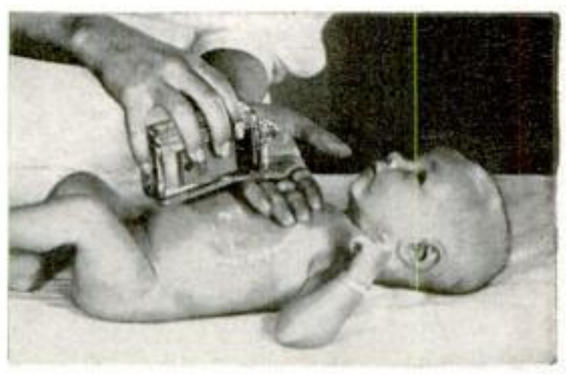
Compare YOUR knowledge

Important to every mother: A leading medical journal asked 6,000 physicians, including most U. S. baby specialists, these vital questions about baby care. Read answers below:



QUESTION: ***"Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"***

ANSWER: Over 95% of physicians said *yes.* Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use *Mennen* Oil—because it's *antiseptic).*



QUESTION: ***"Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"***

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: ***"Should oil be used after every diaper change?"***

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes. (Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of *germs* in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: ***"Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"***

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil *should be antiseptic.* Only one widely-sold baby oil *is* antiseptic—*Mennen.* Helps check harmful germs, thus helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is mildest, safest, keeps baby's skin *smoothest.* Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

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"It's wonderful, Honey...Hey, you're not sitting on my Gem Blades, are you?"



So *you* wouldn't worry about Gem Blades at a time like that! Well—brother—she's probably in the bag because Gems kept his face free from "5 o'clock Shadow".

Try genuine Gem Blades yourself. They're thicker, tougher, super-keen. They keep you face-neat *longer*. Cost less, too, because there's never a dud in a pack!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH



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LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

must be fought. While this life-and-death conference was going on club members and lady visitors felt properly dramatic, maybe a little tragic. Finally someone with the instincts of a movie director suggested a "lottery." Two bits of paper were dropped into a hat. With just the right nonchalance, a waiter was called over to take out one slip. And, as the news accounts of the day stated, "The seconds read out the one word 'pistols'," which, since pistols were the preference of Solano Lima, officially established him as the insultee.

The duel morning dawned thundering and rainy. It was not a good day for pictures. Nevertheless the principals, correctly dressed in black, turned up at a football field with doctors and a retinue of friends, fellow deputies and a photographer or two. The duelists stood still as pokers, paced 25 steps, turned, fired into the air, then rushed back to their friends and admirers. Everybody embraced everybody else and finally the principals embraced each other. The crowd clapped hands, the satisfied duelists clapped each other on the back and smiling widely posed for pictures.

A few days later Deputies Rodríguez Araya and Pio Pandollo fought another fraudulent-vote duel. Result: Two shots; nobody hurt. But in this case the duelists were, for some reason, "still unreconciled." Apparently reconciliation is more important than accurate aim, for recently a proud wife parried an embarrassing question regarding her husband's duel with "Nooooo, nobody was hit but there were two shots and *reconciliation*."

The third duel of this series was between Deputies Emir Mercader and Rodolfo Reyna. The trouble again was fraudulent elections. Again the seconds held "secret" conferences in the Jockey Club. Token shots were exchanged on the grounds of a suburban estate in San Isidro. But, again, when the reconciliation question was put, Mercader growled, "Fraud separates us," and Reyna grunted, "It's impossible."

•

Sometimes the number of doctors in attendance is a bit alarming considering all the really sick people who might be needing attention. In April 1942, Ireneo Mario Castex and Victorio Roca, another pair of politicians, went to the Alvear Stables in San Isidro to settle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



Tho' you may not own a Ronson
You may rightly have surmised
That your lighter will work better
If you keep it

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RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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a Pilot's letter advises:

"Better fly Buick"

SHE is a three-star mother, with one son an Army pilot, one a Navy flier, one an Army cadet meteorologist – and a war-time job of her own to handle.

When a letter came from the one who has been out in the Pacific for 15 months – much of the time in a big Liberator bomber – she passed it on to us, with quite needless apologies about "a mere mother's pride" in her son's good efforts.

She sent it on because her son wrote:

"These engines I fly behind are built by Buick, so I have the utmost faith in them. You take care of them and they'll take care of you."

And you can be mighty sure that made us feel good.

But listen to what the mother added and see if you wouldn't feel both proud and a bit humble in the face of such obvious appreciation:

"Thank God," she wrote *"that if our modern machines must be used as instruments of war, Buick does build them. It means much to us mothers of men that, as they defy death in the skies, you have done your best to see them through."*



Keep America Strong
BUY WAR BONDS

Yes, we have done our best. And we are glad that best has been good enough to give fighting men faith in Buick-built war goods.

But who wouldn't try to *better* his best when to such faith you have added the sincere gratitude of mothers who send their sons to fight for us?

Certainly *we* shall – every hour of every day – from now till Victory!

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network

★ BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS ★

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THE SULTAN LOOKS AT CROWN ZIPPERS

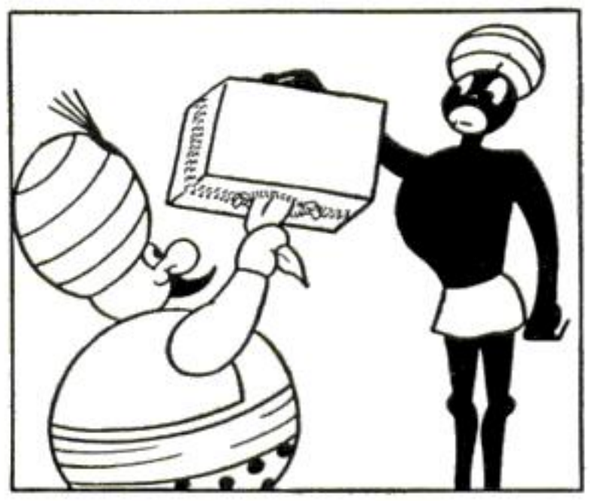
by O. SOGLOW



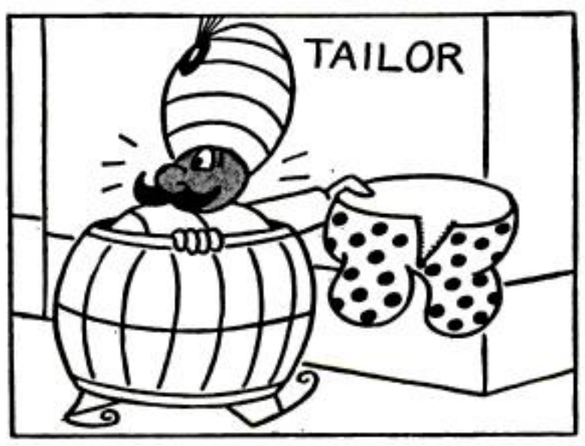
1. HEARS that the Crown people now make a zipper that actually slides freely around sharp curves—measures his subjects for possible postwar applications.



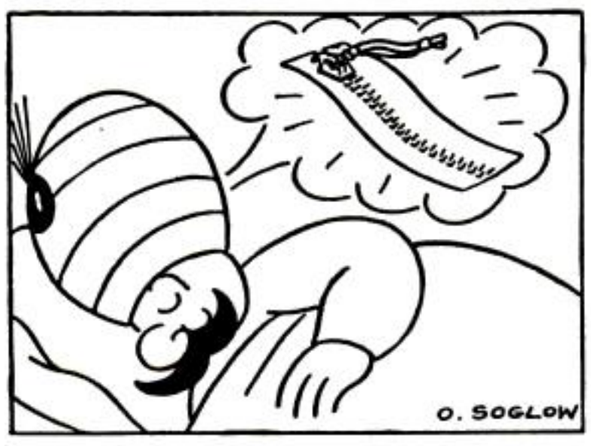
2. CALLS on dentist to find out if the principle behind Crown's exclusive die-casting process (molds zipper teeth right on tape) can be applied to his own teeth.



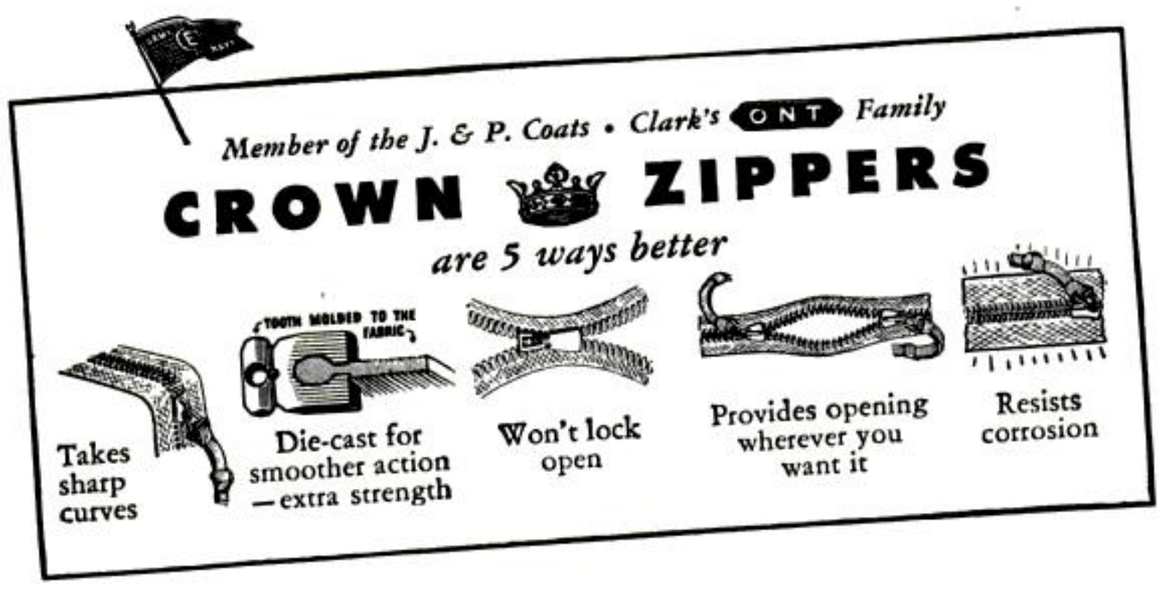
3. ORDERS all postwar luggage equipped with the sensational new "double-acting" Crown Zipper that permits two sliders on one track, opens at any given point.



4. RUNS to his tailor's following an embarrassing experience with an old-style, conventional zipper. Instructs tailor to make all future trousers with Crown Zippers, which won't lock open.



5. DREAMS of the day the war is over and Crown engineers—fresh from their experience in redesigning hundreds of military items—can sit down with his own designers to solve peacetime zipper problems.



THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY, *745 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. (Crown Fastener Division)*

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

the matter of some "debate remarks." It was, of course, said the papers, a "matter between gentlemen" and five doctors had to go along. Both sides brought a gallery of "rooters" (20 carloads for the Roca party) whose rooting consisted of stalking sadly around as though they fully expected to have to carry the sad news to the families of both principals. There were the usual shots in the air, nobody hurt, nobody reconciled.

Although they have no more duels than some other South American countries, the Argentines seem to take a greater national pride in them. Part of the fun is a hide-and-seek-and-don't-find game between the dueling parties and the police. Dueling is sort of against Argentine law and some people say that if anybody should ever get really hurt it might spoil the fun for keeps. The first Argentine duel that I saw was mostly a cop chase. Last August duel-famous Rául Damonte Taborda who, in his newspaper *Critica* had been pro-United Nations and anti-Axis, wrote an open letter to the directors of three pro-Axis papers in which he doubted their courage to meet him. An editor of the Naziphile *Cabildo* took him on. For the three reporters who followed the Taborda caravan it was a wild ride through the streets of Buenos Aires trying to dodge the cops and keep from overturning. We felt that for ourselves and Taborda the ride was more risky than the duel. For, when the duel was finally fought, tall, athletic Taborda got a couple of arm cuts and his hefty opponent a case of panting breath.

•

When the new government which followed last June's revolt dissolved congress, lean days came in for dueling. But hot weather and the Christmas holidays brought on a new rash of it. The duel-starved press and public were delighted when chubby Lawyer Solano Lima, while defending a manslaughter client, offended Prosecutor Ramón Subiza. Subiza sent around his seconds. Again, it seems, Solano Lima and Ramón Subiza had trouble getting their insults straight. Again the seconds couldn't decide who had done the most insulting. An arbitrator was finally called in and after due deliberation he decided there was no cause for a duel as Solano Lima hadn't been able to say any worse things about Subiza than Subiza had said about him.





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Harmony

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Columbia

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The Sergeant's Dog Book gave my Master the idea. Get a copy—it's *free* at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon.

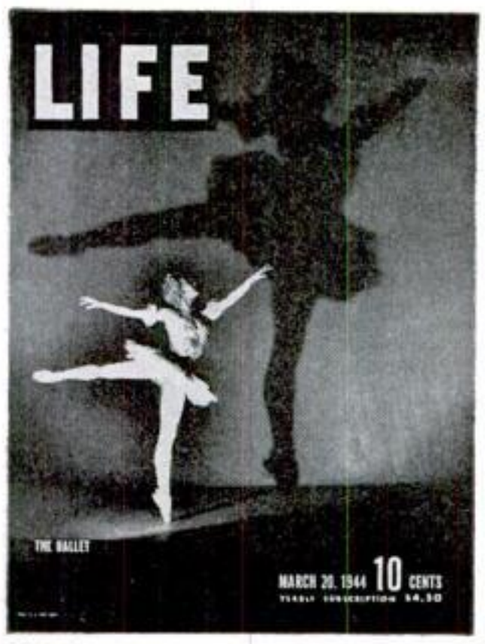


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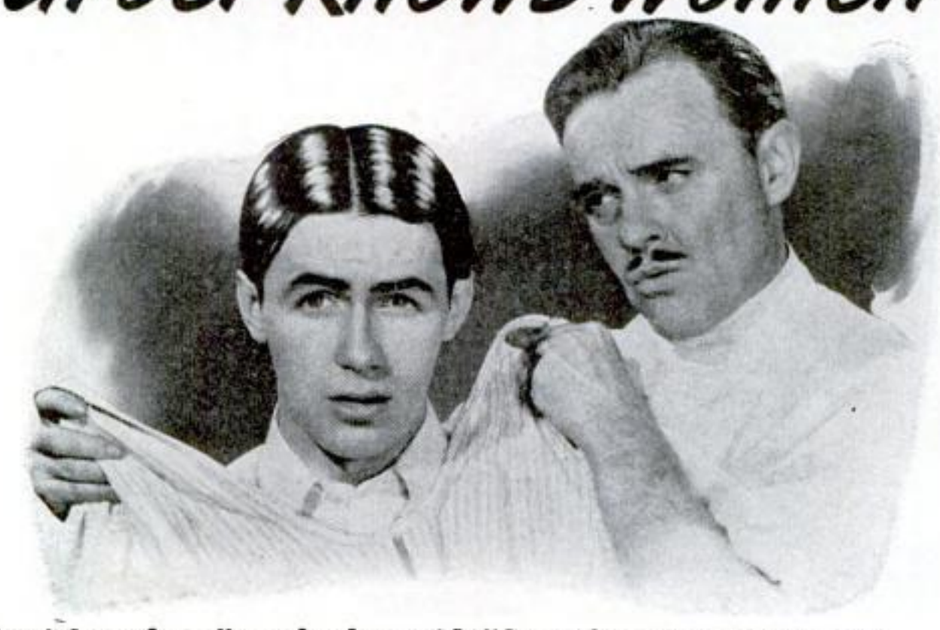
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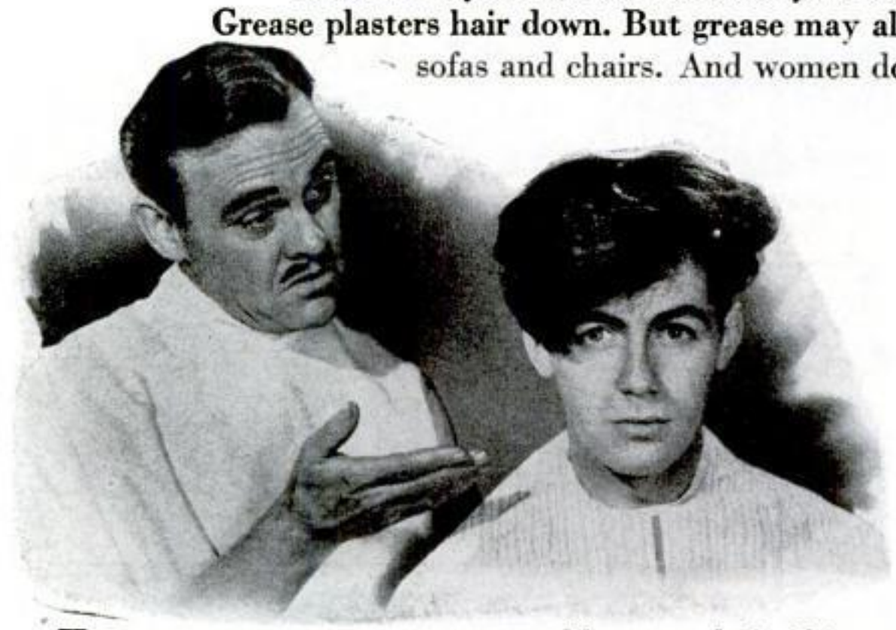
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"*You look* mighty glum," my barber said. "Son, if some girl gave you the air, maybe it's that stickum you use on your hair. Grease plasters hair down. But grease may also come off on sofas and chairs. And women **don't like that."**



How can you **expect women to like your hair if it stands on end? Well, that's what happens when you use too much water as a daily dressing. Hair gets dry and wild as a wolf's,** which women don't care for, *even if you are a lamb.*



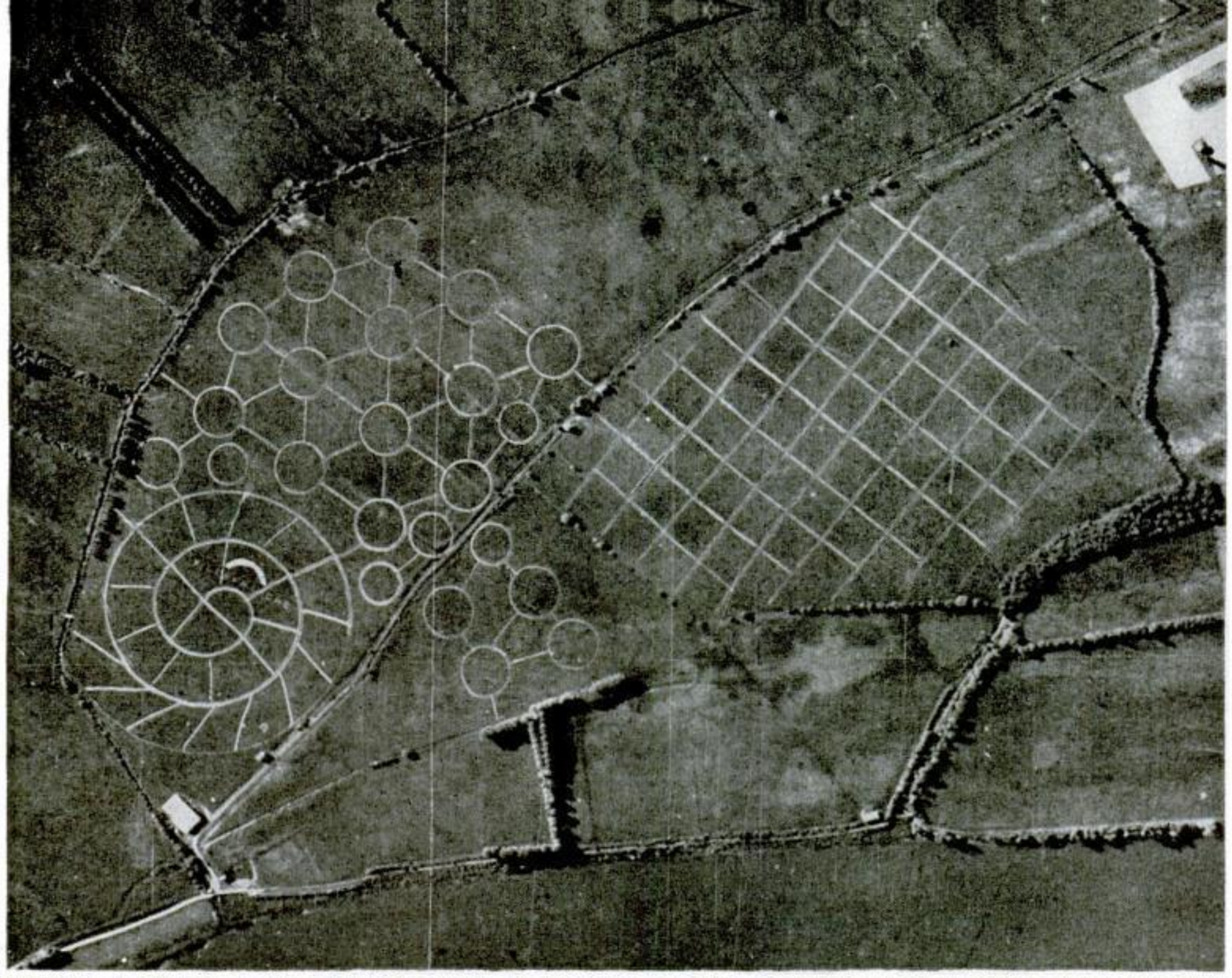
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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UNNATURAL DESIGN OF CHILD'S ERECTOR SET AND TIC-TAC-TOE GAME IS VILLEFRANCHE AIRFIELD, NEATLY PLOWED

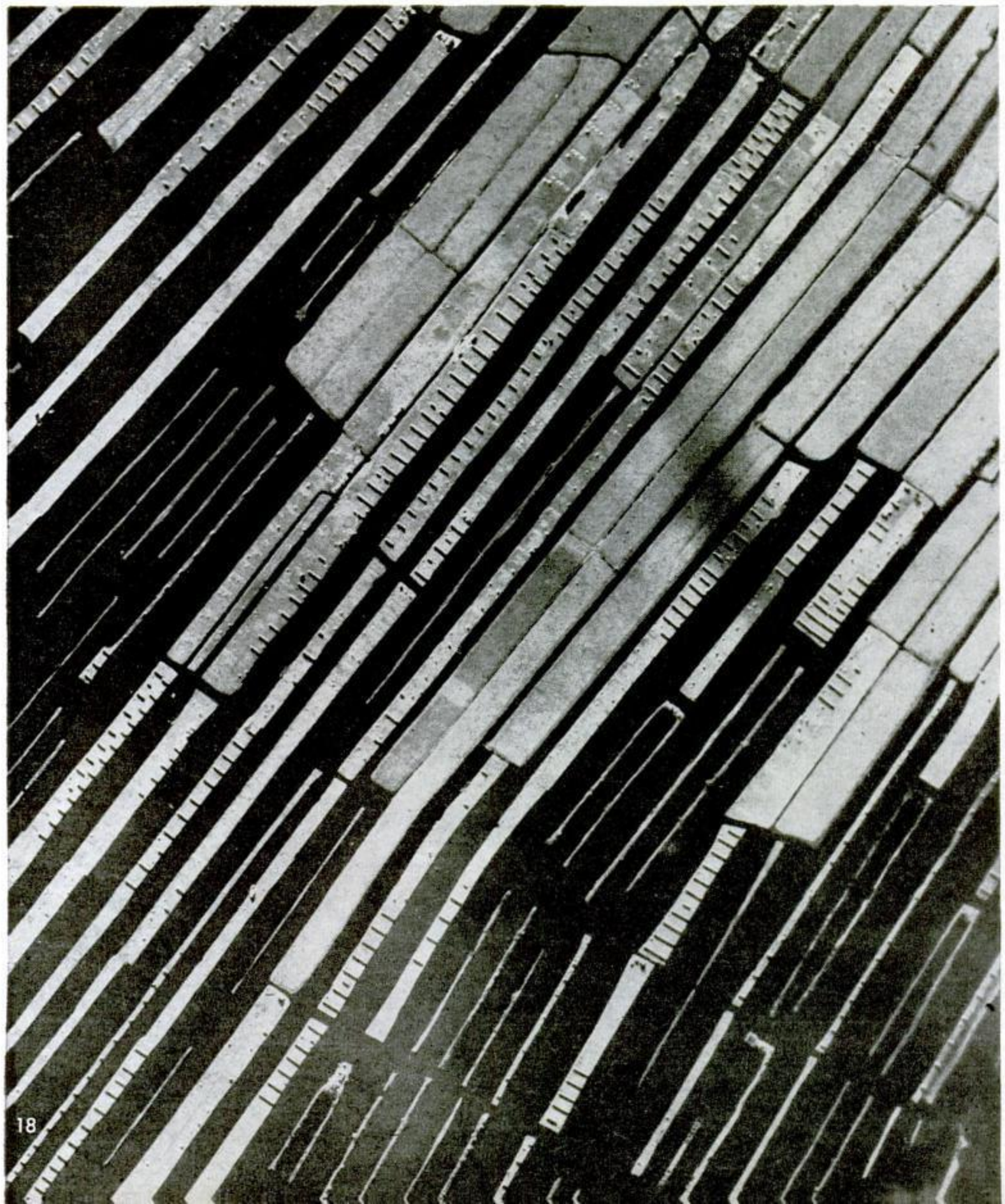


UNEARTHLY SHINE FROM TREES IS A REFLECTION FROM

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE ARE ODD ONES IN RAF AIR VIEWS

WHITE AREAS LOOKING LIKE BAMBOO POLES ARE DIKED DUTCH FIELDS. WHITE STRIPS ARE DIKES OF FLOODED FIELDS



INFINITE FEATHER BED IS EASY TO READ: IT IS MERELY





UNMELTED FROSTS ON SHADOWED SIDE OF THE TREES

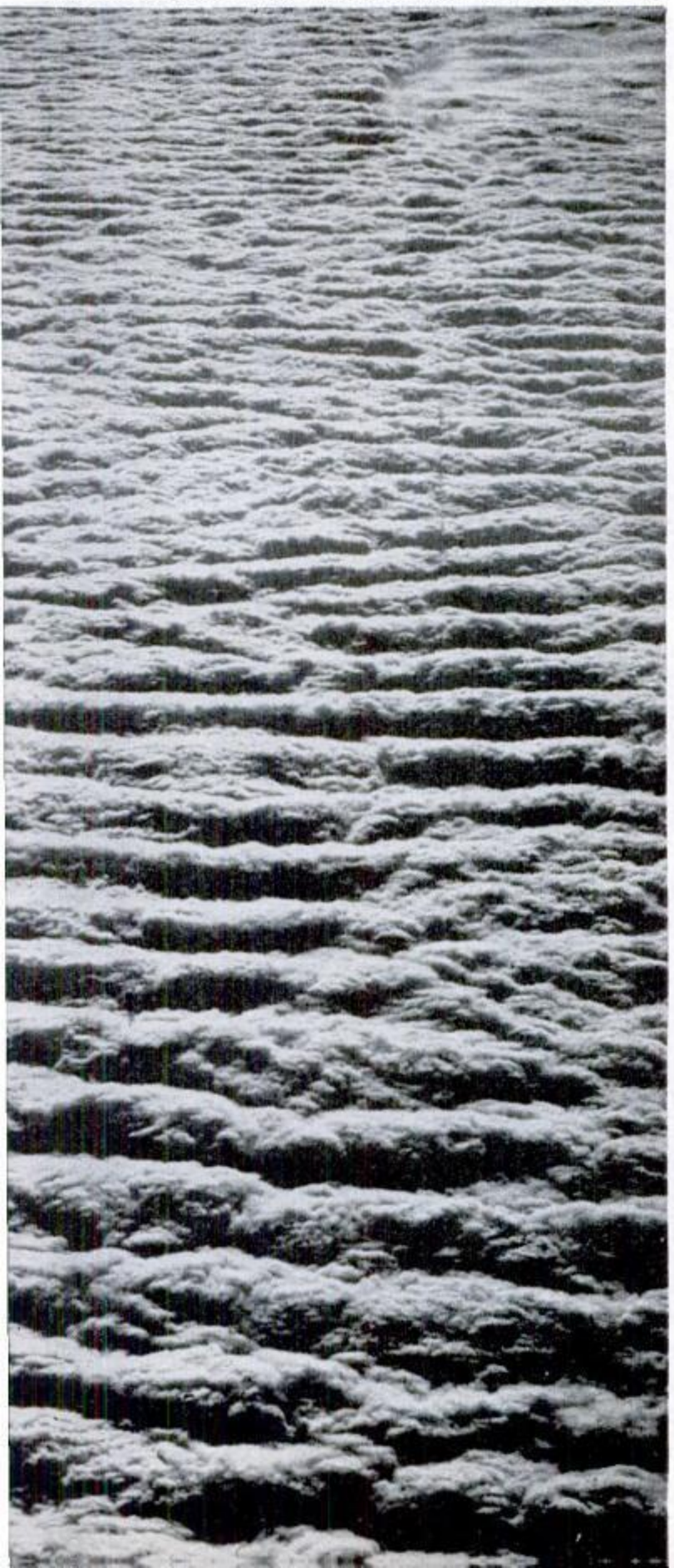


ECTOPLASMIC FRAGMENTS ON SEA TURN OUT TO BE DEAD TUNNY FISH KILLED BY DEPTH-CHARGE ATTACK ON U-BOAT

When the RAF reconnaissance planes come home from their tours over German Europe, their cameras yield more than Nazi military secrets. Sometimes the developed negatives show strange marvels like nothing seen on earth. Some are reproduced on these pages. The reader is invited to try to decipher them before reading the explanatory captions with the pictures.

From five miles up the surface of the earth obviously looks different from the limited landscape that is familiar to men who live out their lives walking among the houses and the trees. A man on the ground never sees the shape of his village or his fields, except on a map. He never sees how shadows or reflection of sunlight show up from the air. He does not recognize the difference between still water and bare fields. Reading of air photographs has become, during the war, a specialist's craft and these pictures give experts no trouble at all.

STRATOCUMULUS CLOUD TAKEN FROM FOUR MILES UP



FROSTED ELM TREES IN A NIGHT FOG ARE THE TRACING OF CHANNELS AT LOW TIDE ACROSS MUD FLATS OF RIVER EMS



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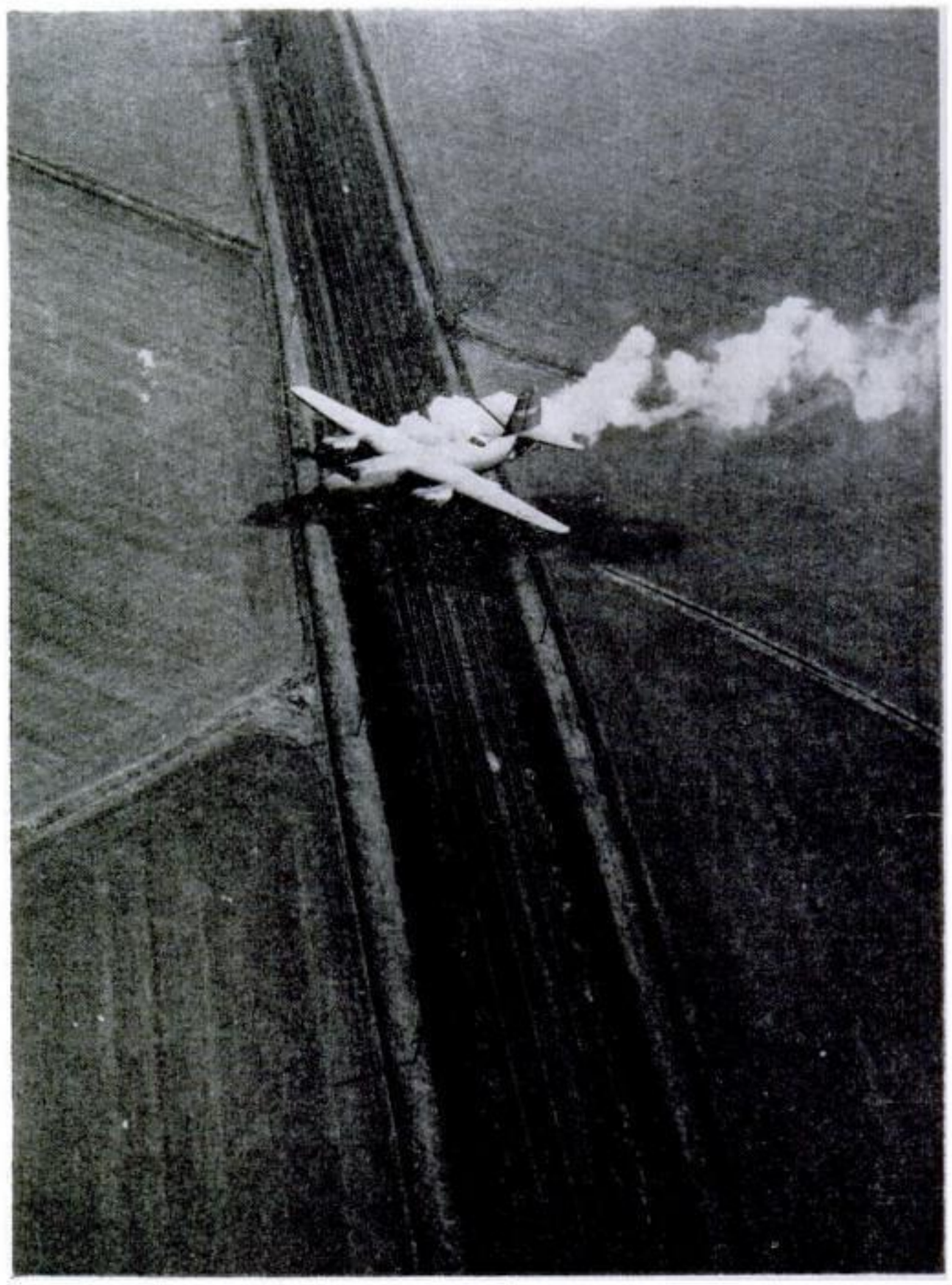
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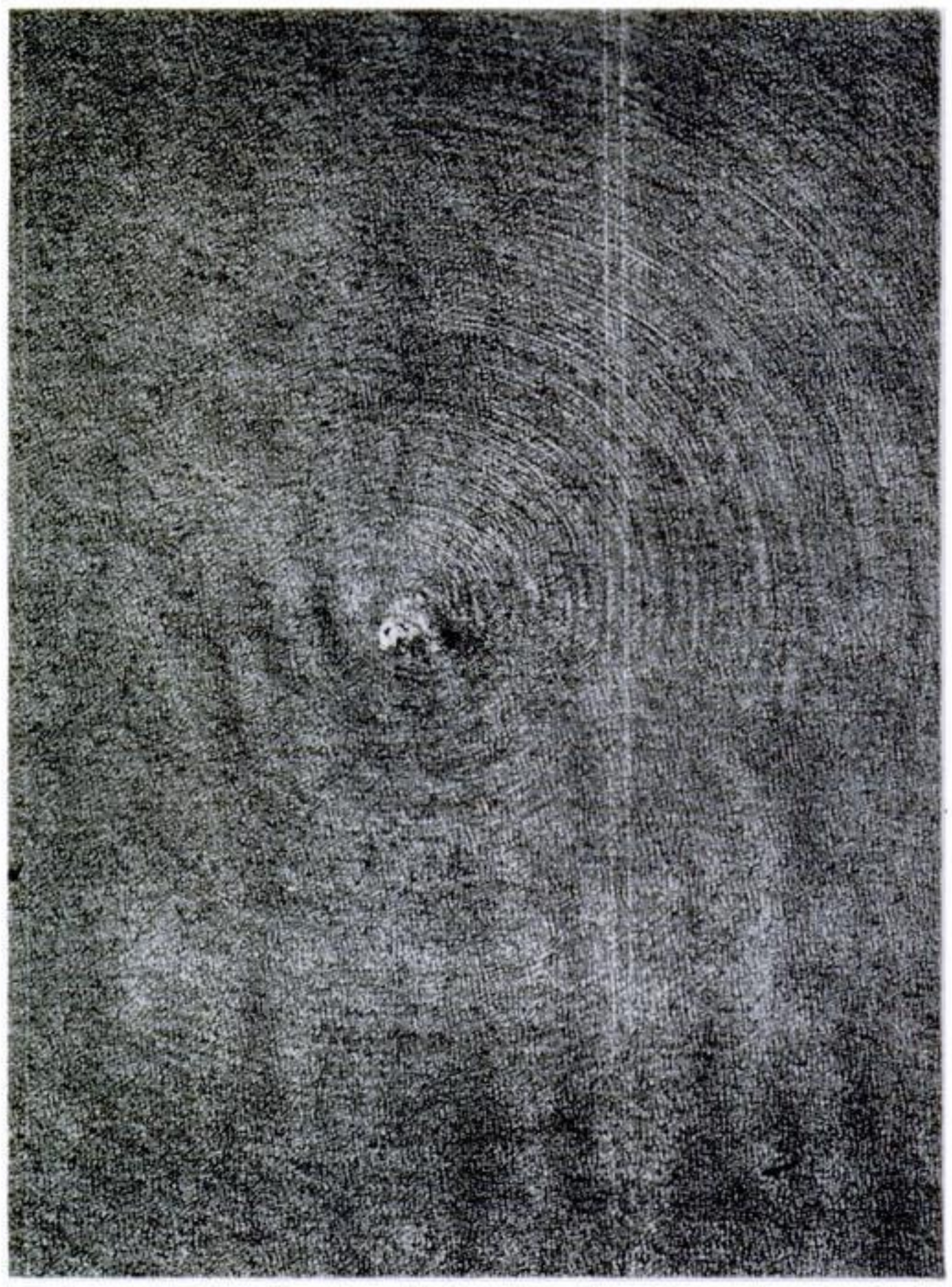
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Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



A burning plane, a U. S. Marauder, is the appearance given by the accident of a locomotive running on tracks at right blowing smoke at moment plane passed overhead.



Utter what-is-it? is produced by the Black Rocks, offshore south of the Brittany town of Lorient, which act in such a way on the currents as to send out concentric ripples.

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Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 10 of a series, General Staff.



At Field Headquarters sits a staff officer—telephoning. In his hands, this familiar instrument, now a weapon of war, controls the striking power of our forces in the whole area of combat. Over it flow the orders that will drive back the enemy till the final order—"Cease Firing"—is flashed to every front.

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LIFE

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LIFE'S PICTURES

The story of the Tule Lake Segregation Center on pages 25–35 is the first big picture story Carl Mydans has done for LIFE since his return to America from 16 months of imprisonment under the Japanese. Mydans has been with LIFE since its first rehearsal issue and has taken pictures in the Americas, Europe and the Orient. In this story his editors noted, without surprise, that despite his long months of inactivity, Carl had lost none of his skill.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*) and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR

Thinking of your family...

WILL SOCIAL SECURITY BE ENOUGH?



SOCIAL SECURITY ALONE MAY MEAN . . .

"I have just got to get a job to earn some money, Mary."

"Why, Mummy? Don't we still get our Social Security check every month?"

"Yes, but I can't make a good home for you children on $70 a month."

BUT SOCIAL SECURITY WITH LIFE INSURANCE IS SURE TO MEAN . . .

"Here's your Social Security again, Mrs. Brown. With prices going up it must be a big help."

"Yes, Mr. Lee, the children and I are able to make out comfortably, thanks to our benefits from both Social Security and life insurance."



Yes, it's true that Social Security alone may not provide adequately for your widow . . . and there are few jobs she could take without losing her benefits under the law. But moderate amounts of life insurance would so increase her income that she could provide a home and a good start in life for the children.

Why not get the facts from the friendly Mutual Life man in your community? His informed services are entirely free and without obligation. He can show you how your present life insurance policies may help meet your family's future needs when wisely coordinated with Social Security.





FREE *Social Security* HELPS

1. This special FILE *lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits and also provides a place for their safe keeping. 2. This handy* FOLDER *gives help in estimating your future benefits from Social Security and your life insurance policies. To have both, just mail this coupon today to department LS-9.*

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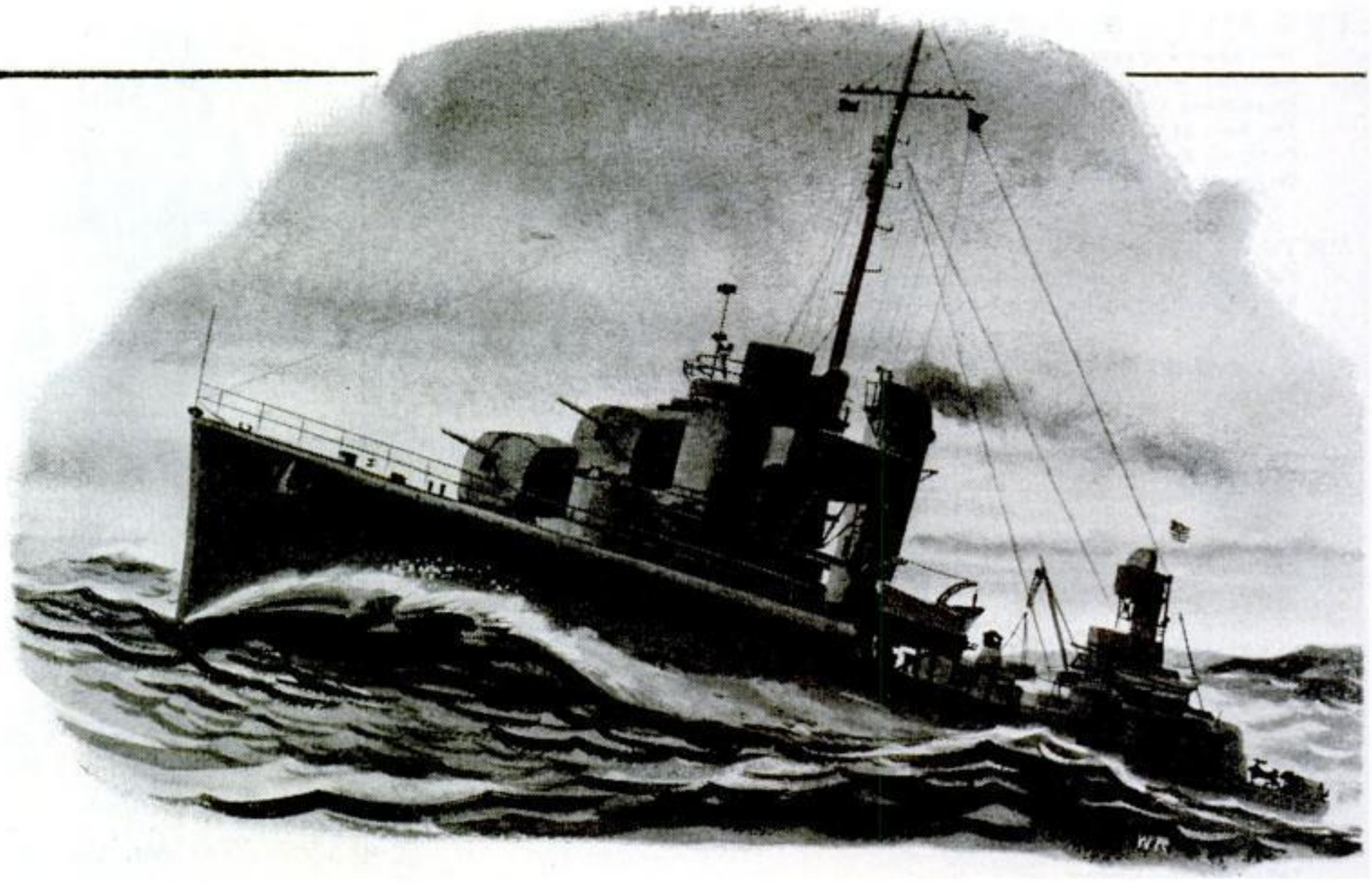
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The G-E Sewing Machine Lamp that joined the Navy!



1. As the destroyer wallowed through the wild Atlantic night, a sailor peered anxiously at the pressure gauge. For a moment the propellers lifted clear. Vibration shook the ship like a dice box. Suddenly the little lamp bulb over the gauge went out. The sailor groaned. "Why can't they make 'em so they stay lit?"



2. "What can you do about it?" the Navy asked G-E. The engineer showed them a tiny lamp bulb. "We designed this years ago for sewing machines," he said. "The filament is specially mounted to resist vibration." It proved to be exactly what the Navy needed. Another instance where General Electric's experience has supplied Uncle Sam with badly needed lamps overnight.



3. The heart of any lamp is the filament that makes the light. G-E filament research goes clear back to Edison's first crude carbon bulb. Today they spin six and a half pounds of tungsten into 15 miles of wire, cut it into 50,000 twenty inch pieces, coil each once, then coil it again into 5/8 of an inch to help make *your* G-E lamps stay brighter longer!

Don't waste the light from your G-E lamps. Share your reading lamp with others. Keep shades and bulbs clean. Turn out lights not in use.

BACK THE ATTACK... BUY WAR BONDS

"TO MAKE LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"
The Creed of G-E RESEARCH



G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

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LIFE

Vol. 16, No. 12 March 20, 1944



THESE FIVE JAPS ARE AMONG 155 TROUBLE MAKERS IMPRISONED IN THE STOCKADE WITHIN THE TULE LAKE SEGREGATION CENTER. HERE THEY ARE ANSWERING ROLL CALL

TULE LAKE

AT THIS SEGREGATION CENTER ARE 18,000 JAPANESE CONSIDERED DISLOYAL TO U. S.

Photographs for LIFE by Carl Mydans



LIEUT. COL. VERNE AUSTIN

The Japanese above, photographed behind a stockade within the Tule Lake Segregation Center at Newell, Calif., are trouble makers. Calling themselves "pressure boys," they are fanatically loyal to Japan. Along with some 150 other men in the stockade, they were ringleaders in the November riots which the U. S. Army, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Verne Austin (*left*), finally had to quell. By their strong-arm methods they are responsible for Tule Lake's reputation as worst of all civilian detention camps in U.S.

Most of the other 18,000 men, women and children of Japanese ancestry, now segregated at Tule Lake, are quiet, undemonstrative people. About 70% of them are American citizens by birth. All of the adults among them, however, are considered disloyal to the U. S. Either they have asked to be repatriated to Japan, or they have refused to take an oath of allegiance to the U. S., or they are suspected of being dangerous to the national security.

In March 1942, some 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry were moved out of their homes in strategic areas of the West Coast. Eventually they were settled in 10 relocation centers. There the loyal Japanese were separated from the disloyal. The loyal ones have the choice either of remaining in a relocation camp or of finding employment in some nonstrategic area. The disloyal ones have been sent to the segregation center at Tule Lake.

The November riots, in which some Americans were hurt, precipitated much heated discussion about the Tule Lake camp, and the center remains a political issue. LIFE last month sent Staff Photographer Carl Mydans to report on conditions there. He had himself just been repatriated from 16 months spent in Jap internment camps. At joint consent of War Relocation Authority, which has charge of the camp, and the Army, who guards it, he lived at Tule Lake for a week. His pictorial report, the first of its kind, follows.

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Disloyal Japanese arrive from Manzanar Relocation Center. There is no station at Tule Lake Center, but the train stops 150 yards from entrance. Army then drives newcomers into camp.

CAMP IS ON DRAINED LAKE BOTTOM NEAR SOME OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST FARMLAND

The area around Tule Lake in northern California, near the Oregon border, contains some of the world's richest farmland. Most of it is rockless bottom land, reclaimed by draining the lake. Originally it was homesteaded in 60-acre lots by World War I veterans. It is capable of grossing $1,000 an acre a year, and last month sold for $350 an acre.

The Tule Lake Segregation Center is located on the edge of this rich California farmland. Its 1,000 acres are not good for cultivation, but last year the War Relocation Authority leased 2,600 fertile adjoining acres for the Japanese to farm. What happened was nearly tragic. The land was put to crops of potatoes, onions, carrots, beets, lettuce and peas. The Japanese diked the land, dug irrigation ditches and produced a rich crop on virgin soil.

Then at harvesttime trouble broke out in the center. A Japanese workman was killed when his truck was wrecked on the way to the farm area. Demonstrations were held. To get more control of camp government, the Japs proclaimed a policy of *status quo*. They would do no work. They would not farm the fields. As a result, to get the crop in before frost came loyal Japanese from relocation centers had to be brought in to do the harvesting. Thousands of dollars worth of vegetables were almost lost.

Only in the last month has *status quo* at last been eliminated. This year, however, to take no chances, only 400 acres will be planted by the Japanese at Tule Lake.



Center's 1,032 buildings lie on this flat plain, with Horse Mountain in the background. In the foreground are lookout towers, manned 24 hours a day by MP's, and the wire fence which



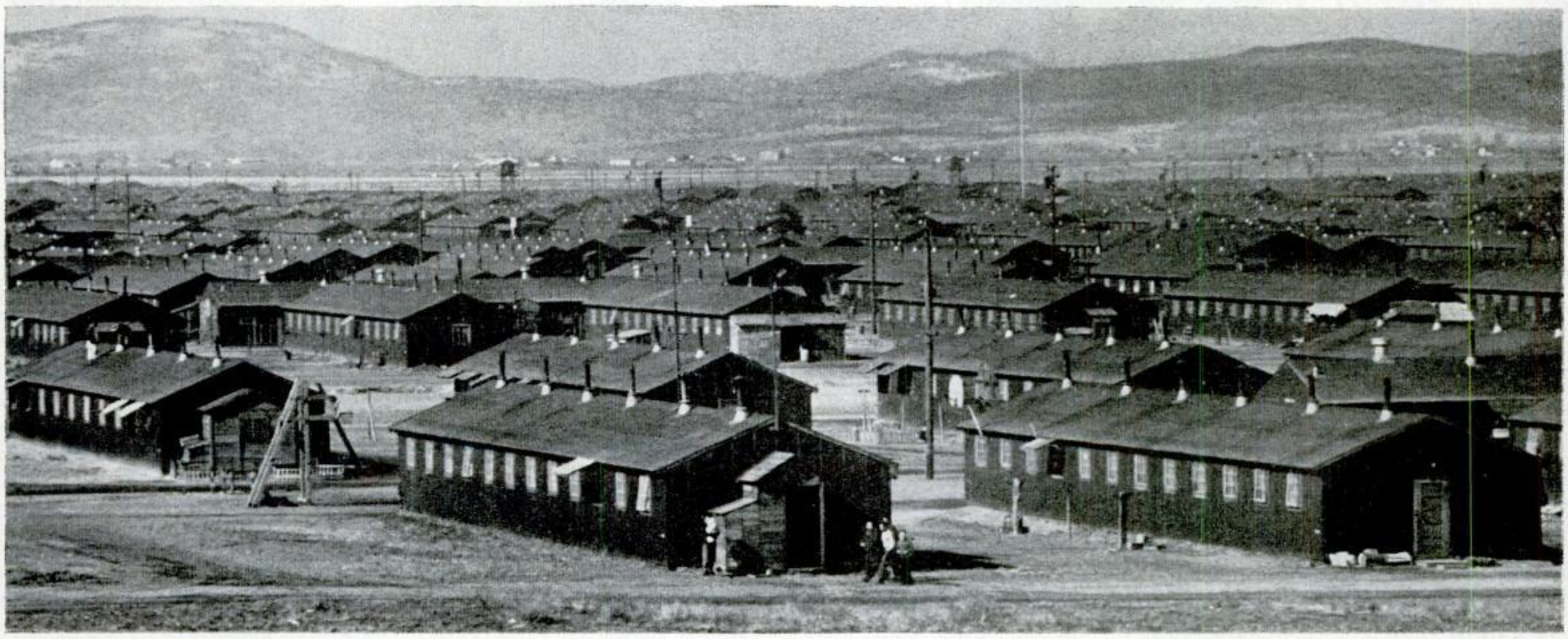
Old-timers line a street in center, waiting for look at new arrivals from Manzanar. Unlike detention camps in Japan, there is little crowding at Tule Lake. Usually the streets look empty.



Names of Japanese at camp are painted here. Characters at right read "Aug. 8, 1943." Since camp was changed to segregation center, Japanese no longer walk to this rock, outside limits.

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surrounds the camp. The buildings at the left foreground are where Army troops live and those at right foreground are the offices and barracks for the WRA. The new parade ground is in between. Behind it are buildings housing 18,000 Japanese. Even if the guards were removed the Japanese probably would not try to escape. They are afraid of Tule Lake farmers.



Barracks for Japanese are placed in rows like marching soldiers. Every one, tar-papered from rooftop to baseboard, is just like all the rest. Each chimney marks an apartment. Inside the apartments living conditions are crowded but bearable. Average space per person: 106-113 sq. ft. Outside there are no trees and no grass. The winter is cold; the summer dusty and hot.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Manji family, in their Tule Lake apartment, are all classed as disloyal. The father, 62 (*at far right*), came to the U. S. from Yamaguchi, Japan, in 1904. He became a rice farmer in Nelson, Calif. where he and his family were living when war came. His wife (*to the left*) arrived here in 1918. The children are all U. S. citizens by birth. From left to right around the table they are Masako, 22, June, 16, Lillian, 20, Grace, 18. On the floor are Terry, 14, Makoto, 11, and Minoru, 9. On the bookshelf stand photographs of two more sons, both in the U. S. Army.



School classes, like those in any U. S. town, are held daily in school barracks for the young Japanese. Taught by 46 American teachers and eight Japanese teachers, the lessons are in English. Regular subjects are American history, arithmetic and English grammar. Enrollment is 2,269. Also held regularly are the Japanese-language schools, conducted by Japanese teachers. In these enrollment is 4,608, double that of the center's English-language schools. Because the camp has freedom of belief and religion, the Japanese can teach the children what they want.

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A new Japanese baby with silky black hair is held by a Japanese nurse in the obstetrical ward of the Tule Lake Hospital. There are about 25 births a month in the camp—a birth rate above that of the U. S. but below that of Japan. The death rate (about 10 per month) is lower than in either country. The hospital is a rambling, wooden barracks building with 250 beds in eight wards. It has all the drugs, supplies and equipment found in any U. S. Army hospital and can handle virtually any kind of operation. Attached to the hospital are two convalescent barracks.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Representatives of the Japanese meet with WRA officials on camp problems. Center: Ray Best, WRA project manager. After November riots "negotiating-committee" members, who had made demands on WRA, were put in stockade. A new "coordinating committee" was picked to represent Japanese. This group, shown here, supported a return-to-work program.



Byron Akitsuki is executive secretary of coordinating committee (*see upper left*). He comes from Los Angeles, before war was an engineer. He is typical of young Japanese in camp.



Roll call for "pressure boys" is taken by the Army. Below, a young married couple, William and Roslyn Mayeda, have hearing before a WRA committee. They have been committed to repatriation by their parents. However, they now want to leave the camp. When they take oath of allegiance to U. S. and the FBI checks them, they will probably be relocated.



May Iwohara is a graduate of Compton Junior College. Before the war she managed a flower shop. She is holding two packages of green tea sent from Japan to Tule Lake Center.





Yoshitaka Nakai, 26, has bought $8,000 in war bonds. When Nakai was picked up for relocation, his farm crop went bad. Angry, he refused to take allegiance oath. Now he wants to.

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What it feels like to be a prisoner is shown in expression of this young Japanese "pressure boy," in stockade. He was singing *Home on the Range* when Mydans entered stockade barracks. Reports Mydans: "He sang it like an American. There was no Japanese accent. He looked at me the same way I guess I looked at a Japanese official when he came to check on me at Camp Santo Tomás in Manila. At the back of my mind was the thought, 'Come on, get it over and get out. Leave me alone.' This boy felt the same way. He was just waiting, killing time."

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In the cooperative barbershop, haircuts cost 15¢, shaves 10¢. Together the beauty parlor (*opposite page*) and the barbershop take in $2,750 a month. The Tule Lake Japanese live a communal life. They eat together, have their haircuts together, shop together, have their shoes repaired together. There is very little privacy either for the adults or for the children.

Catholic Mass is said by Father Hugh Lavery, visiting priest. Camp chaplain is Father Joseph J. Hunt who has spent 18 years as a missionary in Korea and Manchuria. More than





The cooperative shoe shop repairs more than 750 pairs of shoes a week. The customers can get both rubber and leather resoling. No new shoes are made there. The proprietor, standing in background at right, has two sons in the U. S. Army at Camp Shelby, Miss. All Japanese inmates who are willing to work are paid from $12 to $19 a month, depending on job.

Each mess hall serves between 250 and 300 persons a meal. The food, which is procured through the Army Quartermaster and meets Army specifications, is free. There is a contin-





Cooperative periodical store sells magazines. Unlike Japan's detention camps, where Mydans could get only one newspaper, there is no censorship of reading matter. There is no censorship of mail either. A man can write directly to Spanish Government (Japan's representative in the U. S.) and request repatriation without the WRA even knowing about it.

The kids play marbles in the chilly winter sun. The dress in camp is strictly American, not Japanese, and the language, especially among the young, almost always English. Mydans

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75% of Tule Lake Japanese are Buddhists. Another 12% are Christian and the rest have no church affiliation. No attempt is made by WRA authorities to interfere with religion.



The cooperative beauty shop has 21 chairs, five permanent-wave machines and six or seven driers. Women like to have their hair fixed for the parties, shows, discussion groups and other social events which are continually taking place at Tule Lake. Before the riots movies were always shown nightly in the mess halls. Admission: 5¢. Soon they will be held again.



ual argument as to how good it is. Some wealthy Japanese never eat in the mess halls at all. Instead they buy their food from cooperative stores and cook it in their own apartments.



At cooperative dress and coat shop, women design and make their own clothes, which sell only within the camp area. Buying new clothes is one of the few ways these folk have to express their own individuality. Other ways: carving weird animals, draping bright curtains in the barracks windows, growing flowers in little gardens and building new front porches.



met no one who could not make himself understood in English. They reverted to Japanese only when discussing among themselves whether to allow him to take their pictures or not.



Cooperative general store sells hardware, groceries and men's clothes. The center is just about as well supplied with merchandise as any U. S. community of 18,000 people. To make money, some families dig up shells from the drained lake bottom, bleach them with orange or lemon peels and paint them with fingernail polish. Then they sell them outside the camp.

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THEY HAVE EVERYTHING EXCEPT LIBERTY

The Japanese at Tule Lake have everything they need for happiness except the one thing they want most—liberty. That they cannot have. They are prisoners, even though the War Relocation Authority tries to soften this fact by using the euphemistic name "Segregees." Because the problems which have arisen to plague the camp stem fundamentally from their loss of liberty, those problems can never really be solved. Their life cannot be made pleasant. It can only be made endurable.

The responsibility of WRA is to make life at Tule Lake endurable. This it has succeeded in doing, in the face of bitter criticism by part of the press, the public and the government. On the one side it has been accused of "Jap coddling." On the other side it has been accused of depriving American citizens of their native rights.

In its accomplishment it has had the tactful help of the Army. Naturally both of them have made mistakes. At the time of the November riots they clamped an unwise censorship on the center, thus giving the wildest rumors the chance to spread across the country. But most important of all, they have avoided bloodshed.

These interned Japanese are not criminals. In peacetime they would be living normal civilian lives. But this is war and they are loyal to Japan, i.e., disloyal to the U. S. They must, of necessity, be put in a place where they cannot hurt the U. S.

But it is too easy to say that they are all disloyal and treat them all accordingly. Some 70% of them are American citizens. In almost every individual case there are conflicting loyalties. Young men and young women especially have disturbing sociological problems. They have perhaps been committed to repatriation by their parents. Yet they have been born and brought up here. What they know about Japan they have learned only from books and stories. They are accustomed to the American standard of living. They have gone to American schools and colleges.

Now suddenly they have been put in what seems to them a prison. Some of them are bitter. They feel as if they have no country at all. Carl Mydans talked to one such boy. The conversation:

Mydans: Why do you want to leave this country? You have never been in Japan.

Boy: Oh, I don't know. Japanese families always stick together. My mother and father want to go back.

Mydans: If you go to Japan, will you want to return here when the war is over?

Boy: No, I don't think I ever want to come back. The feeling will be too much against us.

Mydans: But you have never been to Japan. How do you know you'll want to stay there?

Boy: But I don't want to stay in Japan. None of us do.

Mydans: But then where will you go?

Boy: I don't know, really. Maybe Australia. We want to go where there are new frontiers. I think we'll find them in Australia. (Australia admits no Oriental immigrants.—ED.)

Other young Japanese are not so bitter. They have resolved their conflicting loyalties between family and the U. S. in favor of the U. S. To them WRA offers a chance for release from Tule Lake. If they are willing to take an oath of allegiance to the U. S. and are favorably checked by the FBI, they can be sent to one of the nine relocation centers. There they will have the opportunity to seek regular jobs in nonstrategic sections of the country.

But this method of release sometimes does not work. Recently a young Japanese workman and his wife were cleared for release into a "safe" area. At the last minute they refused to leave camp because of a false rumor that a Japanese family relocated on an Arkansas farm had been killed by an irate anti-Japanese mob.

In his report on Tule Lake Photographer Mydans made an inevitable comparison between it and the prison camps he had seen at Manila and Shanghai. Said he: "Americans interned under the Japanese have a certain ease of mind in knowing that as Americans they are considered enemies and nothing will be done for them. The Japs lay down a few all-inclusive regulations and the internees know that if they are broken, the entire camp will be severely punished. If a man escapes he will be shot.

"Over here we have the problem of American citizens being interned as aliens. There are political and sociological conflicts. The internees do not hate us, or the WRA, the way we hated the Japs and our guards.

"On the other hand internees over here are made physically comfortable out of all comparison to the comforts given us. The Japanese standard of living is lower than ours. In our camps we received as much food as the average Japanese civilian, yet it wasn't enough. The usual camp over there is an abandoned or bombed university building or warehouse. The place is dirty and empty. When internees are put into such a camp, they must bring their own bedding and beds, forage for most of their own food, build their own kitchens, carry their own garbage, build their own clinic, plan their own administration."

At Tule Lake all these things have been provided. Yet newspaper charges that the Japanese there are living in luxury are obviously exaggerated. By Japanese standards it is pretty luxurious but by American standards it is an ugly dreary way of life.

The task of the WRA is not easy. Nor will it get easier. The Japanese within the camp will keep up their agitation for better conditions. Current conditions must be maintained so that the Japanese Government itself will have no excuse for the bad situation in its own camps where Americans are imprisoned. The 18,000 Japs at Tule Lake are, in a sense, a form of insurance for the safety of some 10,000 American civilians still in the hands of the Japanese and as U. S. casualty lists grow longer and the war hatred grows more bitter, our treatment of these people will directly affect the treatment of our fellow Americans across the Pacific.



Japanese drum majorettes practice high-stepping marches on the main "fire break," between rows of dormitories. Some of these girls have been drum majorettes at schools and colleges. In each of them there is a conflict between Americanism and Nipponism. In fact, they are the same Japanese girls who march as majorettes above and do the Japanese dance at the right.

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WITH KIMONOS AND BROAD-BRIMMED HAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS
DO AN OLD JAPANESE FOLK DANCE, TELLING A LOVE STORY

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EDITORIAL

BEARD'S REPUBLIC

ITS PRINCIPLES ARE IN THE CONSTITUTION OF 1787; ITS FACTS IN THE HEADLINES OF 1944

A Marine sergeant who recently returned from action has written a letter to LIFE. "With reference to Mr. Beard's *Republic*," he asks, "why are you publishing what the essence of a republic should be? Are you unable to become factual in the matter?"

That is a fair question, and this is a good time to answer it, for the series of 10 "Conversations on Fundamentals" from Charles A. Beard's book *The Republic* comes to an end in LIFE this week (*see p. 57*). These articles have created general interest and many LIFE readers have written in to say that they liked them. Others have said that they were hard to read, or "too academic." They were not intended to be easy reading. They were intended to help people think, and keep on thinking.

Also, they *are* academic. Beard himself admits that. He has been talking about the principles of the American form of government. To a voter who wants to dislodge a specific blatherskite from Congress or city hall, this kind of approach may appear remote and unrealistic.

So let's try to be factual and answer Sgt. John Dimmel's question. The great American facts of 1944 are the war, the coming election and the things that have been going on in Washington. If the Beard articles have done any kind of a job we should be able to think more effectively about all these things.

And right away we run up against a fact that is especially important to Sgt. Dimmel. That is the confusion about the armed forces' ballots for this year. What does Beard have to offer on this situation?

"Men of Vision and Action"

Well, he can explain how it happened, first of all. It happened because the U. S. Constitution gives the states the exclusive power to determine the voting methods and qualifications for all offices. It was necessary, as Beard pointed out, for the men who framed the Constitution to reserve certain rights to the states. Otherwise too many states would have refused to ratify the Constitution and there would have been no United States of America.

But there is another side to the argument about the soldiers' ballots, which Beard has stated forcefully in his fifth article (Feb. 14). The men who wrote our Constitution, he said, "were men of vision and action. They set up a government endowed with large powers for action. They intended it to act in all matters of national or general interest, as such matters multiplied with the development of the country."

No one can deny that it is a matter of national interest for Americans in uniform to be given an opportunity to vote this year. And no one can deny that their voting would be greatly facilitated by setting up a national agency to distribute, collect and return their ballots to the respective states. There is nothing in the Constitution which forbids this.

And what about the biggest fact in Washington today—the fight between President Roosevelt and Congress which came to a climax over the tax-bill veto? What about Senator Barkley's speech, in which he accused the President of making "a deliberate and calculated assault upon the honesty and integrity of every member of the legislature of the United States"?

It so happened that at the peak of the Barkley-Roosevelt blow-off LIFE was running Beard's sixth article on "Congress as Power" (Feb. 21). The framers of the Constitution, Beard pointed out, expected Congress to be the dominant branch of the government. They sought to create a strong executive, "but, reasoning from . . . experience . . . they assumed the supremacy of the Legislature." But in fact Congress has not been either supreme or dominant for a long time. The Democrats, under the Presidential whip, have delegated so many powers to the executive that Congress can hardly keep track of how much it has given away. Some of this was inevitable in wartime, but much of the emasculation of Congress occurred before the war.

The Clash of Facts

Here again Beard has constructive suggestions. The Constitution, he says, leaves Congress entirely free to regulate its own procedure and its relations with the President. There is nothing at this moment which prevents Congress from organizing itself more efficiently, informing itself more adequately and, in general, acting like the No. 1 branch of government.

This brings up another problem of almost incalculable importance to Sergeant Dimmel and every other American: our foreign policy, who is shaping it now, and who is going to shape it after the war. The facts have to fight against each other here. One fact is that our foreign policy is now being handled exclusively by Franklin Roosevelt, as President and as commander in chief. Another fact is that he has no exclusive power to make foreign policy, or even to commit the U. S. to any policy whatever.

Beard's seventh article on "The Power of the President" (Feb. 28) makes this very clear. The Constitution does not even mention the words "foreign affairs," and it sets definite limits on the President's sphere of action. He cannot declare war, or sign a peace treaty, or even send a consul to Peru, without the concurrence of Congress. In fact, "foreign affairs" are so closely intermingled with "domestic affairs" that any President who took absolute power over foreign affairs would automatically become a complete dictator over domestic affairs.

The President therefore has two devices. He can either 1) work with Congress or 2) give it the run-around. If he is going to work with Congress, then the fact to remember is that Congress and the people must be told clearly what the President's proposals are in order that they may pass intelligent and honest judgment thereon. If the President tries to act without a full understanding of his purposes by Congress and the people, then he is bound to fail—unless the people really want a dictatorship.

Parties and the People

Sgt. Dimmel will probably agree that there is nothing academic about the fights that are now going on inside the Republican and Democratic Parties in preparation for the campaign of 1944. In his ninth article (March 13) Beard wrote on the subject of "Political Parties as Agencies and Motors." That is textbook language with a vengeance and it may have scared off some readers. But what Beard said was very much to the point. He said political parties in the U. S. are never the creatures of a single man or interest, and that every American who is really serious about his government can make an impression in or on his own party if he really sets out to do it. That is what the Willkies and Deweys and Brickers are trying to do among the Republicans, and the pro- and anti-Roosevelt men, the New Dealers, Southern conservatives and labor politicians among the Democrats.

Maybe the thing that is troubling Sgt. Dimmel and a lot of other people is that everything else seems academic beside the facts of war. In a sense, this is bound to be true. It is hard to get excited about what George Washington did at the Constitutional Convention when you've just come back from the hell of Tarawa. But Professor Beard has never said that the Americans who made our Constitution were any better or smarter than those who are living today. In this week's closing article he implies that they were not, for he says "I believe that there will always be an America, an America with unique characteristics, however great the changes to come." And if that is true, which LIFE believes, the Americans of 1944 will have a lot more to do with it than the Americans of 1787.

Sgt. Dimmel has asked LIFE to be factual about what kind of republic this should be. LIFE believes this republic should be a nation whose people have the opportunity to live, work and enjoy the decencies of social intercourse with their neighbors, to rule themselves by constitutional methods and to fear no despot, foreign or domestic. That is about as factual as we can make it.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Lieut. Tommy Harmon of U. S. Army Air Forces, twice chosen All-American when he played football at Michigan and twice last year given up for dead after plane crashes, came to Hollywood with the parachute he wore when shot down over China last October. Although the chute had bullet holes in it from Zeros, Lieut. Harmon gave it to Elyse Knox, film starlet, to make into a wedding dress she will wear when she marries him this spring.

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Starlet Elyse Knox tries on Hero Tommy Harmon's parachute for a wedding dress

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THE LAST OF LEPKE

Master criminal is quietly put out of a world that was tired of him

Death was a dry, factual anticlimax to the fabulous life of Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. At 11:13 on the night of March 4 the Murder Inc. boss entered the Sing Sing execution chamber, glanced nervously at witnesses, sat down without assistance in the electric chair. He was dressed in gray trousers and a white shirt open at the collar. His face was florid and mottled, the prominent red nose standing out sharply. At 11:14 the first great shock from the electrodes stiffened his body and ended consciousness. Two minutes later a guard stepped up and ripped his shirt open at the chest, scattering the white buttons on the square rubber mat beneath the chair. At 11:16 the attending physician, listening through his stethoscope, pronounced Lepke legally dead.

Next day Lepke was buried with a modest little ceremony in Flushing, L. I. (*below*). He had died leaving a rumored $1,600,000 in life insurance, but only a hint of the dire revelations which had been expected of him. Despite conversations with the New York district attorney during a two-day reprieve, he had apparently said nothing about those who really made possible his infamous career of extortion and murder.



LEPKE'S BARE FEET WERE ALL THAT WAS SEEN OF HIM AS HE LEFT SING SING WRAPPED IN A COARSE TARPAULIN



Lepke was buried in Mt. Hebron Cemetery overlooking the site of New York World's Fair (*right: Aquacade location*). His funeral had not been as gaudy as Louis Capone's, henchman who died with him. Only a small family group, including two of Lepke's 10 brothers and sisters attended. Lepke's wife weeps (*at left*) holding arm of her son by another marriage.

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"Your beautiful Jell-O ads are driving me crazy!"

SUCH friendship for Jell-O warms the cockles of our hearts. But this letter makes us sigh, too.

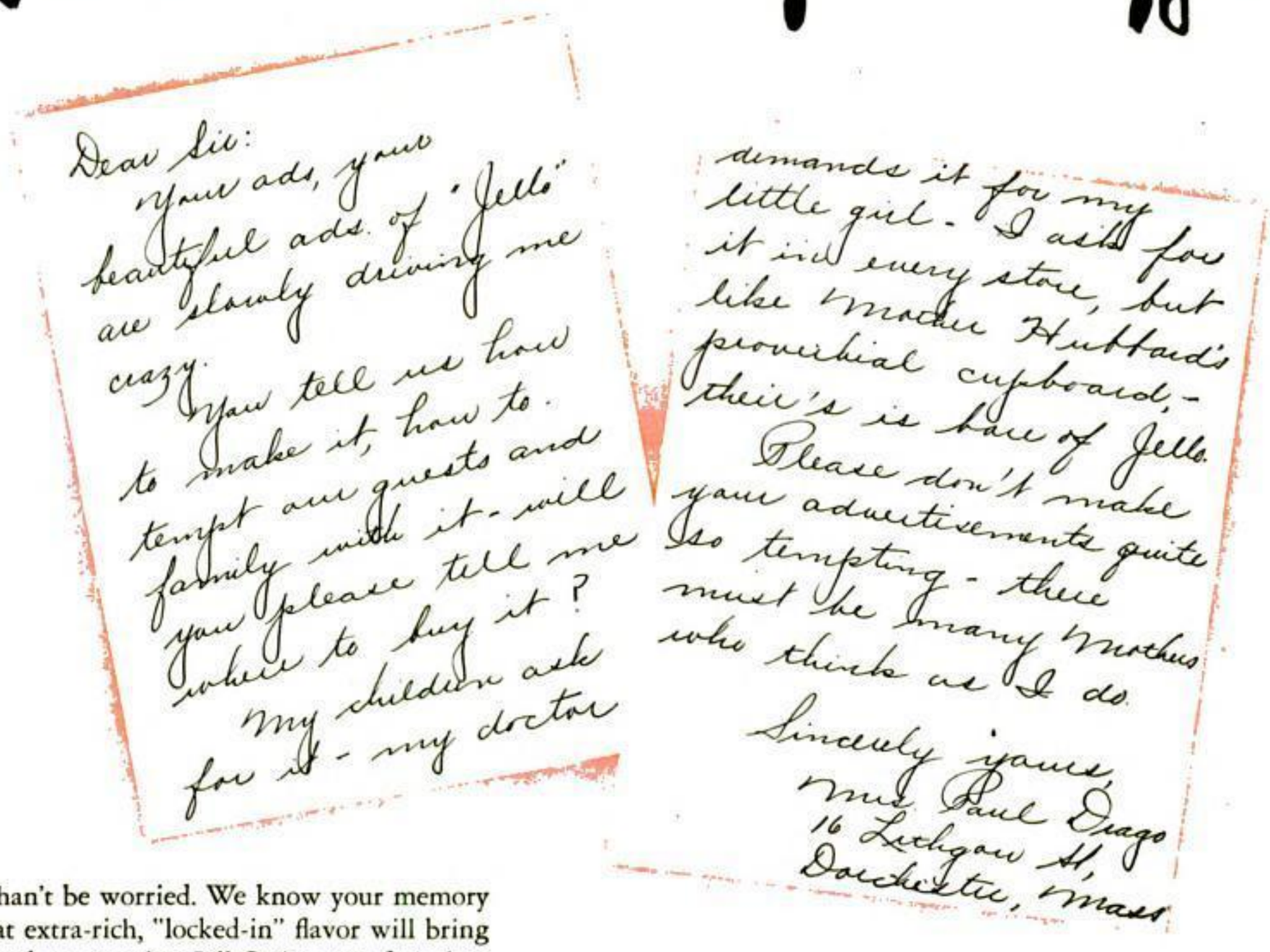
For we know just how scarce Jell-O has been. Under sugar rationing, we haven't been able to make as much Jell-O as we used to. And though we do our best to distribute Jell-O fairly, some people are bound to lose out on it some of the time.

Yet we still feel that most of you wouldn't want us to stop advertising Jell-O recipes. Most of you are able to get *some* Jell-O, and in these times you specially *need* practical ideas for using it to the best advantage.

You know that "Food is a Weapon of War." You're eager to stretch out the country's supply of fruits and vegetables. You want to "conserve" —to make sure that no left-over goes to waste. And, you want to make Jell-O itself . . . a valuable food . . . go further.

So we plan to keep on showing you beautiful and varied and thrifty dishes made with Jell-O.

We're urging grocers to save your share for you. And if you still can't get Jell-O, we even say, "Make these useful wartime dishes with some other brand of gelatin dessert."



We shan't be worried. We know your memory of that extra-rich, "locked-in" flavor will bring you back to genuine Jell-O the very first time you have the chance!



Here's a "meatless day" recipe everybody needs now!

TOMATO AND COTTAGE CHEESE ENTRÉE

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups hot seasoned tomato juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons cold water
1¼ cups cottage cheese
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
½ cup diced celery
1 cup cooked green vegetable or 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
⅓ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Dissolve Jell-O in hot tomato juice; add vinegar. Measure ½ cup mixture, add cold water, and turn into bottom of ring mold. Chill until firm.

Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Combine remaining ingredients and fold into thickened mixture. Salt to taste. Turn into mold over firm Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with tomato, hard-cooked egg, and water cress. Serves 8.

For fruit-stretching desserts, try

JELL-O FRUIT REFRESHER

1½ cups fresh or canned fruit or berries
¼ to ½ cup sugar
1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
1½ cups hot water

Combine fruit and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Drain; measure juice and add water to make 1 cup. Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add fruit juice. Chill, stirring occasionally as Jell-O sets to give soft jellied appearance. Then add fruit and serve in sherbet glasses. Or line sherbet glasses with fruit and fill with plain jellied mixture. Garnish with mint or maraschino cherries. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



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How to do something about the weather

IT'S PERFECTLY all right to talk about the weather—as long as you *do* something about it, too.

For instance, rain or shine, we can't think of any more agreeable way of discussing the weather than over a Four Roses Old Fashioned.

One thing's certain: No matter what the barometer says, we believe you'll say an Old Fashioned made with Four Roses is by all odds the most magnificent cocktail you've tasted in many a day. Try one today and see!

Just one thing more: If, when you ask your dealer for a bottle of Four Roses, you find that he's temporarily out of it, please be patient and try again. He'll have more, soon.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



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AN ALL-REPUBLICAN QUARTET GIVES OUT A RENDITION OF "I HAD A DREAM, DEAR." SINGERS ARE: REPRESENTATIVES FELLOWS (ME.), ARENDS (ILL.), TIBBOTT (PA.), TOWE (N.J.)

CONGRESS FUN

The nation's legislators put on some novelty acts for the press

Most of the year Congress manages to amuse Washington's hard-boiled newspapermen without really trying. On March 8, some selected members of Congress really tried to amuse the newspapermen by putting on acts at the National Press Club's annual dinner. Happily enough, they succeeded very well.

The entertainment included items that could be billed as novelty acts, such as senators playing the harmonica and violin, and four representatives rendering some nonpolitical harmony. To the 354 guests present, the star of the evening was Senator Alben Barkley, making his first public appearance since his fight with President Roosevelt (LIFE, March 6). In addition to playing the harmonica and telling some old Kentucky tales, the Senate's Democratic leader made a speech. "My friends," he said, mimicking his Party's leader, "I have enjoyed this Congressional fest more than some others in which I have participated."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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RIVALS IN PRECISION



One-fifth as thick as a human hair! But stronger and more flexible than steel! The silken-like thread of the tiny spider has given the Army the precision needed in the cross marking for modern gun sights. Small though it may be, the spider's thread is one of the important little things that makes possible important big things. In the making of pens, too, little things are vital.

1/1000 OF AN INCH GIVES YOU THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

These Renew-Points for Esterbrook Fountain Pens *look* identical. But they're not! Your hand will tell that each is styled and designed to write differently.

Stub? Fine? Broad? Firm? Flexible? Each one a favorite with some writer because a trifle of difference has made it the right point for the way he writes.

Esterbrook precision craftsmanship and mastery of the trifles that count have given you the fountain pen with a range of more than 31 point styles, designed for your style of writing or your writing job. Precision craftsmanship has made possible *the right point for the way you write.*

★

NEW PENS SCARCE— SOME REPLACEMENT RENEW-POINTS

Only a FEW new pens can be made today. Renew-Points, for repair and replacement, are available in limited quantities.





Esterbrook

PENS

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PENS
STEEL PENS • ART AND DRAFTING PENS



Senator Alben Barkley of Kentucky brought his old harmonica and gave a funereal rendition of *Wagon Wheels.* Although urged, he refused to sing this song. The master of ceremonies said he wouldn't insist because Barkley wasn't in a rut any more.



Senator Harry Truman of Missouri has the reputation of being an excellent piano player and was so billed at the dinner. But although he sat down at the piano, the Senator hardly played a note. Instead he told a few well-received stag-dinner jokes.



Senator Arthur Walsh of New Jersey gave the most finished performance, playing *Vienna, My City of Dreams* and *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'* on his violin. A former professional, Walsh made phonograph records for Thomas Edison 30 years ago.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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Safe Passage — Sight Unseen

THROUGH blinding fog and sleet in the North Atlantic, across the vast, dazzling expanse of the South Pacific, into strange harbors and along mountainous coasts move the Allied convoys and their escorting ships of war.

On hundreds of them is that magic instrument—the Sperry Gyro-Compass—made by Dodge for the surer guidance and safer passage of those valiant ships and crews.

Making the great Gyro Compass called for tooling of the highest order. Making it in quantity production was one of the most exacting of manufacturing jobs; with some ten thousand individual parts for every compass —with tolerances, balance, and perfection of final performance such as gallant ships and lives might depend upon.

Nothing in the history of Dodge surpasses this production accomplishment—unless it is the same kind of precision work on the great Bofors guns for the same ships, or the thousands of Dodge fighting trucks that have gone to battle areas as part of the cargo.



The two million Dodge cars and trucks at home are doing a good wartime job. Their tire mileage is remarkably high and their gas consumption extremely low. The engineering features that became famous in peace time are of vital importance now.

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

A War Record to Read and Remember!

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK — BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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Beautiful
beyond compare



Loveliest
of modern stockings
are found wherever
you see
the *Berkshire* name.

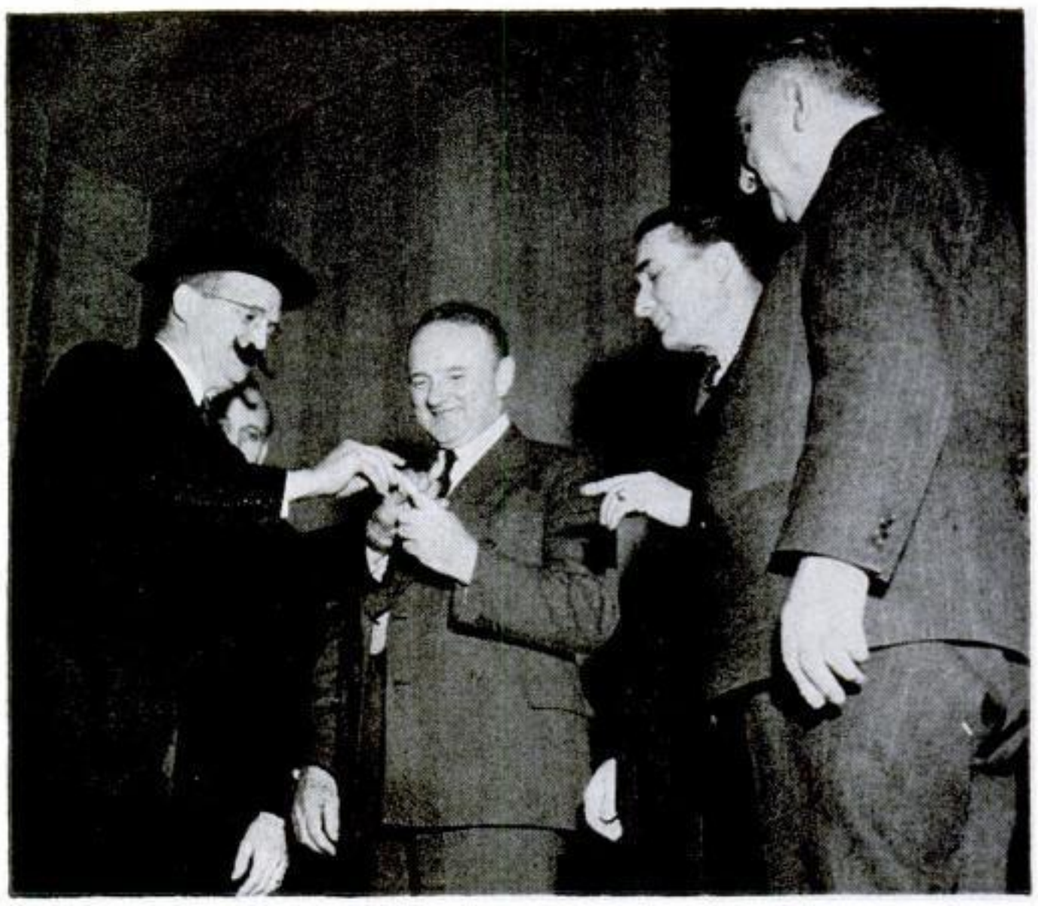
Long-wearing
neat
and completely
fashion-correct
you'll find them
smarter
for wear on
every occasion.

There's a reason
why
well-dressed women
prefer *Berkshire*
full-fashioned stockings.

Berkshire Stockings

BERKSHIRE STOCKINGS, READING, PENNA.

Congress Fun (continued)



Representative Paul Shafer (Mich.) put on a mustache and a magic act. Here he amazes Senator Byrd by making a thimble disappear. Waiting at right for him to make their thimbles disappear are Rep. Hope (Kan.), Economic Stabilizer Vinson.



War Mobilizer James F. Byrnes spoke from the floor. "After seeing this chorus," said the President's Congressional-trouble shooter, "I think Congress should play violins and sing instead of making speeches. Everybody would be much happier."



The entire ensemble finished the evening by singing *My Old Kentucky Home*. As the audience went out, one member remarked that this was probably the only country whose head men could put on such a show and still not lose dignity and respect.

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BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



In the space of a heartbeat . . . some glad day . . . the lump in your throat will melt away—and the man in your life will be home! Home to collect the kisses you've been hoarding. Home to laugh away that tight, lonesome knot that's become a part of you. Home to wrap you tight . . . for always and always . . . in the warmth of your togetherness.

It's the day you dream of . . . and Community* is dreaming, too. Dreaming of silverware as radiant as that joyous morning, as sparkling as the twinkle in the eyes that feast on you. Dreaming . . . with you . . . that we may trade the tools of war for the pleasant crafts of peace. Hoping . . . *for* you . . . it won't be long now—*the day will come!*

BUY WAR BONDS . . . SPEED THE DAY!

Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE



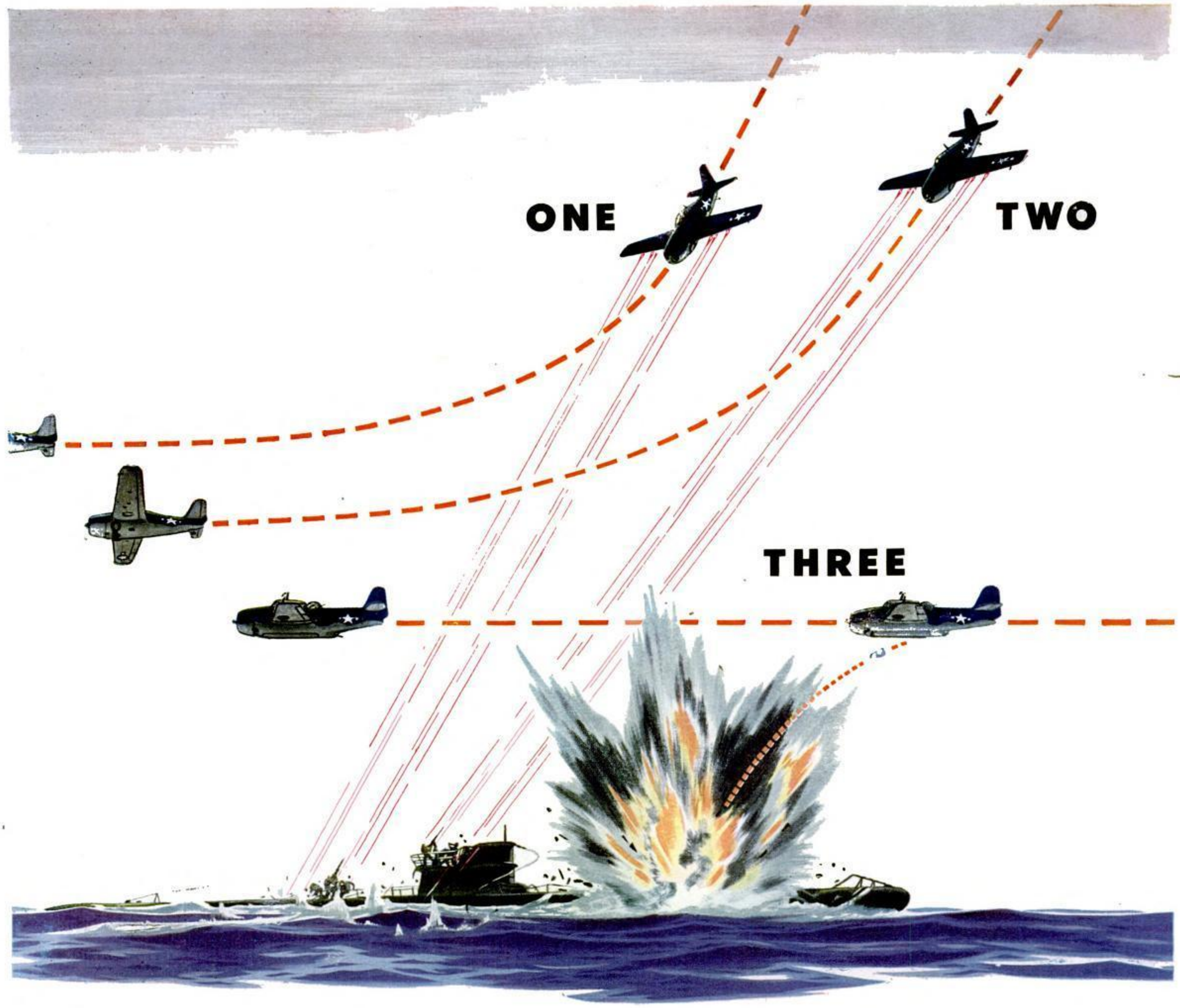
Coronation Design*

If it's Community . . . it's correct

*TRADEMARK

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AND OUT GOES HE

ANTI-SUBMARINE TACTIC—*Fifth in a series of advertisements, dedicated to the skill and courage of American aviators, showing Army and Navy aerial combat tactics.*

Our Navy has a new way of dealing with submarines—a way that works like a charm!

When a Convoy stands out to sea, it sails in brilliant company—trim "baby flat tops" which mount coveys of Navy fighters and bombers—"Wildcats" and "Avengers" flown by naval aviators, men who love nothing better than an open season on wolfpacks.

Here's how this deadly team operates:

The "Wildcats" move in first, all guns ablaze to clear the sub's decks of anti-aircraft crews. And then comes the "Avenger" with its load of depth charges. These are dropped athwart the submarine's bow so she can't escape.

What happens then?—It's all over but the shouting.

In a war of supply, Convoys must go through. Our Naval aviators, by pressing home the most effective means of anti-submarine attack, are more than doing their bit to smash the ramparts of Festung Europa. * * *

Pioneer in the Age of Flight, Shell Research made possible the first commercial production of 100-octane aviation fuel and supplied it to American Military Aviation . . . giving our fighting aircraft new speed and range, and a great tactical advantage.

Three additional Shell "firsts in fuel" vastly increased both the power and production of aviation fuel.

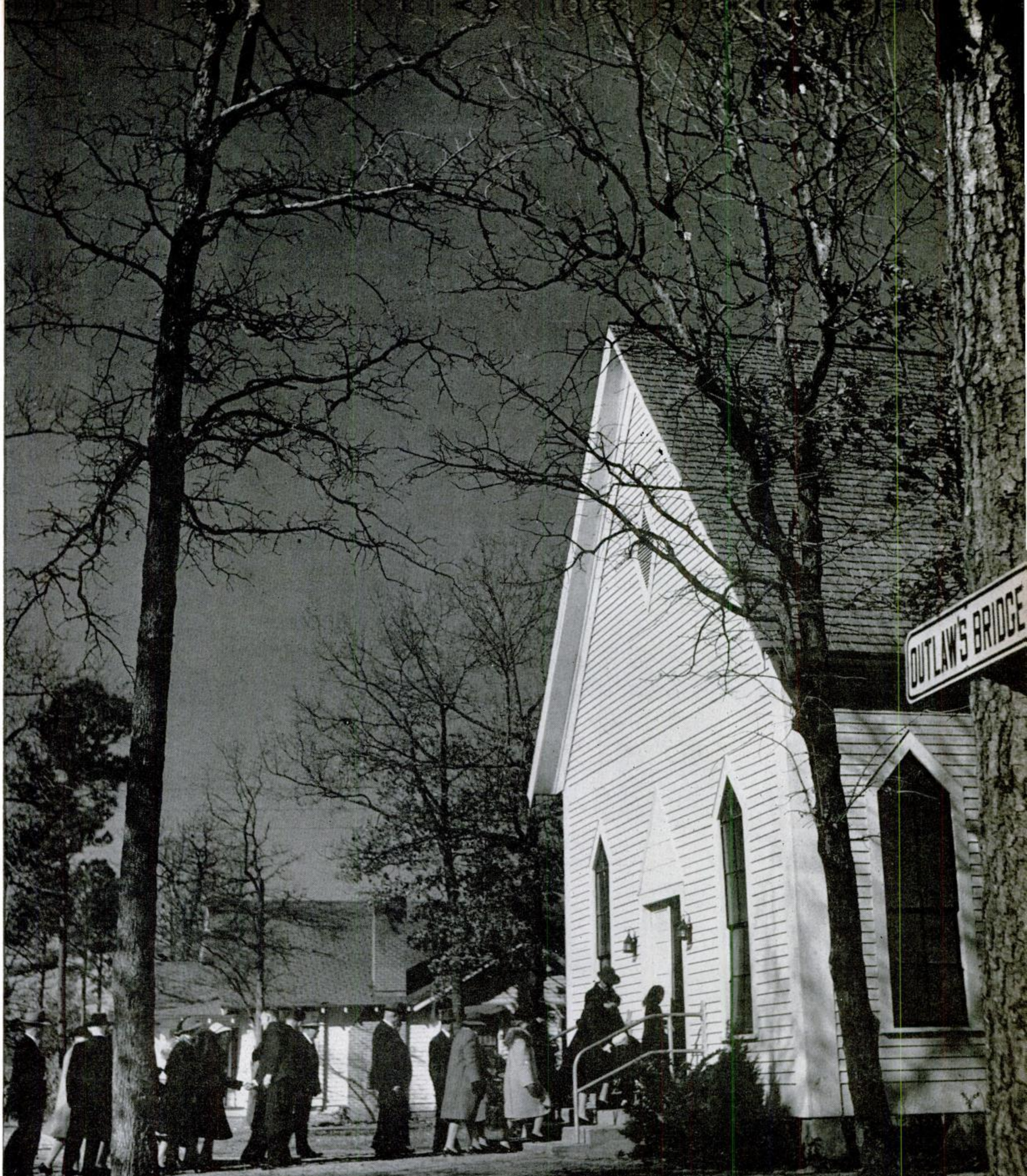
Today, more Shell 100-octane aviation fuel is supplied to aircraft engine manufacturers, for critical test and run-in purposes, than any other brand.

And now, each day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.

SHELL

FINER FUELS FOR THE AGE OF FLIGHT

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THE PEOPLE OF OUTLAW'S BRIDGE FILE INTO LITTLE WHITE CLAPBOARD CHURCH. MOST OF THEM ARE FARMERS WHO WALK A LONG WAY TO WORSHIP OR COME IN TRUCKS

OUTLAW'S BRIDGE

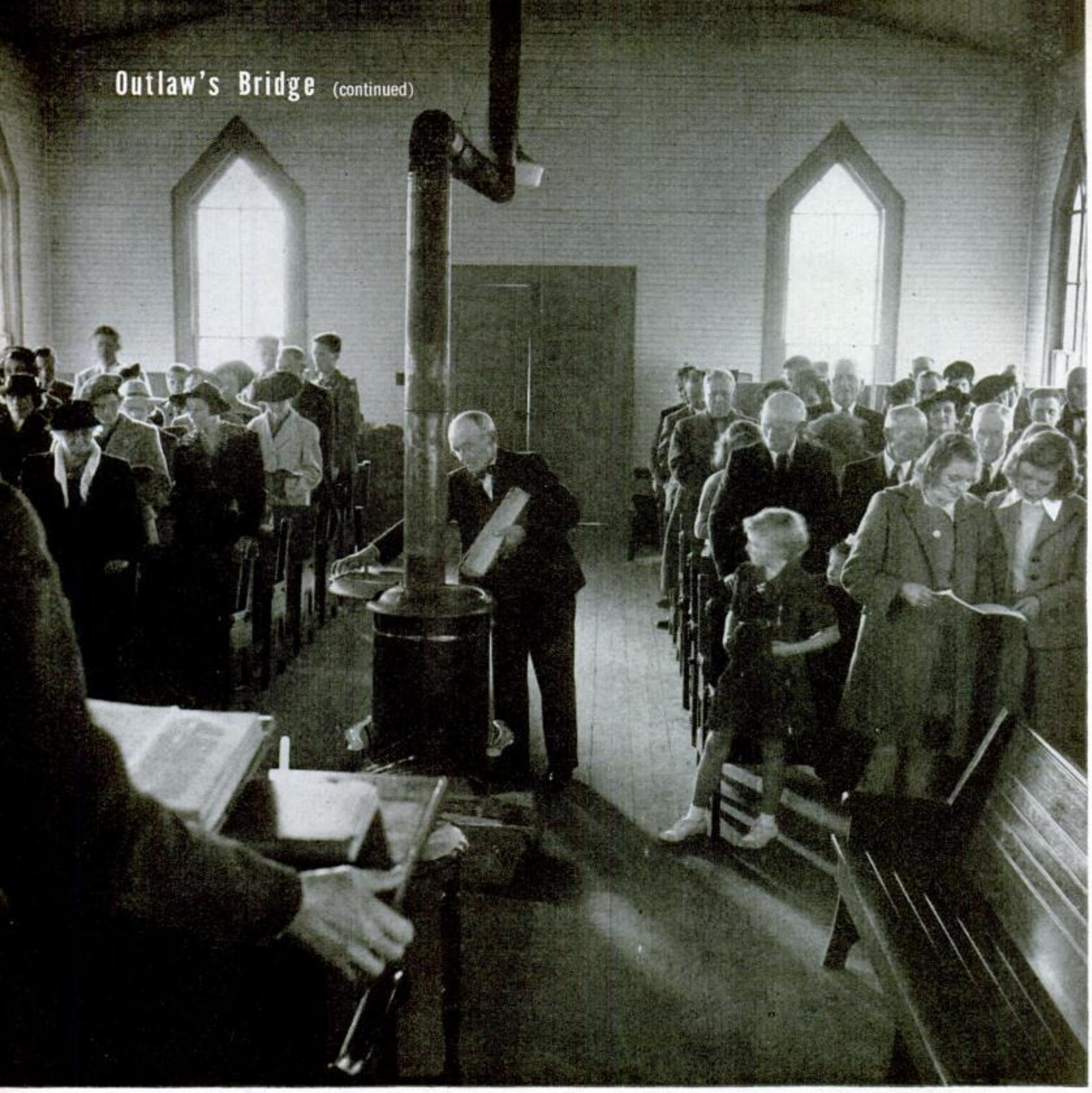
A small Southern community shows how a church can lead the people

Outlaw's Bridge, N. C. is a country community of 74 white and 20 Negro families. They are small landowners and tenant farmers scattered over four square miles of tobacco-growing country. Their only "downtown" is a crossroads with a church, parsonage, a grammar school, general store, filling station.

Core of the community is the Universalist Church (*above*) which, ever since the coming of a progressive young pastor named Ulrich, has been a true leader of social and economic, as well as spiritual, progress. Says Ulrich: "Wherever there is a need that must be met, the church should step in and organize to meet that need. Once organized, the church should step out and let the project advance under its own steam." Following pages show how Ulrich, with the help of his parishioners, has met needs, made improvements and strengthened his church by injecting it vigorously and realistically into everyday lives of his people.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Sunday service in stove-heated church of Outlaw's Bridge is attended by congregation of 79. Many are descendants of Outlaw klan which fled Scotland in the 17th Century and founded community. Ulrich (*arm in foreground*) serves three other North Carolina churches. Below: Youth Fellowship group, active in church work, rehearses candlelight service.



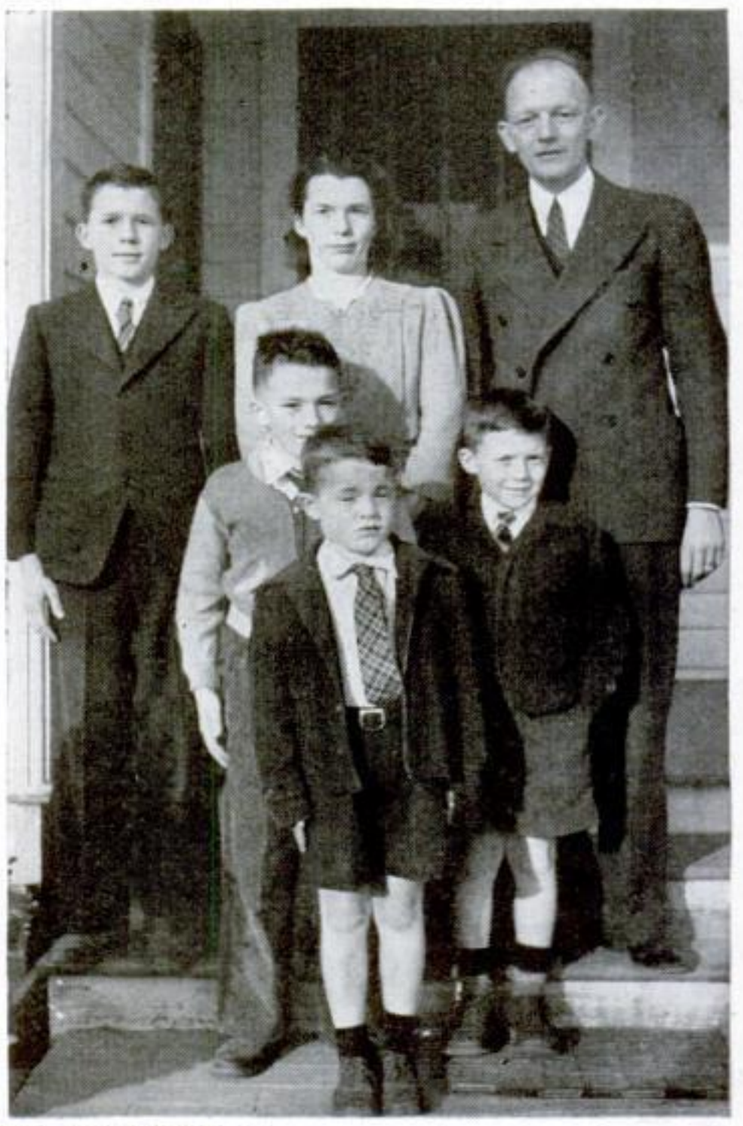


Community "work spell" brings men, women and children to cut trees, rake leaves and set posts on church grounds.

THE PASTOR IS PRACTICAL IDEALIST WHO WORKS HARD

Seven years ago, a 41-year-old Universalist pastor from the North who had the reputation of being something of a social radical, moved into a small, sleepy section of the conservative South. He was the Rev. Gustav H. Ulrich and with him to Outlaw's Bridge he brought a fund of practical ideals and a large capacity for hard work, reinforced by the traditional Univeralist belief that happiness and holiness are inseparable.

Ulrich started things moving in Outlaw's Bridge. Now this once backward community has electricity (obtained through the Rural Electrification Administration), a new parsonage which doubles as a social center (built by Ulrich and his parishioners), new roads, hot school lunches for 10¢, a circulating library, church-sponsored dances, communal facilities such as grinding mill, carpenter shop, use of nearby curb-market cooperative, etc. And church attendance—which has been steadily decreasing in other Universalist churches—has risen 62% in Outlaw's Bridge.



The Ulrich family, six strong, stands on steps of parsonage that parson built. Four sons are 6, 8, 10 and 12 years old.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

Your Servant in Essential Wartime Driving

Today, millions of cars and trucks are started on their essential rounds of wartime duties by the dependable power of Delco batteries.

Taking proper care of these batteries—and of all batteries, regardless of make—is a responsibility that car and truck owners must accept. War-vital materials can be conserved, and breakdowns in the nation's transportation system avoided, by periodic battery inspection and service.

Have your Delco battery dealer check your battery *at least* once a month. He is well qualified to help you get the greatest possible use out of it, and well qualified to recommend the right size and type Delco battery to "take over" when your present battery is no longer serviceable.

★

Save Lives—Speed Victory!

BUY WAR BONDS

★

When you *MUST* replace
REPLACE WITH A DELCO *Battery*

Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

DELCO-REMY ★ WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

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It made the day when the '90's were gay



And it's the favorite even more in '44!





Clicquot Club Ginger Ale has meant sparkling refreshment in millions of homes for over half a century. Finest Jamaica ginger and other ingredients are *flavor-aged* — blended and mellowed month after month — to produce that sunny-smooth goodness. Buy Clicquot Club in the thrifty quart bottle or smaller sizes.

CLICQUOT CLUB *Ginger Ale*

OVER FIFTY YEARS A FAVORITE

★ ★ ★

Clicquot Club Sparkling Water gives long-lasting life to any drink. The secret's Bonded Carbonation — for the mixer that never lets you down!

N. W. AYER & SON



Community grain-grinding mill, which is owned cooperatively by 12 families who lend or rent it for a small fee, stands in Ulrich garage beneath community carpenter shop.



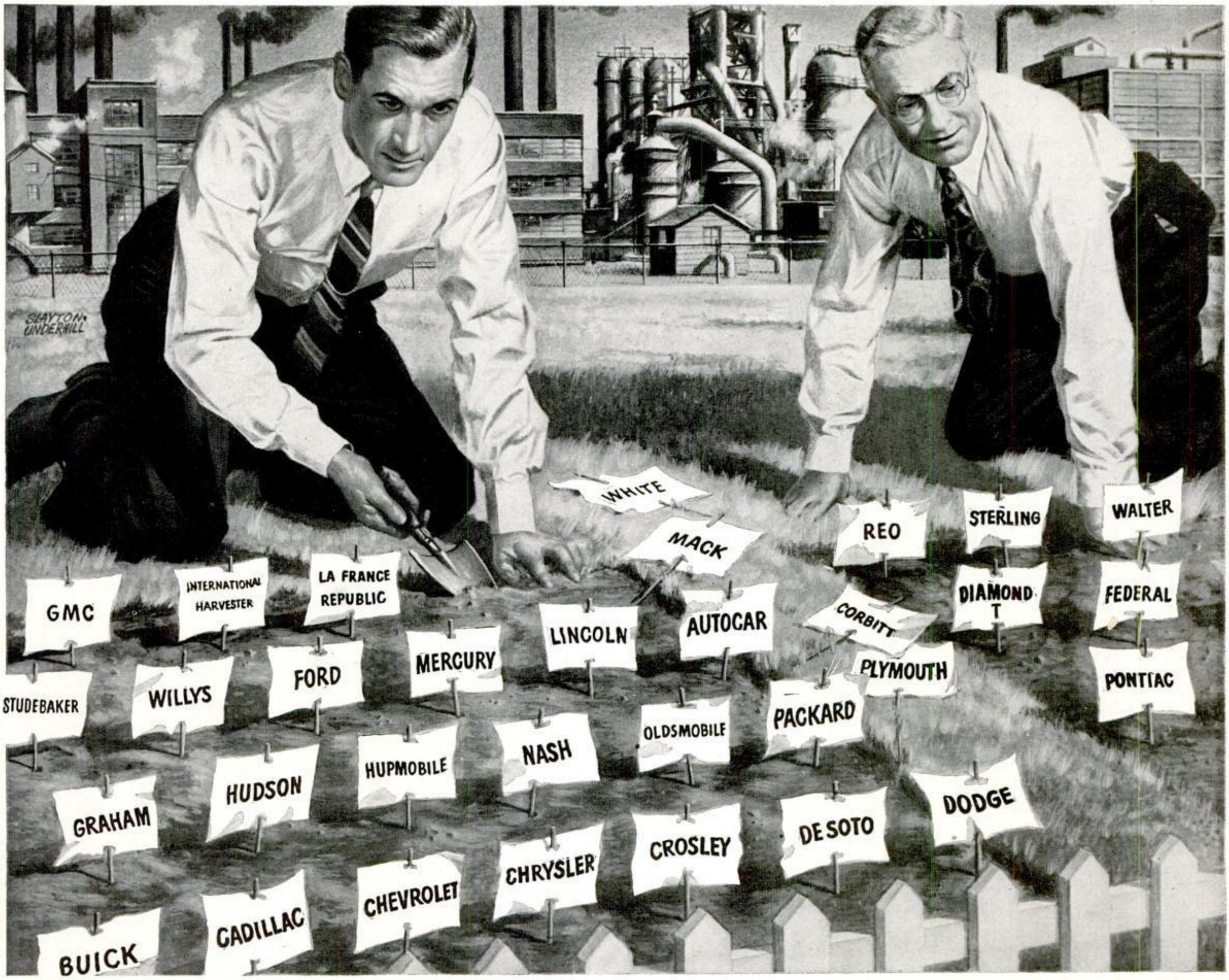
Class in egg production is conducted by the pastor in the home of "Aunt Att" Burden (*white cap*). Though Negroes do not attend his church, Ulrich likes to help them.



In USO lounge at Kinston, one of Ulrich's other nearby parishes, he talks with servicemen after the Sunday-morning "Java Club" breakfast conducted by his church.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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Victory garden in Detroit

A new car! To us Americans, the thrill of those words baffles description. There's a heady fragrance like wine's in the very idea of driving once more across the bosom of the continent, exploring this land of ours, so generous in its breadth and its beauty.

We don't care whether the new cars will be square or round or teardrop in shape; whether the engine will be in front or in back! We *know* they'll be better cars. And that's enough! We *know* that the automobile brains which yearly created better and more beautiful cars, have been learning new magic while they were producing the world's finest guns and trucks and tanks and planes. We *know* that the seeds of this new knowledge are planted in a Victory Garden whose blooming, when the war is won, will seem like a miracle when we see it.

Here's what automobile engineers say can come from that garden. Greater strength and with it, greater safety. But also new lightness to cut down costs. Startling roominess and headroom. Air conditioning to imitate springtime the year round. No more blind spots, or gear shifting, or frozen radiators, or night-glare! And above all, an amazingly low cost per mile for tires and gasoline!

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Association of Universalist Women meets monthly to discuss church work. Through its national headquarters in Boston, this organization pays most of Ulrich's salary.



Quilting bee at the home of a woman who needs a new coverlet is attended by Mrs. Ulrich (*third from left*) when she can spare time from church and household duties.



Free circulating library is in Ulrich's study and is especially favored by children. Always open, the library contains more than 2,000 books, lends about 100 weekly.

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"THIS IS THE PAYOFF..."

There she sits . . .

Crouched on the sea . . . big, black . . . every inch of her a battleship . . .

And every stinking inch—Jap!

We're coming in . . .

Her searchlight blinks . . . then winks full on . . . and the glare strips us down and we're running in naked and alone . . . under her five-inch guns, under her barking pom-poms . . . twelve against twenty-four hundred . . . only two hundred to one . . . so

We're coming in!

This is the payoff . . . this is the knockout . . . this is what we were trained for . . . this is what we teamed up for . . . *this* is war!

This is the way to attack! With the tin fish running free and hot . . . and the odds so high we're madmen or demons or gods! And our enemies' hearts pump hard and their shots go wild as they realize . . .

We're coming in to win!

This is the way to fight! Not as a slave ready to die at a dictator's command . . . but as a free man fighting to live . . . fighting for the things that make life worthwhile . . . fighting for my right to dare, to pioneer, to do great things in a great spirited way, to win great victories as a *free* individual in a land where there must always be not only liberty and justice, but the freedom of opportunity that is the breath of life to me.

That's what I'm fighting for.

That's what makes this war worthwhile.

That's what I want when I come back.

. . .

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"Peter dropped his comic book to listen"

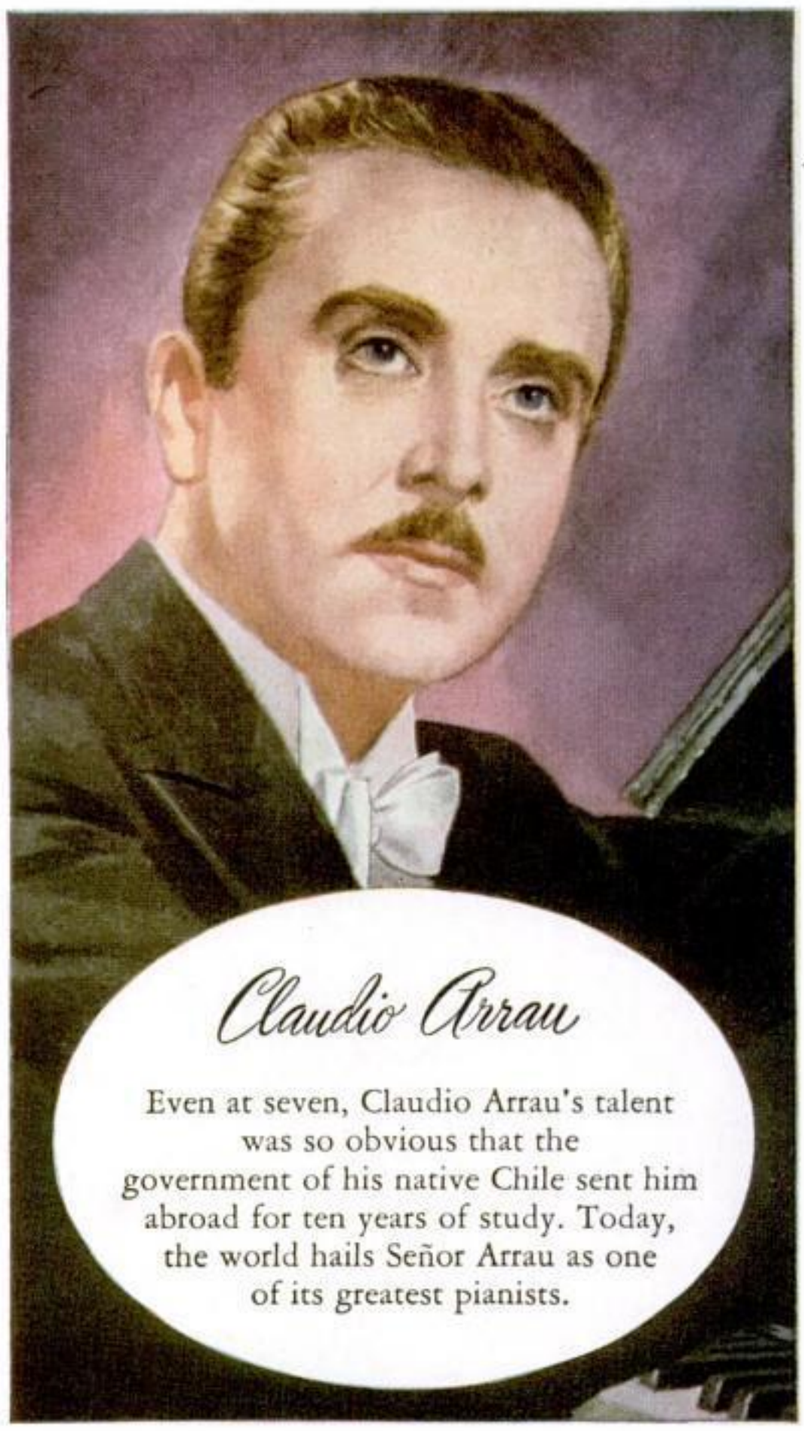
"The other night we were playing some of our favorite Victor Records. My mind was on the music when John gave me a nudge and glanced at Peter.

"Ten minutes before, Peter had been all involved in his comic book. But now, the book had slipped to the floor and he was listening intently. It was a touching experience—watching our child first discover the beauty of music."

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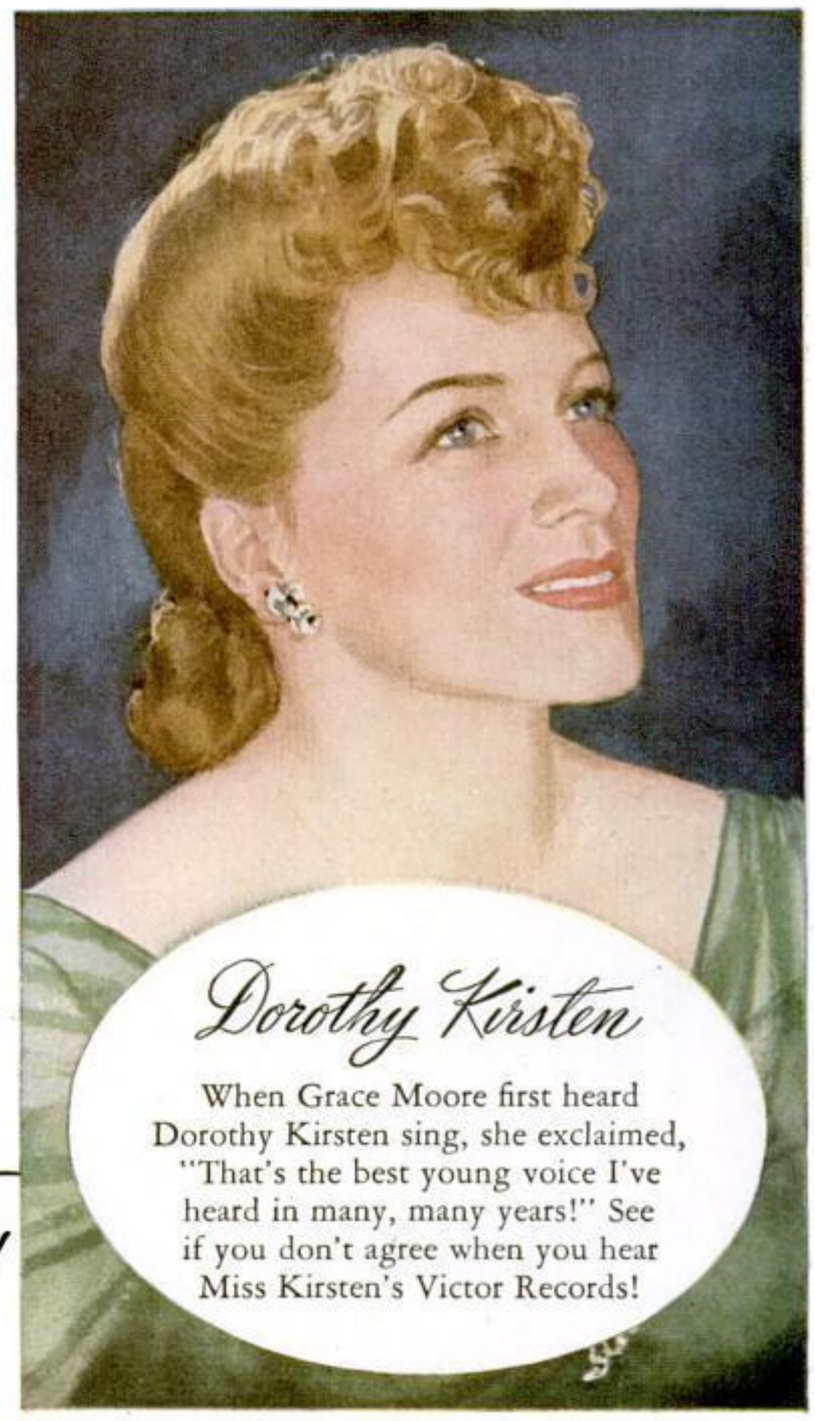


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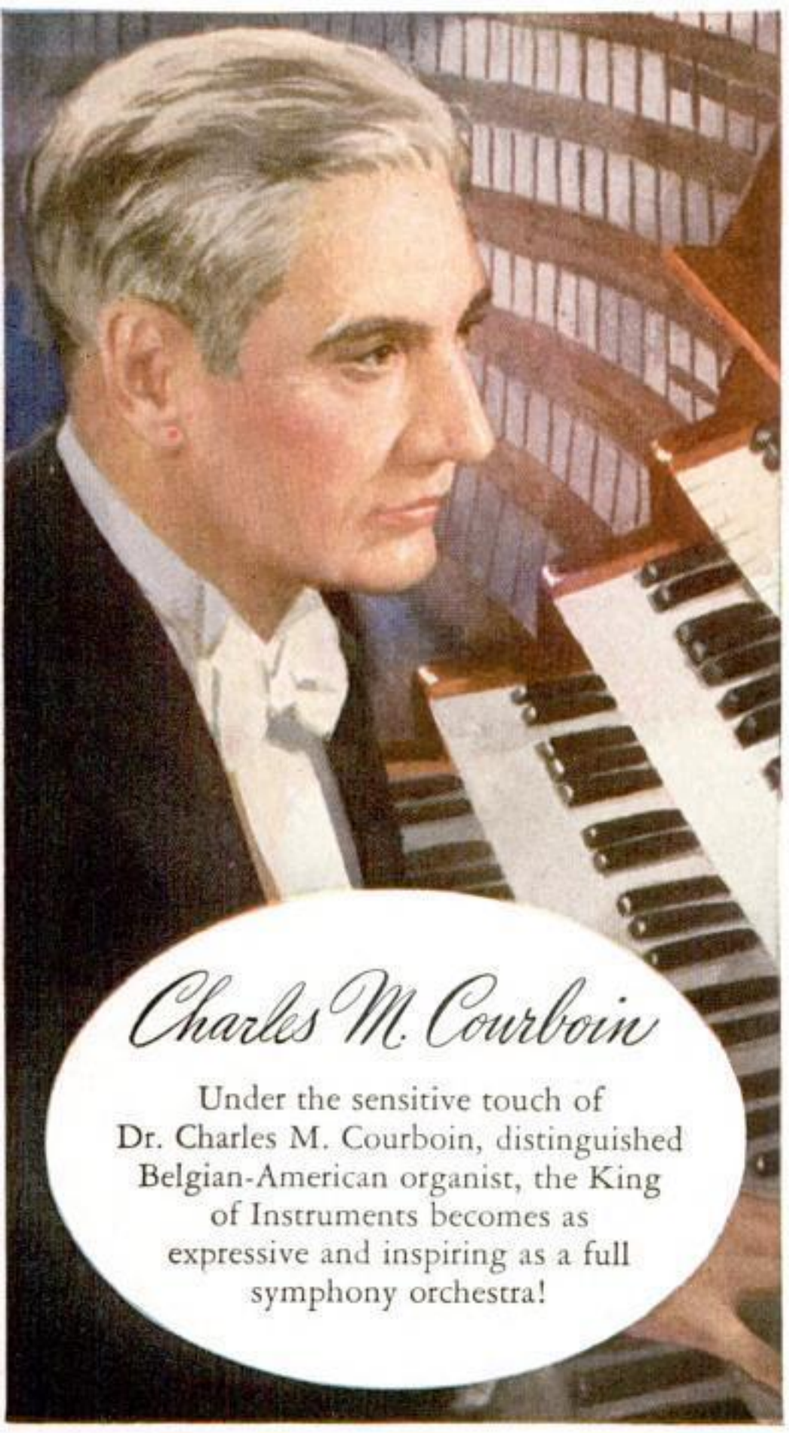
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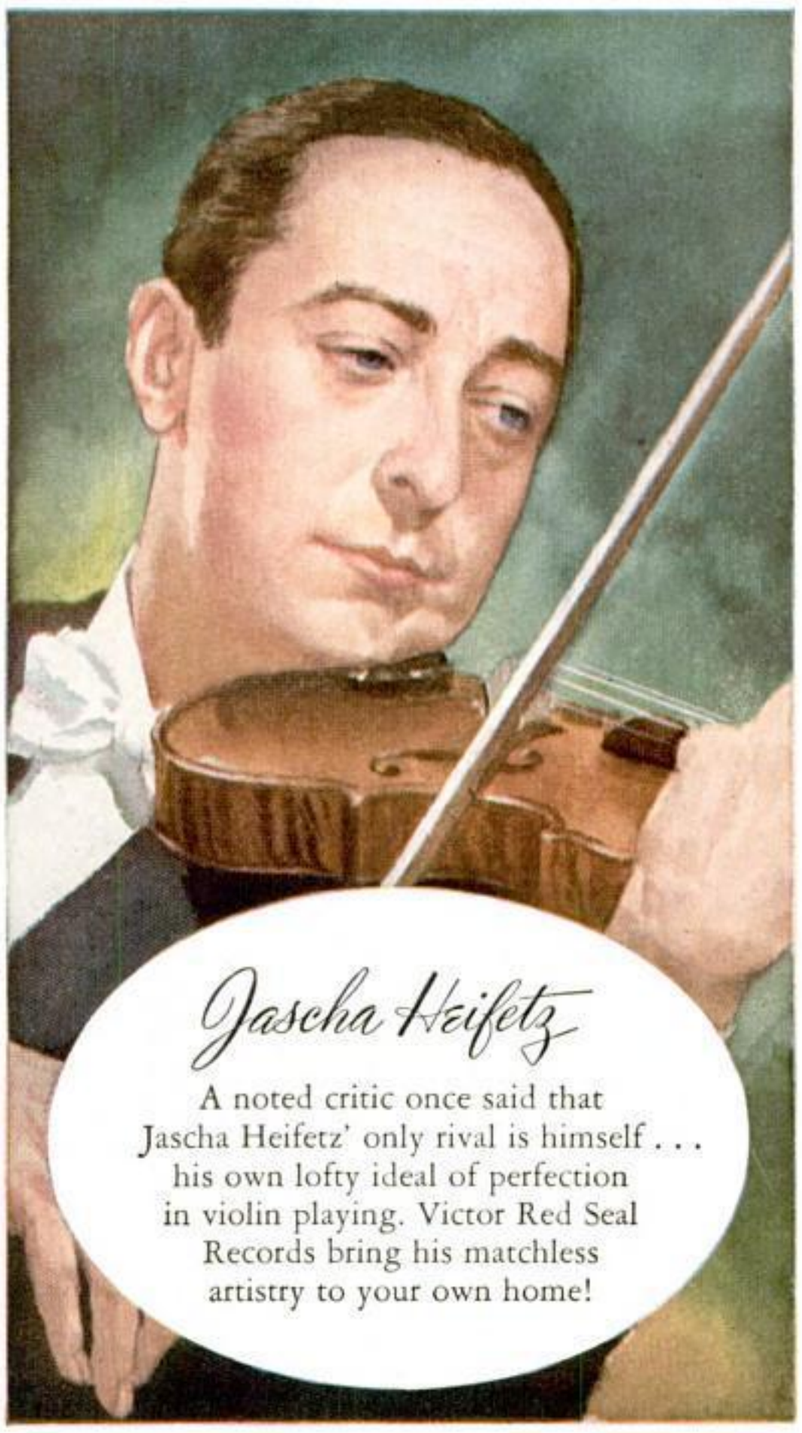
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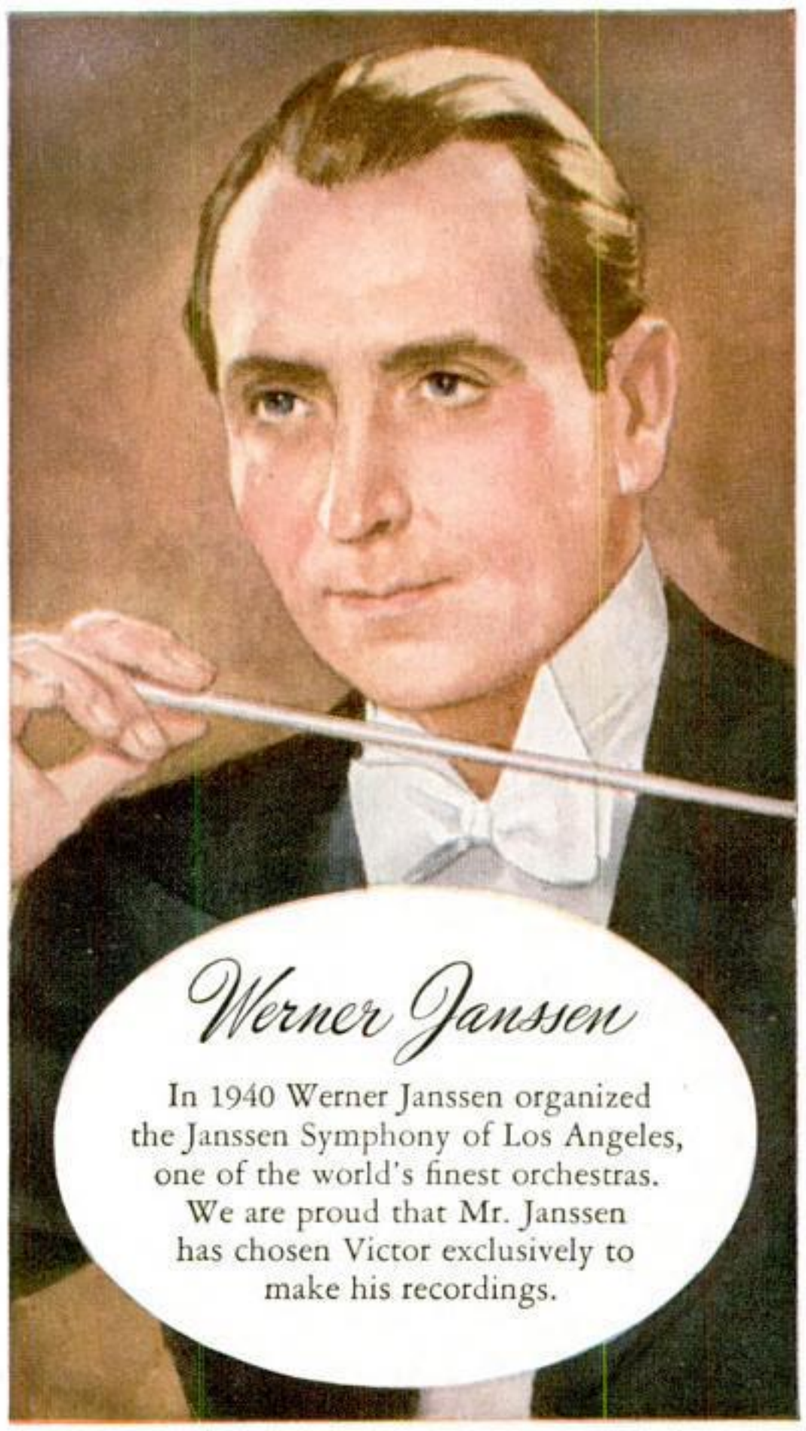
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U. S. CAPITOL DOME is made of cast iron, painted white to match its supporting masonry. At its top is a circular "lantern" with 13 fluted columns, each representing an original state. And above that stands Thomas Crawford's statue of *Freedom*. Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War when the statue was being designed; he ordered Crawford to put a crested helmet on the figure instead of the Phrygian liberty cap the sculptor favored. This gives *Freedom* a vigilant and warlike look that is quite appropriate today.

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Our American form of government, how it came to be, how it works, and what, in essence, it is.—A conversation from "The Republic"

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his new book, *The Republic* (Viking, $3), Charles A. Beard outlines the basic facts about our American form of government in a series of informal Friday-evening conversations in his home. LIFE has been publishing one conversation from *The Republic*, in condensed form, each week for the last nine weeks. This week's conversation, the final instalment, deals with the great question of America's survival in the modern world. The three people participating in the conversation are:

BEARD himself, who was born in Indiana in 1874, taught politics at **Columbia** University for 10 years, and wrote *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913.

DR. ROBERT SMYTH (the name is fictitious), a neighboring physician who is in charge of health work for a large local factory. "Dr. Smyth" was born in South Carolina around 1870 and is a stanch "Cleveland Democrat."

MRS. SMYTH, a Vassar graduate who cares for a household and four children and is active in community affairs. She has long been interested in the equal rights for women movement.



BEARD

THE FATES AND FORTUNES OF OUR REPUBLIC

by CHARLES A. BEARD

What was on your mind, I asked the Smyths, when you suggested this additional session of our fireside seminar?

DR. SMYTH: As we told you on the occasion of our first visit last autumn, we had read Spengler or, perhaps it would be truer to say, tried to read him years ago, and we have been deeply interested in his new theory of history. I mean the theory that every nation moves through a kind of cycle from youth to old age and death—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Just what happens when winter comes, we could not quite make out from Spengler's words, but it seems that at the end of winter comes Caesar, the man of blood and iron who conquers the man of gold—our urban civilization.

MRS. SMYTH: If Spengler's theory is valid, then it applies to our Republic, to America; and our Republic is fated to perish, to fall under the empire of a Caesar. This is a dreary outlook and makes futile all our talk about constitutionalism. America's place in the world, and the effort to maintain the ideals of liberty and justice.

If Spengler's new theory is valid, then all that the advocates of world order have said goes overboard also. Their propositions are based on the idea that all nations are growing more alike, better ready for world union; that the same civilization will become common around the world; and that all nations will develop together into a peaceful and prosperous future. Spengler dashes such optimistic hopes to earth. We want to know your views on what we may call this larger historical drama.

BEARD: That is a tall order. Spengler's theory is really a deterministic theory of our universe.

DR. SMYTH: It amounts to a species of theology. You probably will want to sidestep it on the ground that you are a historian, not a theologian, and I cannot blame you.

BEARD: Pardon me, I do not call myself a historian, but a *student* of history. It is customary for historians, or economists, or what-have-you, to answer, when such a question is raised, 'Oh, that belongs to theology or sociology, or some other learned discipline.' But such a reply really begs the question. It enables the person who makes it to escape the pain of thought. I am willing to face Spengler's theory of the Universe. Everyone who tries to think his way through the maze of our world must do it. How shall we proceed?

MRS. SMYTH: Suppose you state the theory in your own words and then we can examine it together.

BEARD: Spengler wrote other books and essays besides *The Decline of the West* to which you refer. One of them, the most important for understanding what he was driving at, was *Preussentum and Sozialismus*, which he said contained the germ of his two volumes on *The Decline of the West*. In this little book, which has not been translated, as far as I know, Spengler displayed the Prussian Junker's hatred for the bourgeoisie and indicated a desire to see a union of Prussian state socialism with the socialism of industrial workers. If this could be effected, he evidently believed, it would redound to the strength, glory and prosperity of Great Germany. . . .

MRS. SMYTH: Was Spengler himself a Junker?

BEARD: Oh, No! he was a small-time professor or schoolmaster in a German gymnasium or technical high school. He taught mathematics before he retired to write his huge book on *The Decline*. Spengler was not a Junker but a petty bourgeois who had taken on the inveterate dislike the agrarian Junker has for the business classes.

About ten years after *The Decline of the West* appeared, Spengler published his *Der Mensch und die Technik*, translated as *Man and Technics*. In his work on Prussianism and Socialism, Spengler was optimistic in the sense that he regarded as possible a union of Prussianism and Socialism which would prove beneficial for Germany. In his book on *The Decline*, Spengler had seemed to be dubious as to what would happen when Winter came and Caesar conquered the man of money. But I am convinced that in *The Decline*, Spengler was not wholly pessimistic.

In his *Man and Technics*, however, Spengler leaves no doubt as to where he stood at the time of its publication. There he makes man simply a beast of prey. There what he calls 'machine culture' comes to a black and tragic end. Let me read you his final words:

> We are born into this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue, like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door in Pompeii, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, died at his post because they forgot to relieve him. That is greatness. That is what it means to be a thoroughbred. The honorable end is the one thing that can *not* be taken from a man.

DR. SMYTH: I call that lyrical rubbish and a contradiction in its own terms. If all is fated, it is nonsense to talk about bravery, greatness, the thoroughbred, and honor—least of all honor.

MRS. SMYTH: If the American Republic is fated to sink into the death of Spengler's Winter, to be transformed from a system of liberty and self-government into a dictatorial empire, then it is futile, it is nonsense, for American citizens to discuss constitutionalism, liberty, justice or anything else. I do not believe in any such destiny for us, and I want to ask Mr. Beard two questions. Does the study of history neces-

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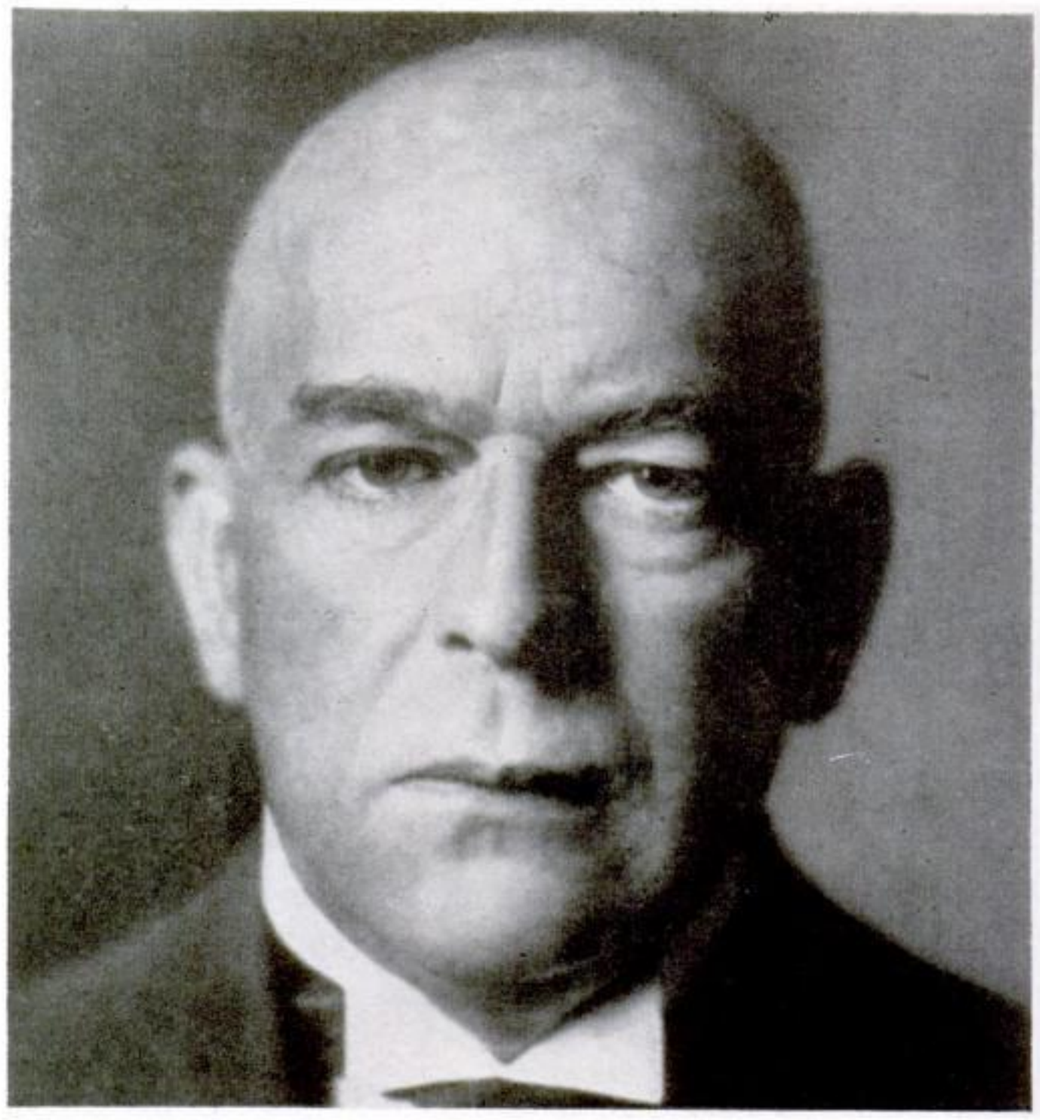
Gladys Rockmore Davis

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GERMAN Oswald Spengler predicted in his book *Decline of the West* that European and American civilization would perish in series of greater and greater wars.

FATES AND FORTUNES (continued)

sarily lead to pessimism? If not, what is ahead for our Republic?

BEARD: As a matter of fact, Mrs. Smyth, Spengler's theory is very old, not new. The ancient Greeks had cyclical theories of political history. In Aristotle's *Politics*, government moves from one form to another in succession and back again. His was a kind of treadmill theory of the necessary fates of governments, let us say, from monarchy to aristocracy, from aristocracy to democracy, from democracy to tyranny, and back again, with slight variations.

To pass over other examples, I will cite our own Brooks Adams. In his *Law of Civilization and Decay*, published first in 1895, the cyclical theory re-appears.

MRS. SMYTH: How do you account for the emphasis that has been laid on this cyclical theory in comparatively recent times?

BEARD: The fortunes of ancient Rome have exercised a powerful influence over strong minds for at least 1,500 years. With many weak minds the theme has become a disease. Some of the early Church fathers wrote interpretations of Rome's misfortunes, partly with a view to reconciling the terrible events which marked the breakdown of Roman dominion with the Christian theory of Divine Providence.

DR. SMYTH: I suppose that a huge book could be written under the title, The Tyranny of the Roman Tradition over the Western Mind. I don't mean the Catholic tradition, but the whole Roman tradition—rise, growth, decline, and fall.

BEARD: The distinguished Egyptologist, W. M. Flinders Petrie, was captured by the theory of cycle and published his own in his *Revolution of Civilization*. Petrie's knowledge of Egyptian history was profound. But his knowledge of universal and modern history was certainly sketchy. Under the tyranny of the ancient tradition, he was rash enough to talk about the course which every civilization follows.

DR. SMYTH: I take it that you don't think much of Petrie's book.

BEARD: I look upon it as a theory of universal history utterly out of harmony with huge bodies of knowledge at the command of students of universal history. What Petrie did not know about civilization in the United States would fill the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

DR. SMYTH: But tell us this. Does the study of history necessarily lead to pessimism as to the future of humanity—for our purposes, in the United States?

BEARD: It does not. Among historians who have devoted their lives to the study of history, some are pessimists and some are optimists as to the future of mankind. The same person is optimistic one day and pessimistic the next.

It is easy for a pessimist to select innumerable facts to *illustrate*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

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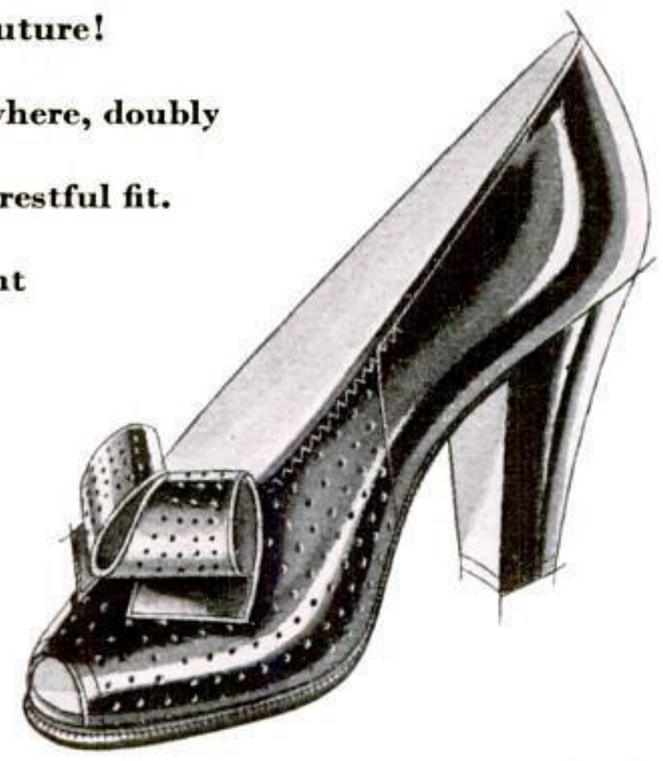
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FATES AND FORTUNES (continued)

his theory that the world is the home of desolation and sorrow for mankind. It is easy for an optimist to ignore the pessimist's catalogue and to select just as many facts to illustrate a theory that the world is a place of increasing happiness for humanity. But a multiplication of historical illustrations is not proof.

MRS. SMYTH: Please repeat that last sentence.

BEARD: *A multiplication of historical illustrations is not proof.* I imagine that almost any theory of history could be illustrated in some way.

MRS. SMYTH: To come down to hard cases, do you believe that there will always be an America, our America? Do you believe that our Republic will endure forever? Can we master fate? Must the Republic be turned into an empire, like the Roman Republic, and ultimately dissolve to ruins? With these questions all of our smaller questions reviewed this winter are involved.

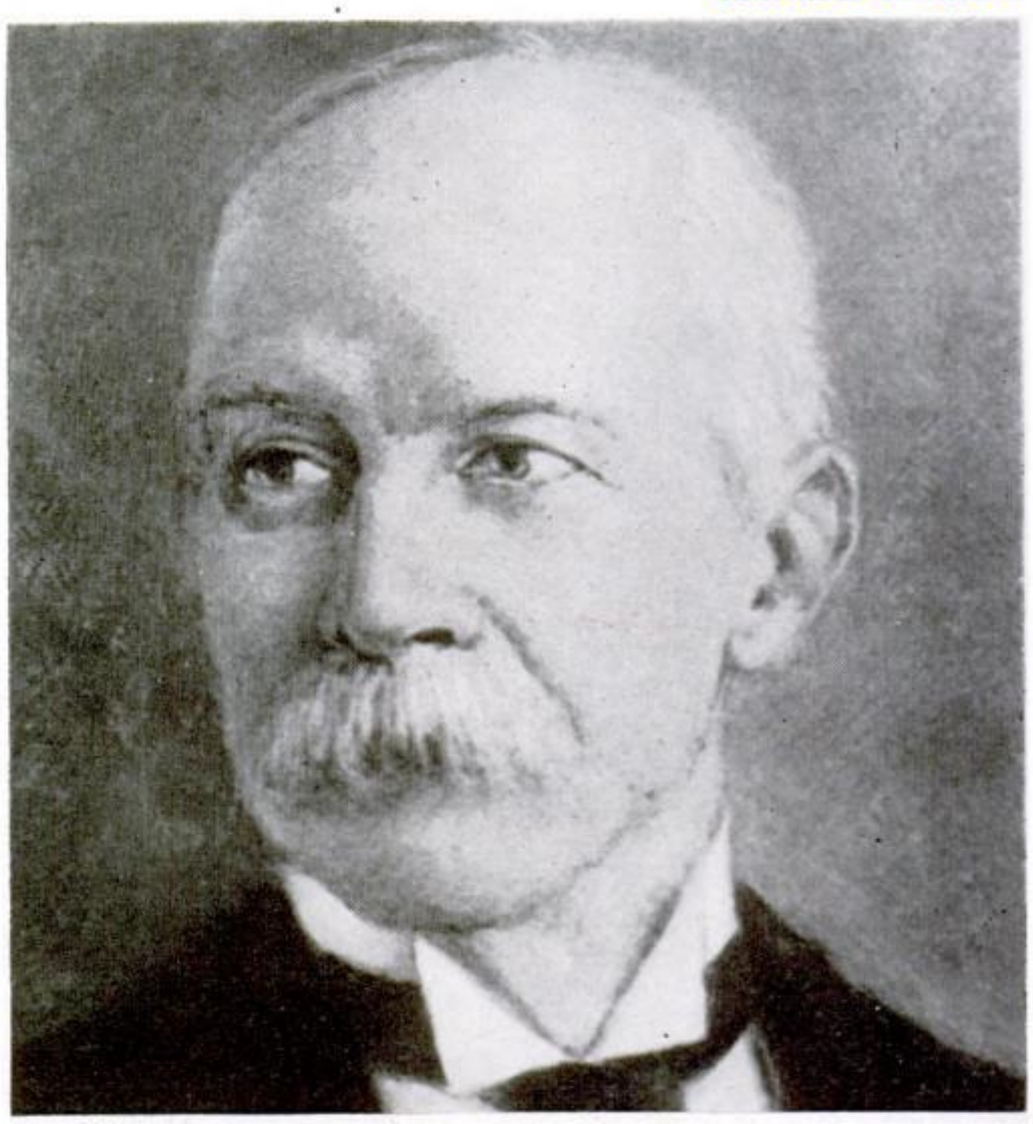
BEARD: I shall tackle the third question first and dispose of it. We cannot master our fate. What is fated is fated and is beyond our power of control.

Will there always be an America? I believe that there will always be an America, an America with unique characteristics, however great the changes that will come. I believe that, but I do not know any way by which anybody can *demonstrate* the proposition. A China existed before Rome was founded and China still lives. I do not believe that the United States, with all its primary features, will perish from the earth, any more than China has perished in the course of thousands of years.

You are entitled to ask: What are the grounds for this assurance? Here we come to human ultimates in thinking about our universe and in reaching convictions about it. What I call a conviction is not just a blind faith. It is a calculation based on knowledge of numerous facts well established by a consensus of critical scholarship, and it is formulated with reference to the highest degree of probability that seems warranted by these facts. The possibility of error is by no means excluded from this operation, but if there is a more efficient way of arriving at informed and reasoned assurance, I have never come across it in my years of searching.

After this prelude, I give you the grounds of my assurance respecting the fortunes of our Republic. My first is that the analogy of Rome and other societies which have perished is utterly inapplicable to the United States. What is called the fate of Rome, as a prophecy for modern nations, is a fancy of European pessimists; or it is a thesis of special pleaders with a cause of their own to sustain. The serious application of biological, physical and historical analogies to current human affairs as if they were laws, is, in my view, a sign of intellectual weakness and displays ignorance of the true nature of history.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



AMERICAN Brooks Adams, of the famous New England family, foreshadowed Spengler's philosophy of doom when he wrote *Law of Civilization and Decay* in 1895

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His meat problem

Licked for Good!

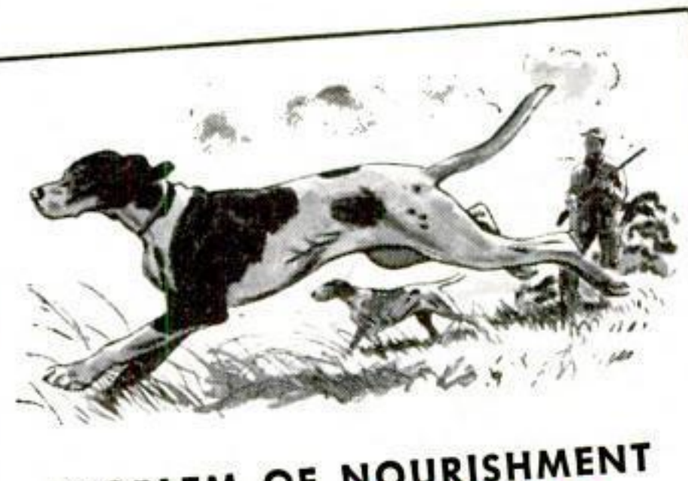


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Just add water—stir—and then watch a delighted dog forget all his table manners. GAINES is simple to feed—yet what a complete meal it is! Meat meal, cereals, dehydrated vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), B_6, D, E, niacin and pantothenate. All this—and so licking good, too!



HIGH COST OF FEEDING *Licked for Good*

For such a dog meal—endorsed by veterinarians and kennel men—you might dread the moment when you must hear the price. But GAINES actually costs you less to feed than meat and the usual type of baked or canned foods. It is sold under a money-back guarantee—in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., 25-lb., and 50-lb. bags. No ration stamps needed.

Copyright 1944 by General Foods Corp.



ALL 4 PROBLEMS *Licked for Good*

1. A complete meal . . . a scientifically balanced formula tested for nutritional adequacy, digestibility, ease of assimilation.

2. Dogs like it. And dogs don't tire of it.

3. Easy to feed. Average preparation time, 68 seconds.

4. Economical. Not only inexpensive, but provides *complete nourishment.*



SPEAK FOR GAINES — **THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS**

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"I hear a better highball coming"

YOU CAN *hear* the zest and liveliness of drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water . . . sparkle lasts right down to the bottom sip.

Canada Dry's "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"* means millions of tinier bubbles . . . brisk little bubbles that insure lasting liveliness, in spite of melting ice.

Make the most of your precious liquor stocks. Use Canada Dry Water. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink—scotch, rye, bourbon, gin or rum.

P.S. *If you prefer mixers with fuller flavor, there's nothing as good as Canada Dry . . . "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."*

CANADA DRY WATER

*PIN-POINT CARBONATION—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



THE FALL OF ROME has greatly influenced all pessimistic historians, who foresee a similar end to our modern civilization. But, says Beard, history does not repeat.

FATES AND FORTUNES (continued)

Now I come to the second ground of my belief in the future of our Republic: History does not repeat itself. Rome did not repeat the history of Egypt, Babylonia, or the Alexandrian empire. No European nation has repeated the history of Rome in the course of the last four or five hundred years. America has not repeated and cannot repeat the history of any European nation.

The spring-summer-autumn-winter theory of national histories is nothing but rhetoric. Rome, as a political state, rose, expanded, was transformed, declined and dissolved. Rome at its height was not a nation, but a congerie of nationalities ruled by Roman officials headed by an emperor with unlimited power. All along her northern borders were barbarian hordes who could make and use weapons about as destructive as Roman weapons. Rome decayed and the Roman empire dissolved. Never again has the posture of human affairs been identical, even similar.

England as a united nation has existed for nearly nine hundred years and is still full of vitality and promise. When China was a thousand years old, it was still young. How many years does it take to make a nation old? A hundred years or five hundred years or a thousand years? If so many people did not talk solemnly and pontifically in such terms, it would be silly for us to discuss them. The chief reason for considering the cyclical theory of history is to dismiss it to the limbo of historical lumber.

America is not fated to repeat the history of Rome or any other nation in the world. America is fated to be America, and all the pulling and hauling of world planners cannot alter that fact.

But according to my world-view, our universe is not all fate; we have some freedom in it. There is *creative intelligence* in the world, and there is also *opportunity* to exercise our powers, intellectual and moral. America is well endowed with such powers. I find no evidences of general decline in them, at least of any such decline as marked Rome in the fifth and sixth centuries A.D. Unwise leadership may lead to a sad wastage of these powers. But our resilience is great. The destruction of great cities and vast agricultural equipment during wars, in countries less favorably endowed than the United States, has been followed in modern times by a complete reconstruction on better lines within ten years.

Calamities may come upon America or be brought upon the country by demagogic leadership. Civil storms may shake the United States. Temporary dictatorships may be set up. But the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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The "SIGNAL CORPS" in action!



How the Men of Tower X Speed Wartime Trains on the Water Level Route

THIS IS Signal Tower X. You may have glimpsed it from the car window as your train clicked by over the maze of switches. Just a little, two-story building beside the tracks. Yet, from here are set the signals and switches that control and guide the steel giants of the rails. And here, day and night, men of New York Central's "signal corps" are on the alert . . . playing their vital part in today's critical battle of transportation.

Once, Tower X bristled with tall levers, laboriously worked by hand. Today, its electric controls set the heaviest switch at the twist of a towerman's wrist.

And tomorrow? Well, in New York Central's newest towers, even quicker and more automatic controls are already installed. And when Victory again frees production, Tower X and others along the Water Level Route will get still finer equipment to serve the faster, more efficient rail transportation of the future.

50 MILES AT A GLANCE

This chart maps the part of the Water Level Route controlled by Tower X . . . a 50-mile network of tracks. Electric lights and indicators show instantly the movement of every train and the setting of every switch.

CIRCUIT SLEUTH

A Signal Maintainer is constantly on duty in every large New York Central Tower, checking the hundreds of electric circuits and keeping equipment in perfect order. Other Maintainers, working out in the yards and on the line, communicate with the tower by portable phone.

MISTAKE-PROOF MACHINE

This modern electric signal machine is typical New York Central tower equipment. Controls are so "interlocked" that Levermen cannot possibly set up conflicting routes, or clear a signal until switches are in position.

MASTER STRATEGIST

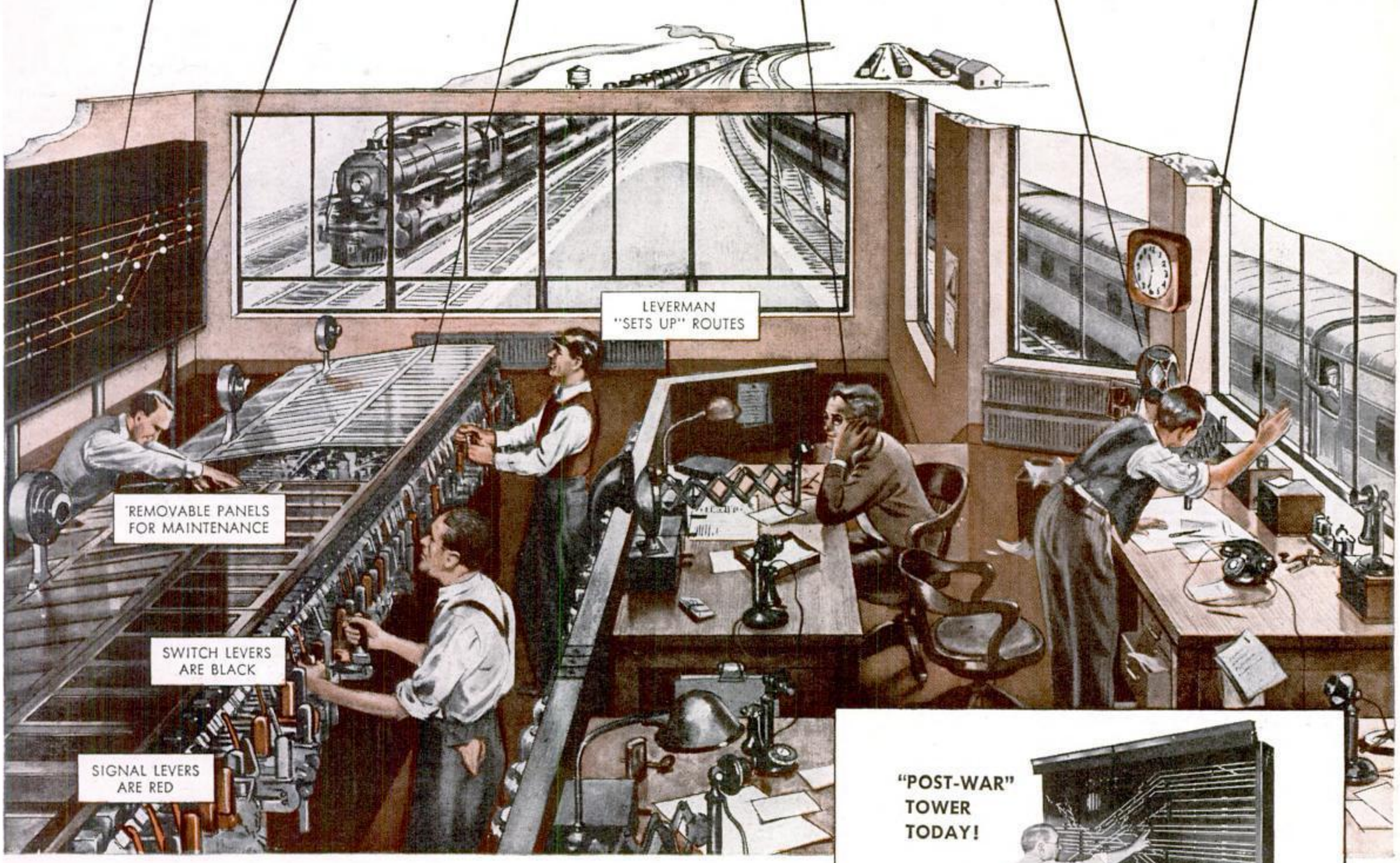
On the Tower Director's quick thinking depends the smooth flow of wartime traffic over this busy portion of New York Central. He "calls the routes" to the Levermen both for regular trains and for scores of special moves ordered from the dispatcher's office, the freight yards and other points.

PARTY LINE WITH A PURPOSE

By loud-speaker circuit and telegraph, the Operator "listens in" to train reports from many miles away. He notifies the Director of approaching trains in ample time to plan the proper routing.

ALL EYES AND EARS

The Operator notes the exact time each train passes Tower X, its engine number, the number and type of cars. He records this on his Train Sheet and reports it to the Dispatcher. He also watches and listens to make sure equipment is operating smoothly, and signals his observation to the rear brakeman.



"POST-WAR" TOWER TODAY!

This "electric brain" is already at work in New York Central's latest signal tower. It automatically selects routes and sets all needed switches and signals at the touch of a button!

New York Central

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS — NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM — ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES KNOW THIS ONE IS SUPERIOR—

PHILIP MORRIS

Scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors, in clinical tests of men and women smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal. Solid *proof* that this finer-tasting cigarette is *less irritating* to the nose and throat!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's *FINEST* Cigarette

vast accumulation of physical, biological, and social knowledge that distinguishes the modern world from all antiquity, we may be fairly certain, will not be destroyed. Even in the midst of the worst imaginable domestic calamities, it is highly *improbable* that all our sciences, arts, skills, liberties, aspirations, institutions, laboratories, libraries, museums, industries, and farms will be utterly devastated. Enough of our Republic will be kept intact to restore, rebuild and go ahead. Of this I *feel* sure.

I am not merely dreaming. Nor am I teaching the pleasing theory of the Victorian optimism which believed in straight-line, uninterrupted and everlasting progress. I am allowing for calamities enough to please the sourest pessimists. Yet, I have confidence in the tenacity of civilization, always in conflict with its foe, barbarism, and I hold to the conviction that it will not be extinguished on the earth. While I reject middle-class utopianism, I also reject the utopianism of communism—the spring into endless freedom and peace. I do not expect the United States ever to be as well-ordered as a Sunday School. Still less do I expect the world of nations ever to be as well-ordered as a Sunday School. But civilization in the United States, I believe, will continue for long centuries to come.

Such is the nature of my faith in the Republic, in American civilization, in the future of America. There are immense and varied opportunities in which we can work for the good, the true, the useful, and the beautiful. For us to belittle or fail to use our intellectual and moral powers for this work is to belie the best in our natures. The little that the strongest of us can do may seem small, but surely the unresting spirit of Americans will endlessly strive to carry on the values in their heritage, to improve upon them, to create new arts and sciences of living, to sustain and make better the Republic.

If this combination of faith and knowledge be not the workable truth of the business before *us*, what is it?

DR. SMYTH: Leave it there. It is the kind of well-seasoned pessimism that I like. Under it I can keep faith in our Republic, discharge my duties as a citizen, and work harder than ever in the place where I seem fated to work at preventing and curing human ills.

MRS. SMYTH: No! That is the kind of well-reasoned optimism under which I can go on working with renewed strength.

BEARD: Have it either way or both ways. You asked for my human ultimates and I have given them to you.

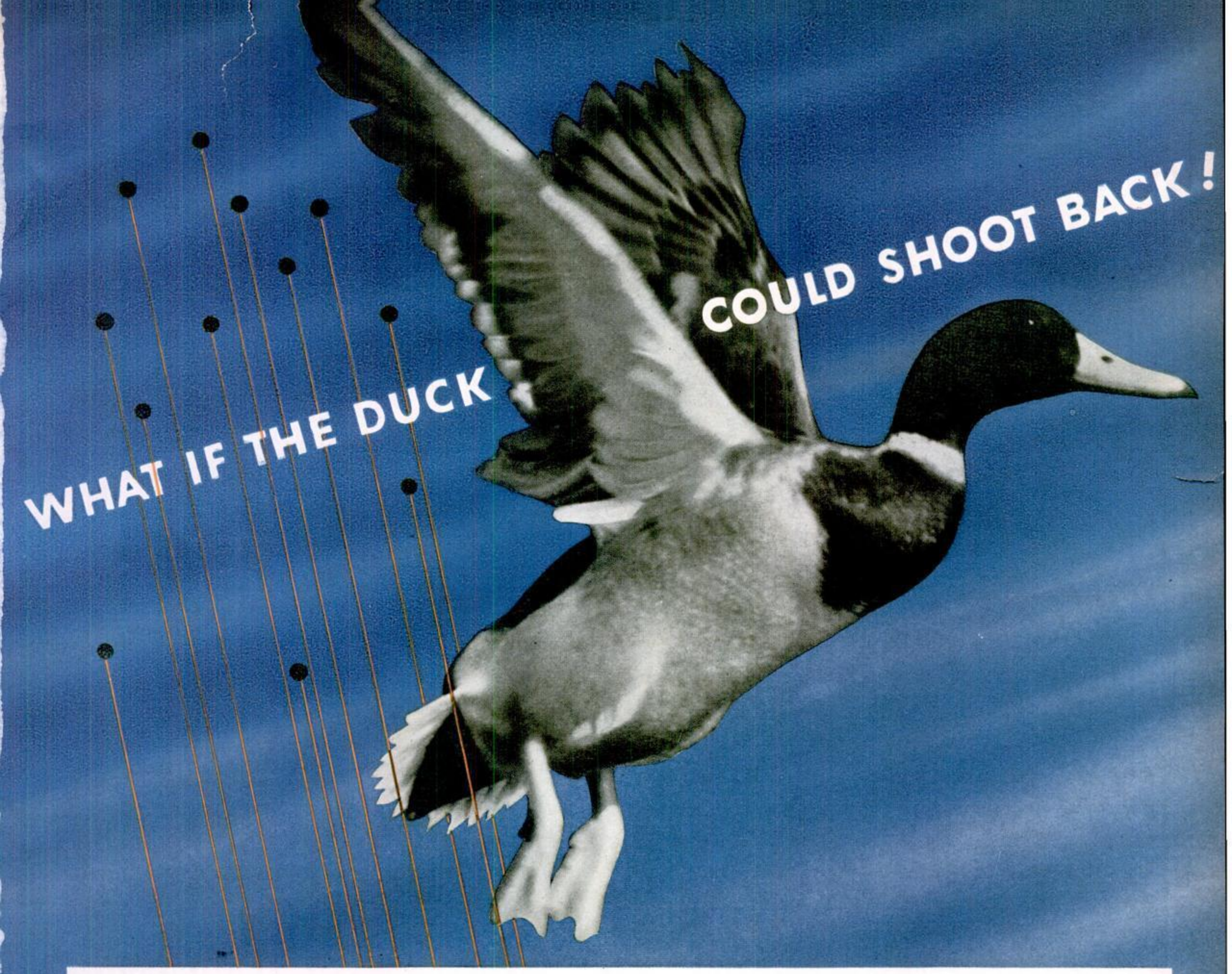
In this mood we shook hands and brought our long student communion to a close.

THE END



AUTHOR BEARD of *The Republic* looks into a cloudy sunset sky and ponders the future. He believes that America will live and grow for many centuries to come.

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Ciné-Kodak Film and Magazine help take the "guess" out of aerial gunnery and bring our flyers back alive

IF the hunter doesn't get his first duck, what's the difference? But suppose the duck were shooting back . . .

In the life of every one of our young flyers comes that first terrific moment. And in that first fight, our flyer overcomes his greatest hazard. If he gets his "duck". . .

Ciné-Kodak Magazine, with its 3-second loading, scored an immediate success. But when it was invented, nobody ever expected it to help teach our pilots to shoot.

Kodak assisted in adapting it to this new use. The gun camera, which employs it, uses the same Ciné-Kodak Film in the same familiar magazines that you use for your home movies. It shows our fighter pilot in training how he's shooting . . . why he missed. His training continues until he doesn't miss any more. When he goes into that first fight, he already has some of the cool, calculating skill that means "veteran."

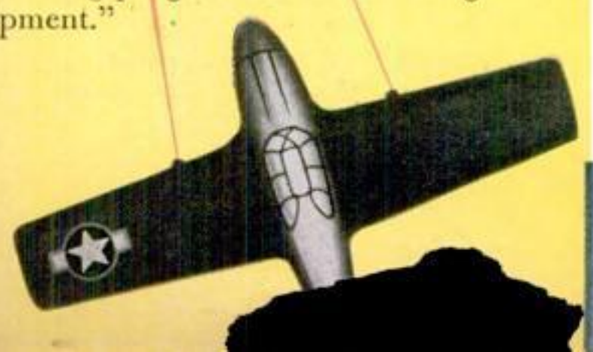
When equipped with the gun camera, he comes back to his home field or flight deck with the visual record of air combat—evidence that he is on his way toward being an ace . . .



From the Army Air Forces Catalog on Aircraft Cameras:

"The gun camera, for recording results obtained in aerial gunnery training or for producing visual records of actual air combat, is actually a ruggedly constructed motion-picture camera . . . wired into the fire control circuit of the aircraft.

"The percentage of improvement noted in actual combat gunnery due to the use of these gun cameras is amazingly high. That this training produces superior results in combat is a tribute to those responsible for the perfection of both the training program and the training equipment."



REMEMBER THE "FLYING TIGERS"?—how that single squadron of crack Army, Navy, and Marine volunteers in China, desperately short of spare parts and fuel for their patched-up, obsolete planes, piled up the incredible total of 497 Jap planes —a ratio of 34 to 1? Theirs was a stern example for us at home. **BUY MORE WAR BONDS.**

Serving human progress through photography

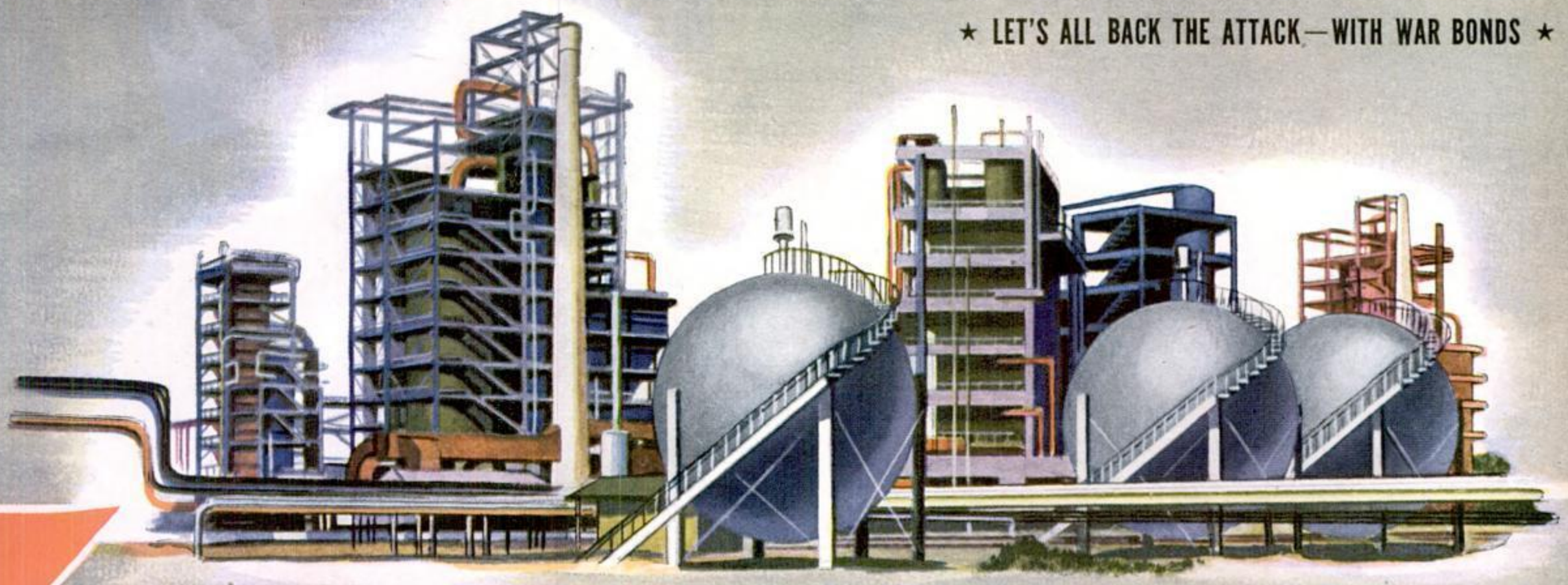
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Don't look now, but that's a Rubber Plantation, 1944 Model



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★ LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS ★



THE sprawling plantations of the equatorial Far East which in peacetime supplied our crude rubber needs now are fenced off from us by a ring of enemy steel.

But plans go indomitably forward to produce in America this year as near as can be to 30,000,000 tires for civilians, from synthetic rubber plants not in existence 24 months ago.

It took the best that science, the rubber industry and government could give, to make that come true, but it is true, and it cancels a deadly threat to the pace of the nation's war program.

How fruitfully it has come true is perhaps nowhere more vividly illustrated than in the stalwart Goodyear synthetic rubber tires pictured here, now being built for sale to eligible drivers.

These big, tough, springy tires really had their origin in Goodyear research long ago, almost two decades before that research was housed in the million-dollar laboratory which shelters it today.

They are greatly advantaged by Goodyear's long experience in handling synthetic rubber, a knowledge that dates back beyond the granting of our first synthetic patents in 1927.

Direct descendants of America's first all-synthetic rubber tire, produced by Goodyear in 1937, they benefit from our work in building for the Army the first tires wholly made from synthetic rubber produced in the new government plants.

We are confident you will find them to be the best tires being built today, representative of that standard which for twenty-eight consecutive years has made "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

. . .

Another reason for choosing Goodyears

177,810 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE — AT YOUR SERVICE

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world. 419 of them have represented Goodyear for 25 years or more, 1,269 for 20 years or more, 2,594 for 15 years or more, 4,268 for 10 years or more, 12,073 for 10 years or less — a total of 177,810 years of experience to serve you in conserving the tires so essential to keeping America mobile.



GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Copyrighted material



He Drives a Weapon

IN THE FIELDS at home, and on foreign battlefields—*farmers* are driving the machines of war.

Nearly two million farm boys are in the Armed Forces. Their weapons are tanks . . . anti-aircraft guns . . . powerful crawler tractors . . . and the great engines in the bombers.

Here at home, in history's greatest battle for FOOD, every farm machine is mobilized. This year every tractor operator drives a weapon in the war for Victory and Freedom—and the greatest of these weapons is FARMALL All-Purpose Power.

Just twenty years ago International Harvester announced the original Farmall—the first true all-purpose tractor. The Farmall idea—*a unification of working tools and power*—swept the country. For the first time the farmer had power that could do all the work of horses . . . faster, better, and at lower cost. Today there are horseless farms wherever you go. Today millions of farmers have learned the efficiency, the economy and the ease of farming with the modern FARMALL SYSTEM.

Today the boys in uniform have reason to be glad that an army of Farmalls is waging a war of production on the home front. These most popular of all tractors, and the long line of Farmall machines, are bearing a major part in Agriculture's record burden.

When the young farmers return with their Victory they must take over and carry on. Food must write the Peace and make it last. Harvester and the INTERNATIONAL dealers, and the modern FARMALL SYSTEM, will arm them for the needs of post-war Agriculture.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Illinois

. . and the FARMALL fights for food!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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IN NAVIGATION TRAINER, STUDENT AVIATORS SIT IN DUMMY BOMBER FUSELAGE AS TERRAIN MOVES ON SCREEN BELOW. CHICKEN WIRE SUPPORTS STARS FOR NIGHT SKY

SYNTHETIC SKY

Machine recreates the conditions of flight for student navigators

The devices used to train aviators on the ground are sometimes fully as ingenious as the fine machines they fly. Among the most valuable is the Link Celestial Navigation Trainer, complex descendant of the standard Link Instrument Flying Trainer. From the outside the Celestial Navigation Trainer looks like a small, well-built silo. Inside, basic bomber crews (pilot, navigator, radio operator, bombardier) sit in a dummy plane fuselage which travels through a model sky. To simulate night flying, small electric stars are fixed in a wire cupola overhead. For daylight flying, terrain photographs are projected on a silk screen below. The operator of the trainer may control all of the natural variables of flight: clouds, haze, bumpy air currents and wind drift. After the plane has been piloted to a hypothetical objective, the bombardier may drop his bombs, with pinpoints of light on the screen below marking spot where they have landed.

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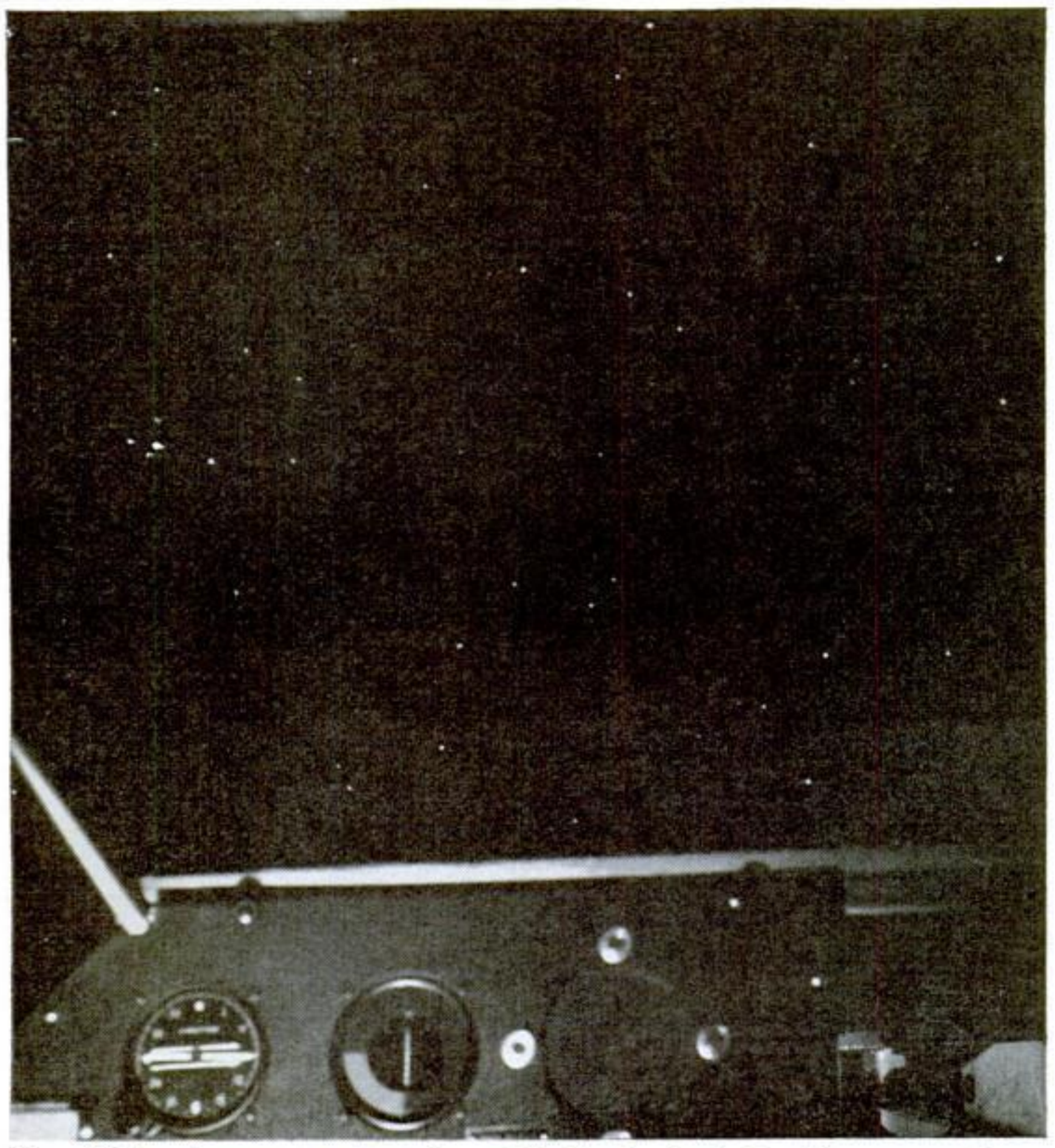
Synthetic Sky (continued)



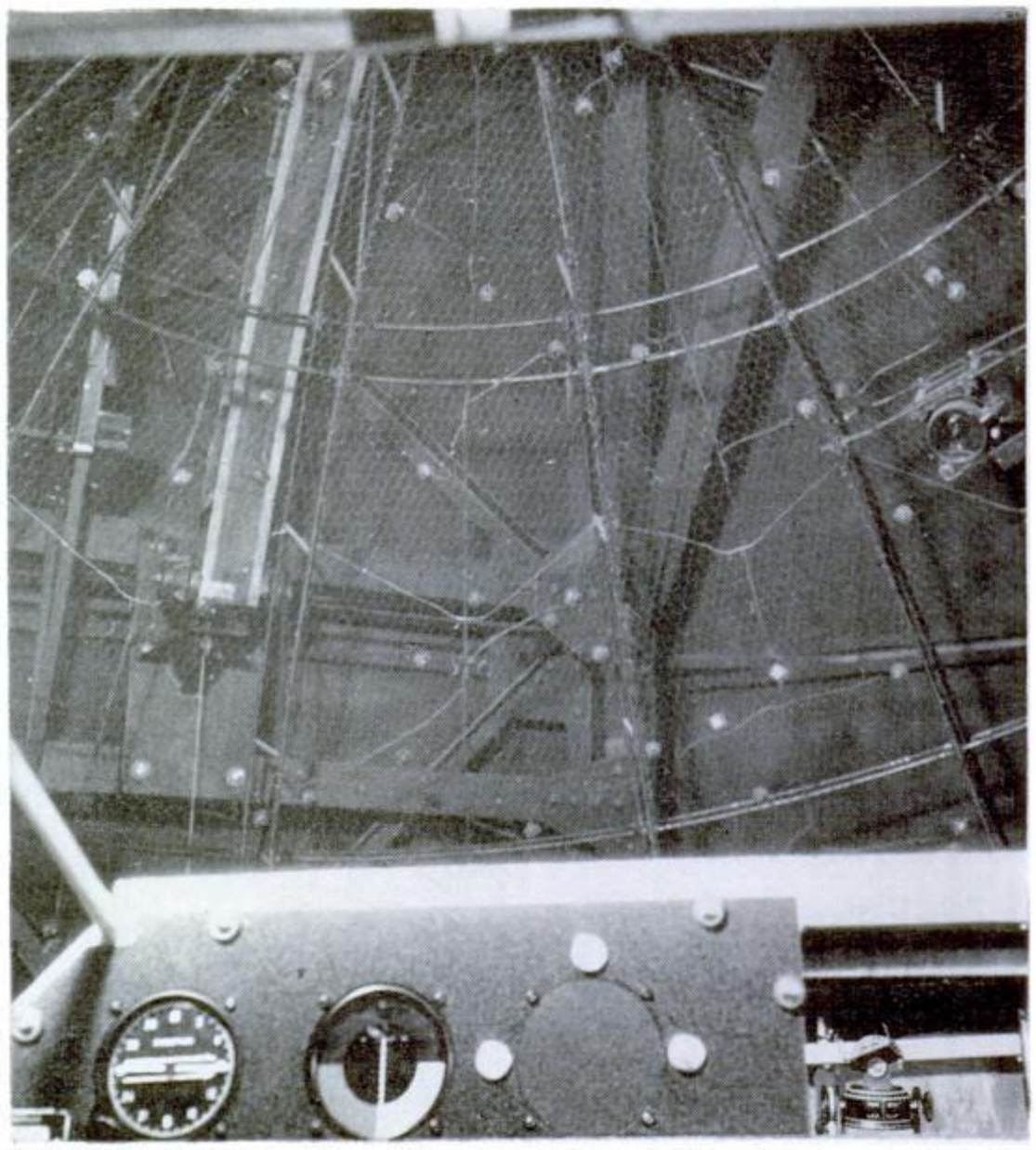
Navigator in trainer makes a star observation with octant. Instruments at the right read as though dummy plane were moving through the air. Constellation shown is the Big Dipper.



With room lights on, star cupola may be seen overhead. Cupola turns to conform to normal rotation of the earth, also moves slowly to indicate plane's changing position on its course.



From pilot's seat, stars are realistically sprinkled in sky ahead. Cupola's movement is synchronized with pilot's controls for speed and direction. If pilot banks, dummy fuselage tilts.



Cupola's construction may be seen from seat with room lights on. Stars are small electric lights fixed in hemisphere of chicken wire. Brightness ranges from first to fifth magnitude.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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"NELLY GETS ANOTHER ONE!...She's a Bofors gun...and she's filling the sky with tons of steel...with flak so thick those Japs could walk on it. Suddenly a flaming torch falls through the night...another Jap for Nelly!"



Chrysler Searchlight Reflectors and Bofors guns are used together on our battleships for night fighting.

"Nelly" was a tough gun to make . . . she used to require so much handwork that only a few could be produced in a year. Today, certain of her precision parts are finished by a revolutionary process called Superfinish . . . the same process that gives Chrysler engines the smoothest moving parts in history. Thanks to Superfinish and to the employment of other automotive methods, the production of parts for Bofors guns has been speeded incredibly since Pearl Harbor.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors

BACK THE ATTACK . . . WITH WAR BONDS

CHRYSLER



DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

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FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How *YOU* can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

AT 5:30, do you get an ear to kiss instead of lips? Maybe it's...Denture Breath. You may not know your breath offends, but others do. Be careful. Don't brush your dentures with ordinary cleansers . . . it's difficult to reach all the tiny crevices—and besides you are apt to scratch your plate. These scratches cause food particles and film to collect faster and cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.



DO THIS **EVERY DAY!**

PLAY SAFE...SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT. Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

No brushing

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.



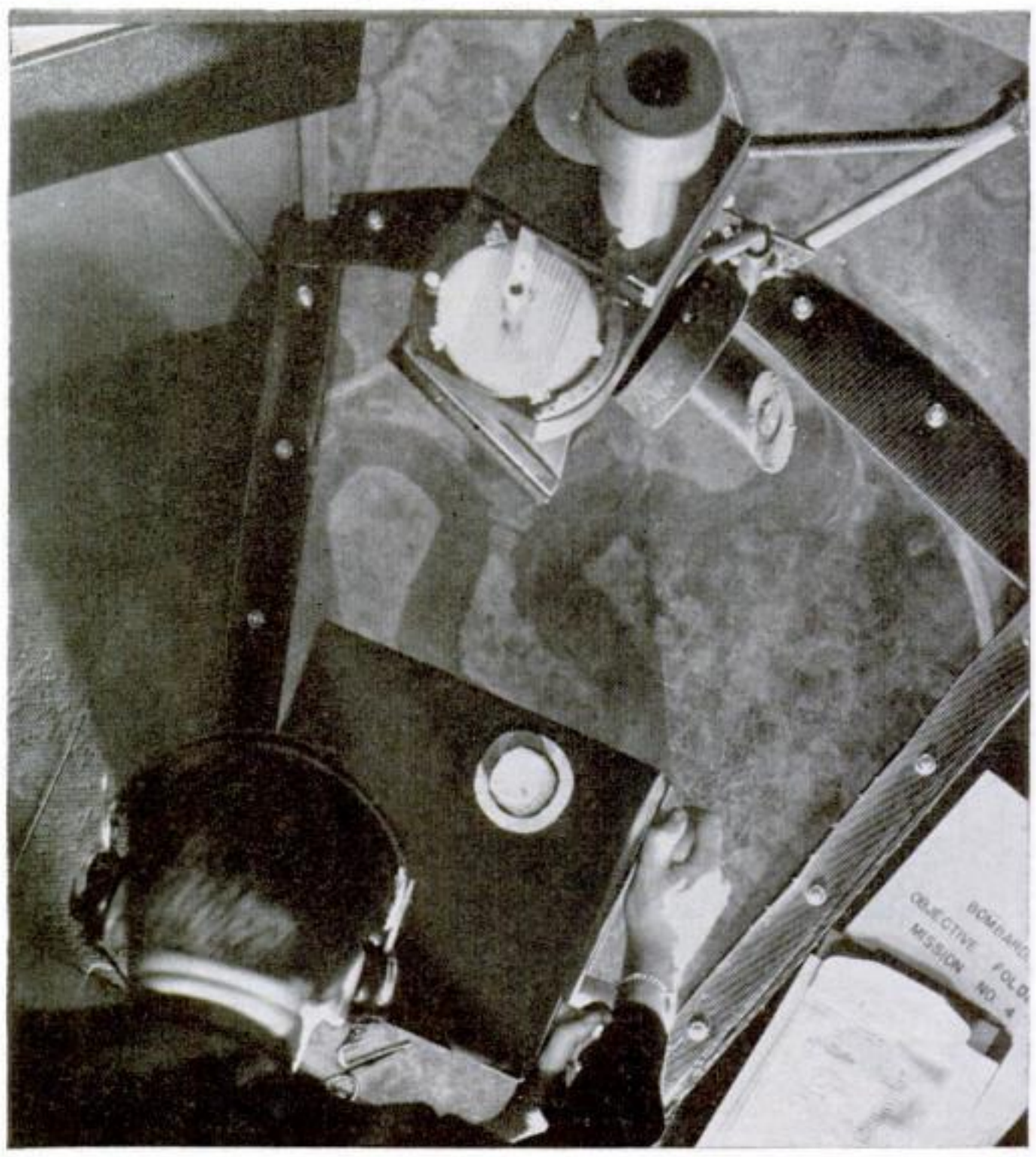
Later—Friend Husband is now one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sweet and clean. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe and use Polident every day. Used this way, Polident helps maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate for less than 1¢ a day. Get Polident at any drug counter, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

GIVE
✚
NOW
Bring the Red Cross to all our war-wounded

Use POLIDENT Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!



Briefing for mission in trainer as they would in regular flight operations, student fliers plot the course of an imaginary bomber flying from Portsmouth to raid Bremen.



Bombardier adjusts bombsight as plane arrives over target. Terrain below is mosaic aerial photograph which is thrown on silk screen. It unwinds as plane flies overhead.

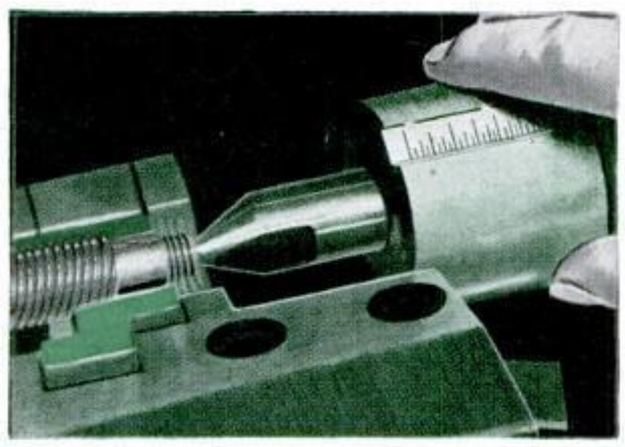


Clouds obstruct vision of men in trainer, adding to realism of flight. Height of plane above the ground is altered by enlarging or diminishing scale of terrain photograph.

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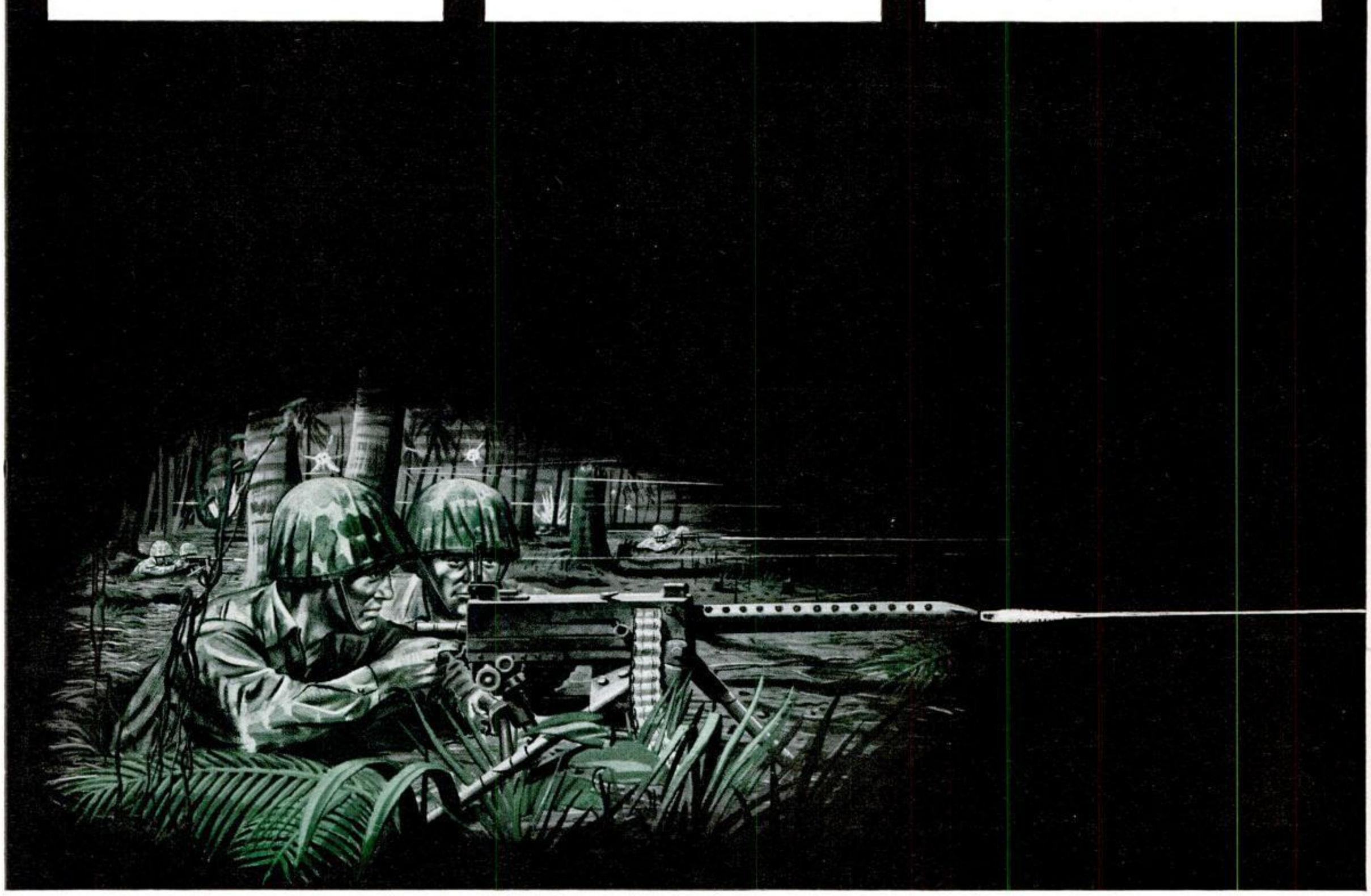
Volume production—Evans plants are geared to high-speed production of precision-built instruments of war which are flowing to our battle fronts.



Evans designed the cutting tool and holding fixture used in producing precision multiple Acme threads for elevating and traversing mechanisms.



Precision manufacture—Evans men and machines are keyed to a program of accuracy. Parts must be right to get "the green light" from inspectors.



sturdy legs of steel for messengers of death

The angry chatter of machine-gun fire plays a withering tattoo on the battlefield of mechanized warfare.

From sensitive hair trigger to sturdy legs of steel, machine guns—modern messengers of death—are a powerful tribute to American precision manufacturing.

Thousands upon thousands of machine gun mounts, built to tolerances finer than spun silk, roll off the speeding production lines at the Evans Products Company plant each month.

Through the development of a new thread cutting process by Evans, production of elevating and traversing mechanisms for machine gun mounts was doubled.

Night and day Evans precision machine shops are turning out the tools of war . . . with built-in accuracy and dependability to assure superior performance on the firing line...where lives depend on split-second action.

A 23-year-old tradition of highest quality distinguishes Evans war products, as well as a wide range of peacetime products which, after victory, will again be available for civilian use.

★ ★ ★

Vision to Anticipate the Needs of Tomorrow
Creates New Industries Today

C. L. Evans PRESIDENT

EVANS PRODUCTS COMPANY
DETROIT

Evans War Products: Machine Gun Mounts • Tank and Automotive Heating and Ventilating Equipment • Evanair Water Heaters • Aircraft Engine Mounts • Airplane Landing Gear Beams • Battery Separators • Prefabricated Houses • Plywood • Skyloader • Utility Loader • Auto-Loader • Auto-Railer • Auto-Stop • Stampings • Evanair Domestic Heating Equipment

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THE GREAT MARKOVA DOES A TRIPLY EXPOSED LEAP

Copyrighted material



LUBOV ROUDENKO DANCES A CANCAN IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"



MILADA MLADOVA APPEARS IN THE NEW "ALLAH BE PRAISED!"



JOAN McCRACKEN LEFT "OKLAHOMA!" FOR FILMS

The Ballet

IT FILLS AMERICA'S NEW-FOUND LIKING FOR CLASSICAL DANCE AND SPILLS OVER INTO MUSICAL COMEDY

To most Americans, the ballet for years meant a hammy kind of culture which was danced on tiptoe by dainty men and women, was enjoyed only by fancy people and was patronized heavily by kings and dukes who liked ballerinas for reasons other than their dancing. Except when they suffered through stage presentations in movie houses, Americans were aware of the ballet mainly when Pavlova toured the country in the 1920s and was followed wherever she went by vaudeville parodies of dying swans. Americans unashamedly enjoyed the parodies more than the original.

In 1933 a Russian classical-ballet troupe came to the U. S. for a short tour, was encouraged enough to come back again next year. That started things. In the decade since, the ballet has become a huge popular success in the U. S., far outdoing any success it ever knew before, even in the palmiest champagne-in-slipper days of Czarist Russia. This year the Ballet Theatre, whose dancers are shown in photographs and paintings on these pages, and another top-notch troupe, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, have made successful tours of 82 and 80 U. S. cities respectively.

In April these two companies arrive simultaneously for rival runs on New York's Broadway, where the ballet is an all-season affair. No musical comedy today dares come to Broadway without a ballet sequence, designed by an accepted choreographer and danced by real ballerinas. The musical-comedy dancers shown on this page are all products of classical troupes. Most spectacular new Broadway choreographer is Agnes de Mille, who did the dances for *Oklahoma!* and *One Touch of Venus*.

The U. S. has become the popular patron of the ballet not because it suddenly clutched culture to its bosom but because the ballet dressed itself up and developed its sense of humor. When they found that they did not have to be "improved" by the ballet, American audiences relaxed and began to enjoy it. They have found the ballet colorful, as Gladys Rockmore Davis' paintings show (*pp. 77–80*). They have begun to learn ballet terminology (*pp. 82, 83*). They have found rich satisfaction watching performers like Alicia Markova (*opposite page*) dance with an exact and effortless grace that invests the lovely art of ballet with breathless, transient poetry.

IRINA BARONOVA WILL BE IN THE NEW "FOLLOW THE GIRLS"



KATHARINE SERGAVA IS PREMIERE BALLERINA IN "OKLAHOMA!"



SONO OSATO DANCES IN "ONE TOUCH OF VENUS"



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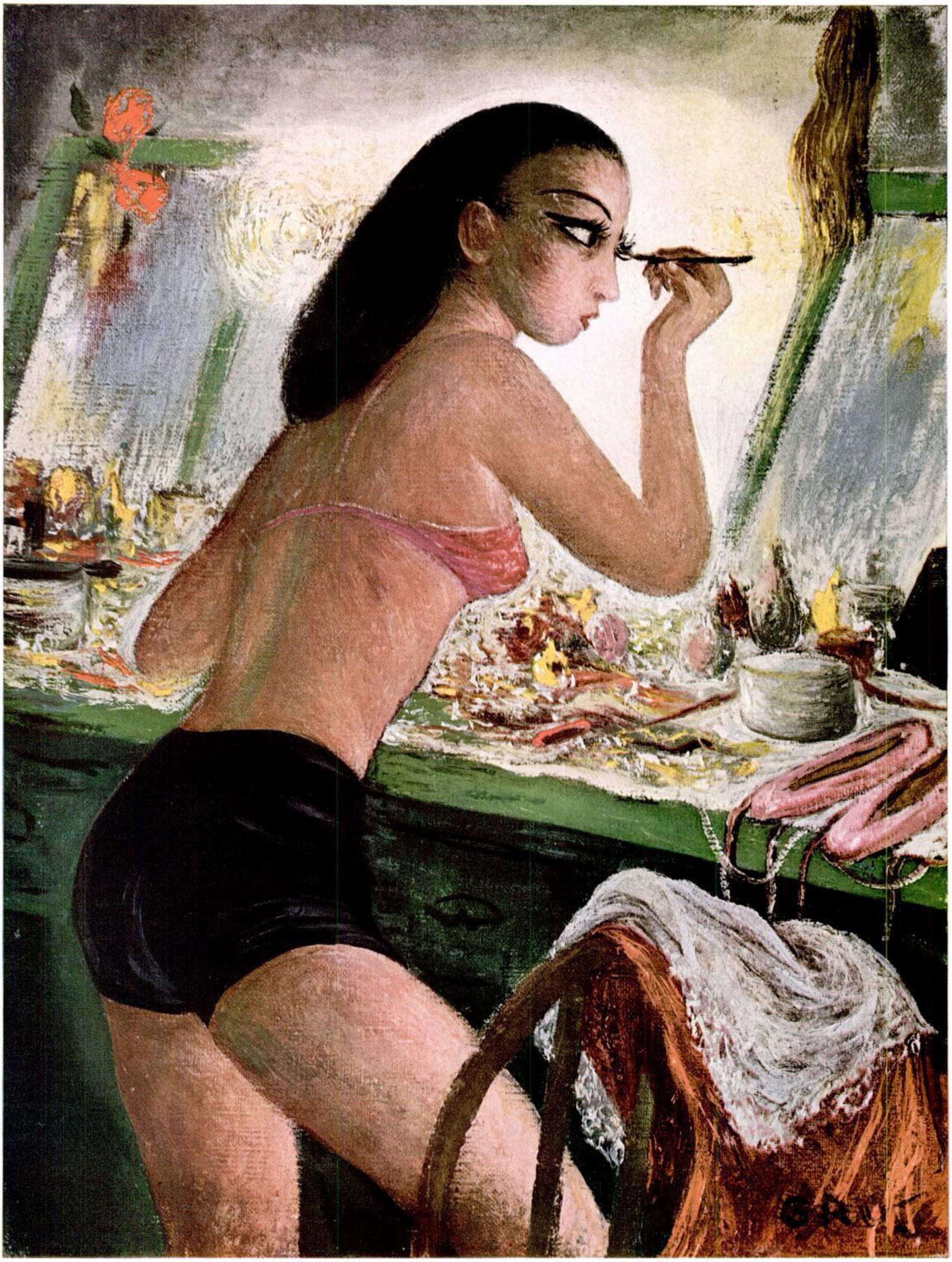
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The Ballet (continued)

"Three Virgins and a Devil" is a mock medieval fable done by Agnes de Mille. It tells of a devil who intercepts three dubiously virtuous girls about to enter a convent. Second from left above is Lucia Chase, carpet-fortune widow, whose money has helped support Ballet Theatre.

"Billy the Kid" is an all-American ballet. It has choreography by Eugene Loring of Milwaukee, Wis., music by Aaron Copland of Brooklyn, N. Y. and, as a hero, the famous Western bad man. Below: Billy the Kid (*left*) is angered in card game. Cowgirls prance across stage.

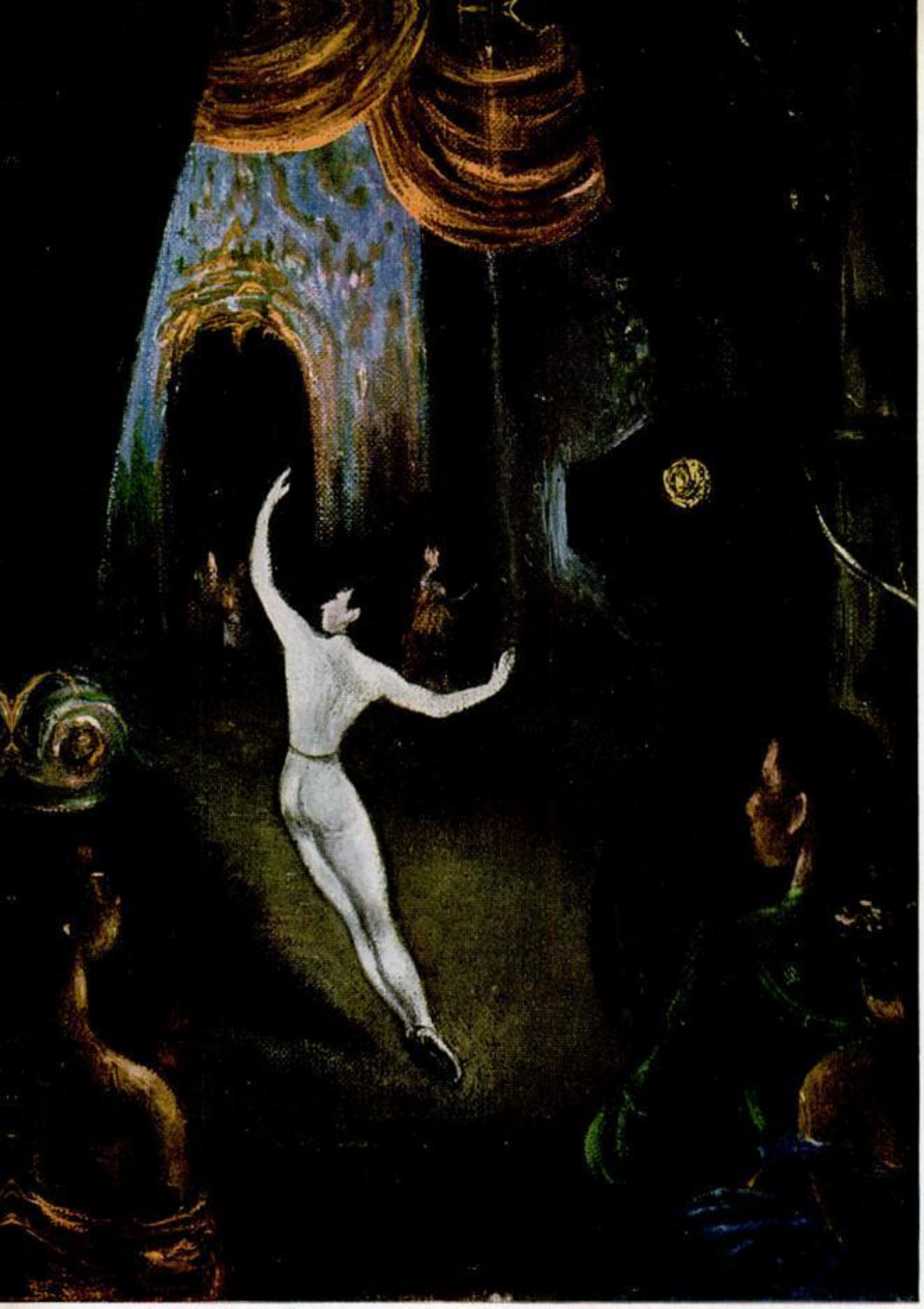
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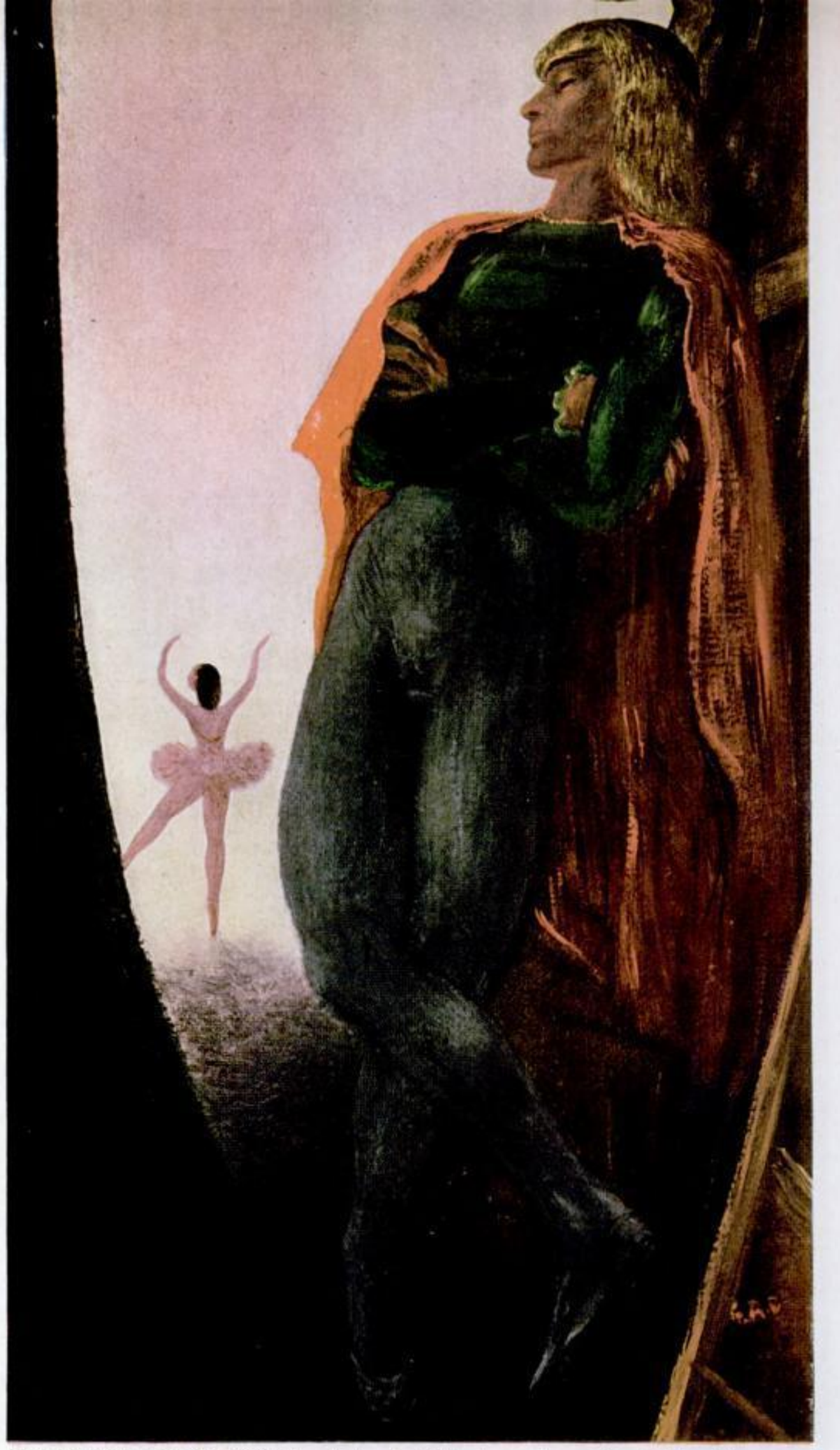
"Making Up" in the dancers' dressing room, Sono Osato darkens her eyelashes. One of the Ballet Theatre's most promising young ballerinas, Osato left the company for her present role in Broadway's *One Touch of Venus*. Gladys Rockmore Davis, who did these paintings, studied ballet herself as a child. She spent weeks backstage making sketches for her paintings.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"Dancer, Hugh Laing" executes a *cabriole battu* during a solo passage in nostalgic ballet, *Lilac Garden*. Miriam Golden, Alpheus Koon and Roszika Savo stand by in the wings, ready to go on.

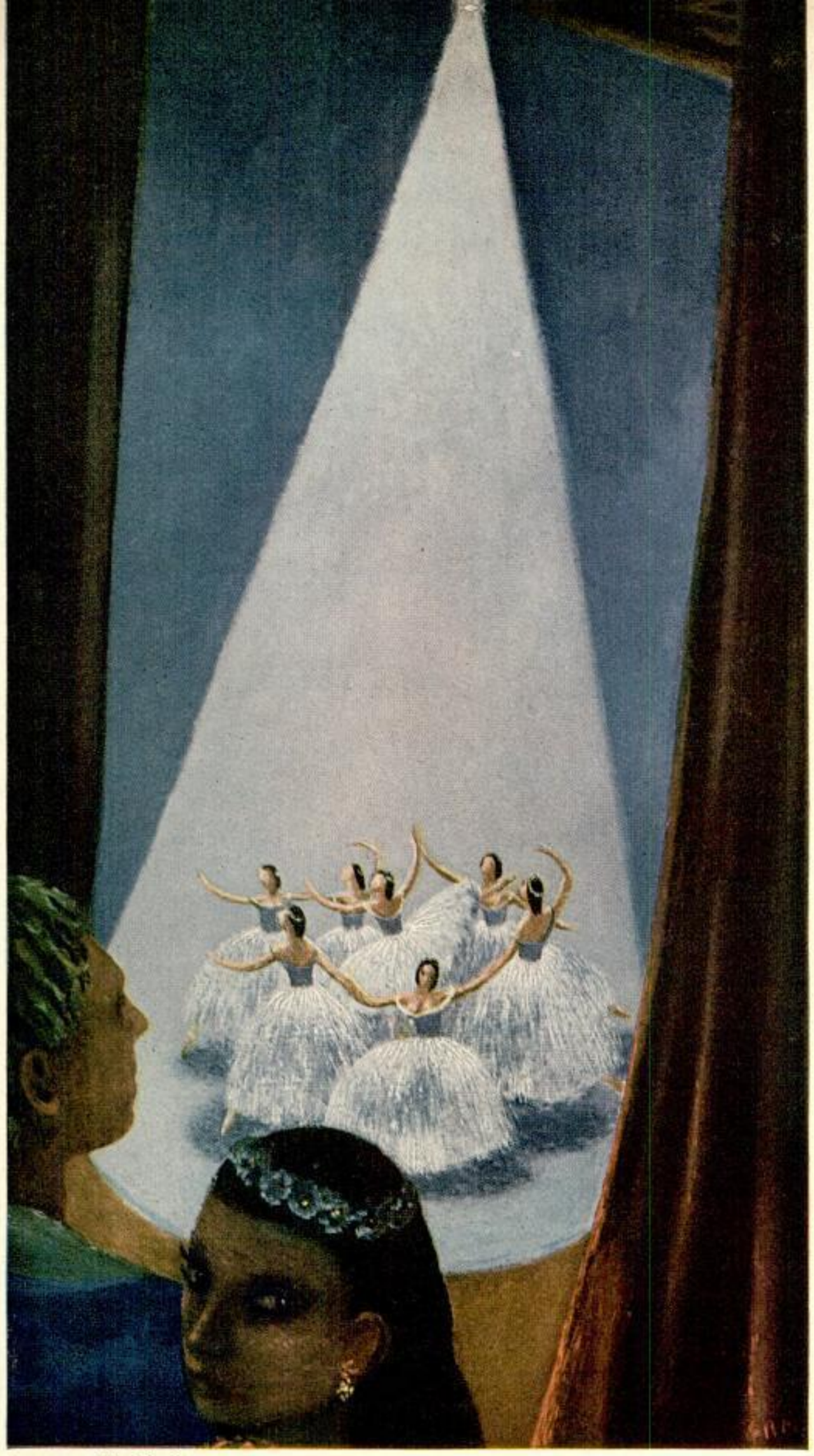


"Young Man from Ballet," John Kriza, brightly dressed as a Capulet for *Romeo and Juliet*, relaxing gracefully off stage while Nora Kaye does a variation in the *Swan Lake*.

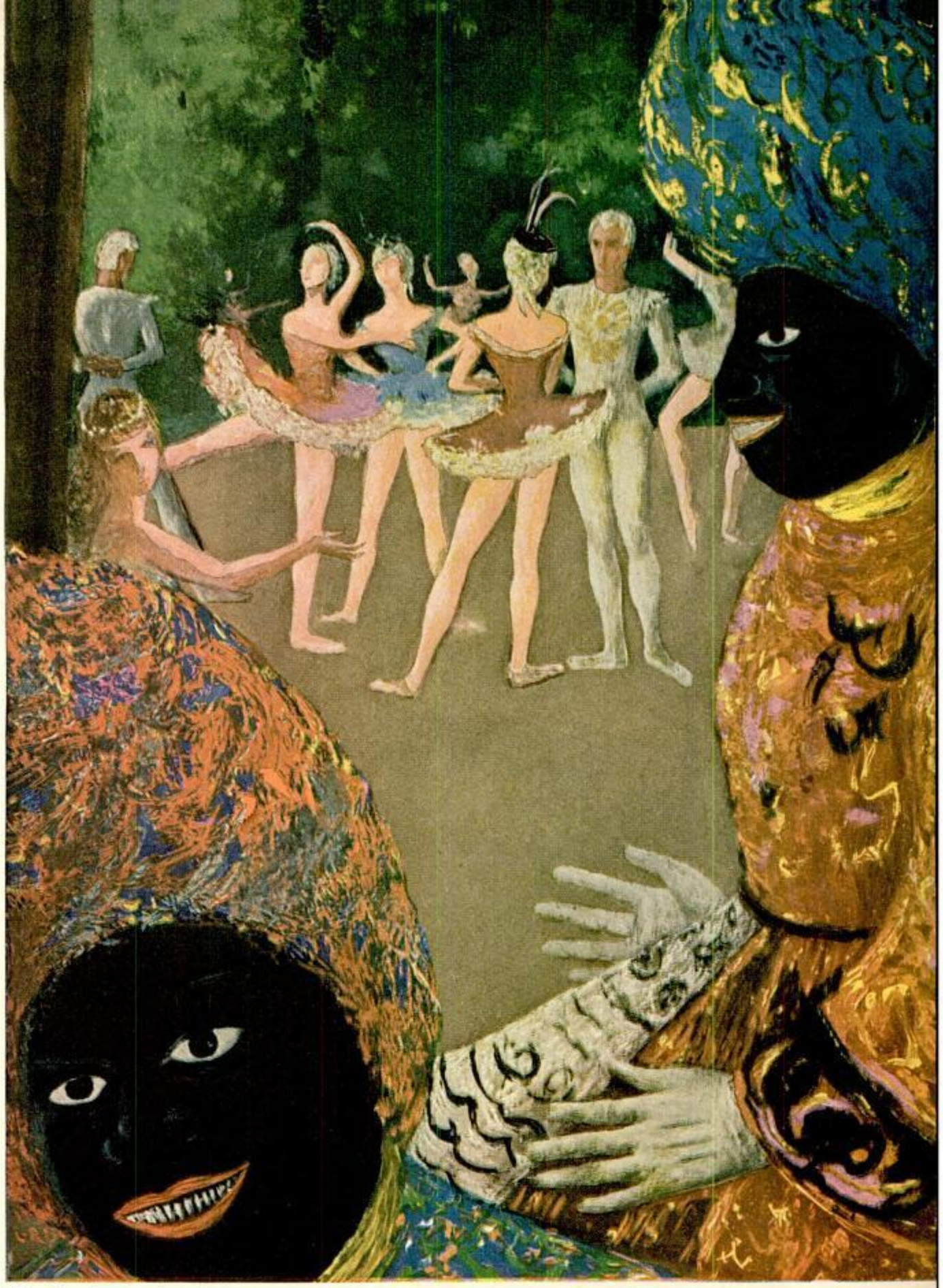
"PETROUCHKA" IS A FANTASTIC MELEE OF CHARACTERS IN THE STRAVINSKY WORK—(L. TO R.) STREET DANCER, BLACKAMOOR, MERRYMAKER, COACHMAN, GROTESQUE ANIMAL



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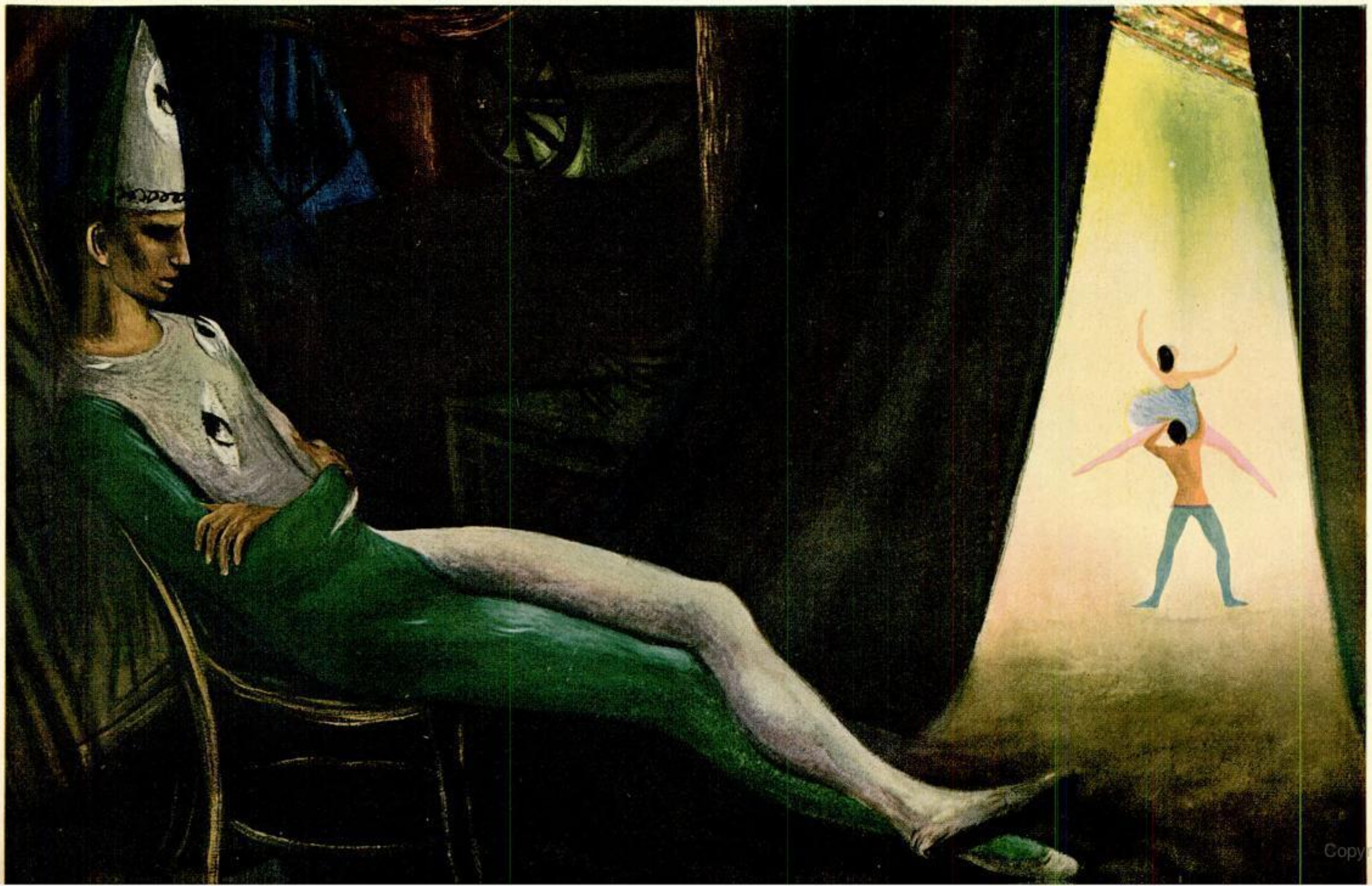


A group of "wilis," the desolate ghost maidens of *Giselle*, wheel sadly around in the spotlight. Waiting for their cues are Rex Cooper and Alicia Alonso who plays the title role.

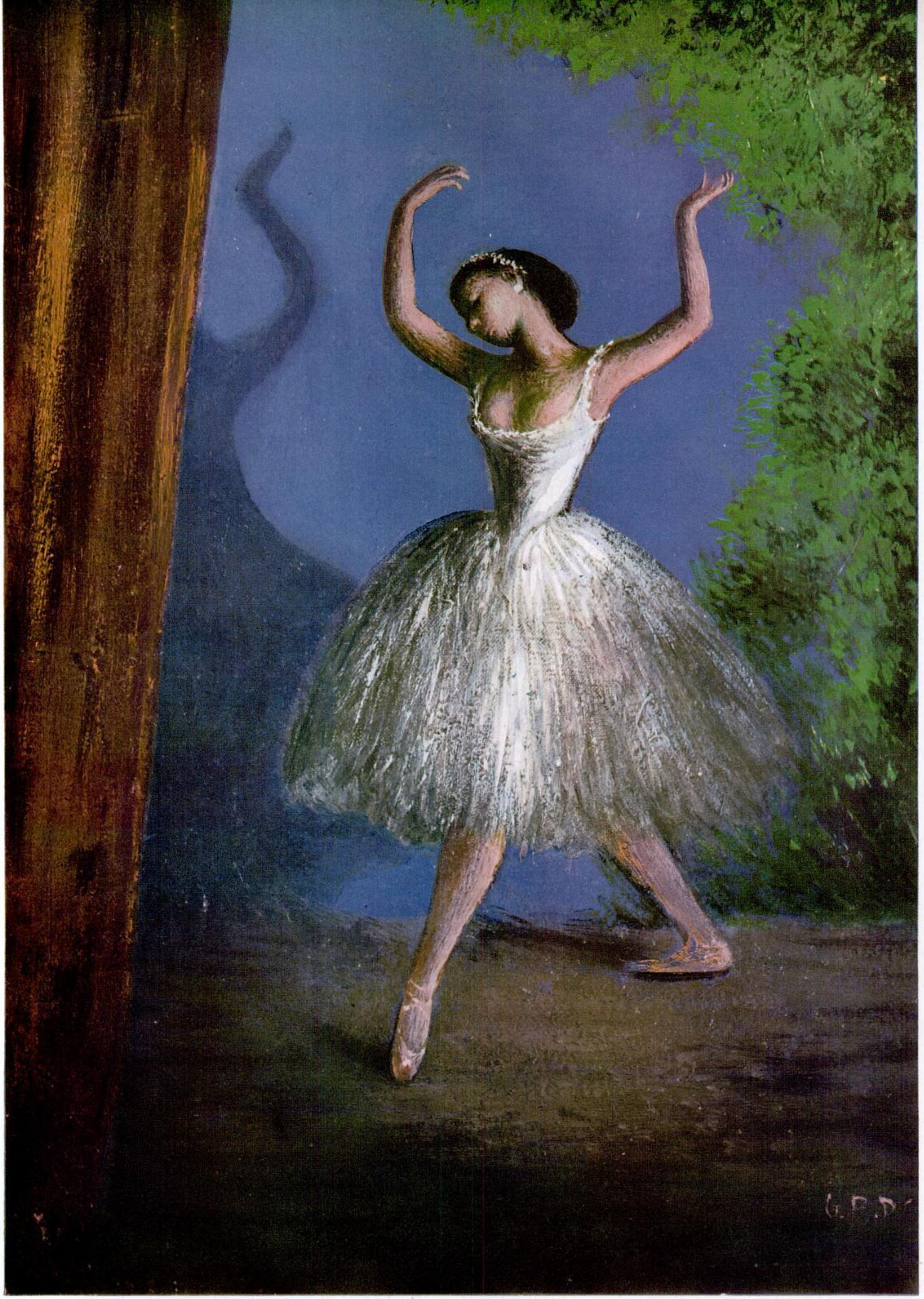


"Waiting for the Curtain," the dancers in *Princess Aurora* stand on stage. Left, Barbara Fallis stretches leg while Rosella Hightower watches. Right, Andre Eglevsky and Margaret Banks chat.

ANDRE EGLEVSKY LIFTS ROSELLA HIGHTOWER HIGH IN THE AIR DURING "SWAN LAKE." OFF STAGE JEROME ROBBINS IN HIS "ALEKO" COSTUME SLUMPS IN A HARD CHAIR



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In "Les Sylphides," Alicia Alonso strikes the fourth position at end of the "Prelude" with her arms *au couronne* (crown-fashion) over her head. A 40-year-old ballet danced to Chopin music, *Les Sylphides* is today the most popular of the traditional classic-style ballets, full of all the graceful tricks that expert premiere ballerinas and male dancers like to show off.

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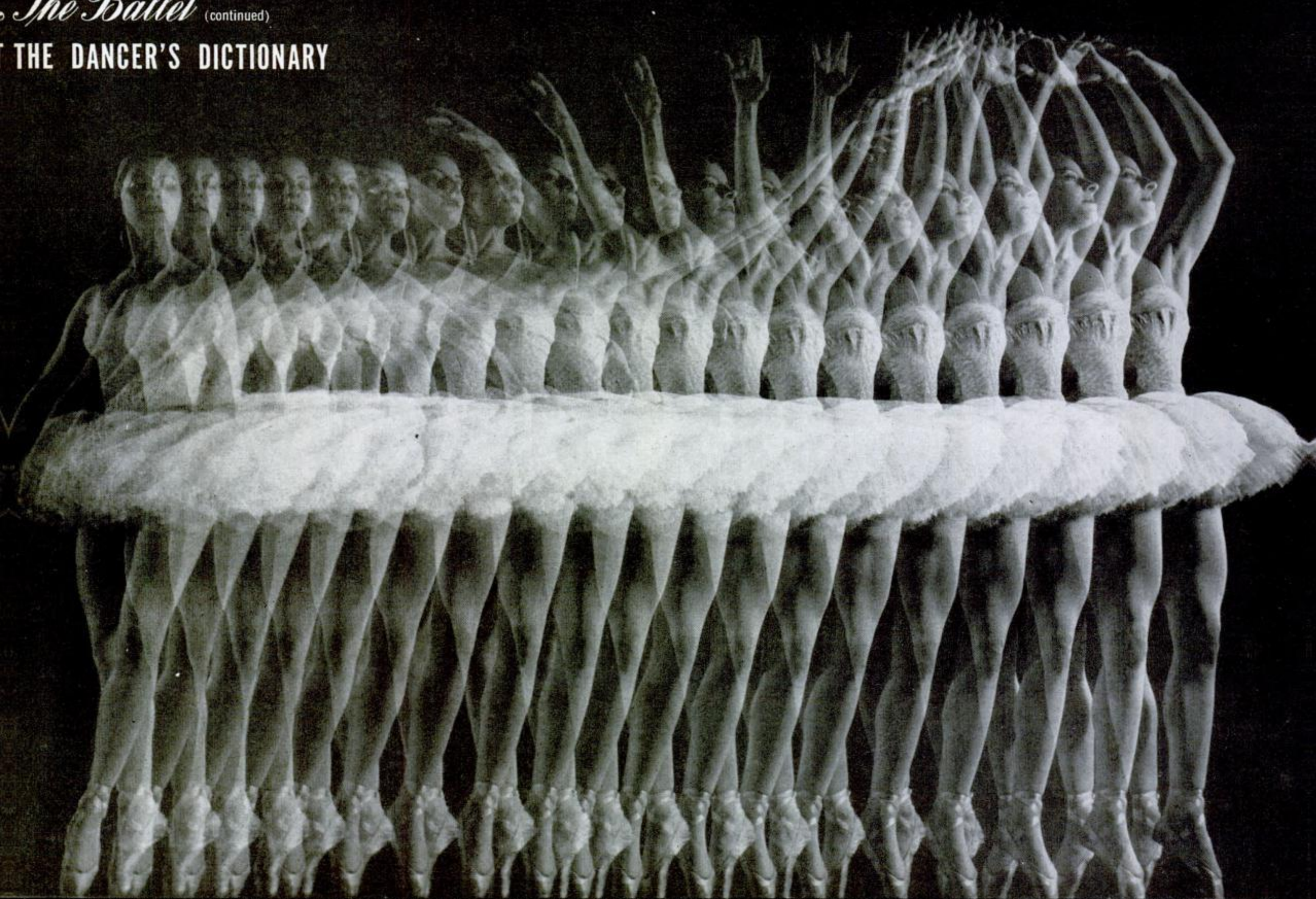
"Pillar of Fire" is by the most important of younger choreographers, England's Antony Tudor. An intense study in sex and psychology, this ballet tells of a sister (Nora Kaye, *kneeling*) who fights against the bigotry of an older sister, the duplicity of a younger one.

"Mademoiselle Angot" is by the great ballet veteran, Leonide Massine, who is almost 50 but is still able to devise hilariously comic ballets and dance hilariously graceful roles. Below: he swoons for love of the swirling Soubrette. High leap at left is by Andre Eglevsky.

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THE DANCER'S DICTIONARY

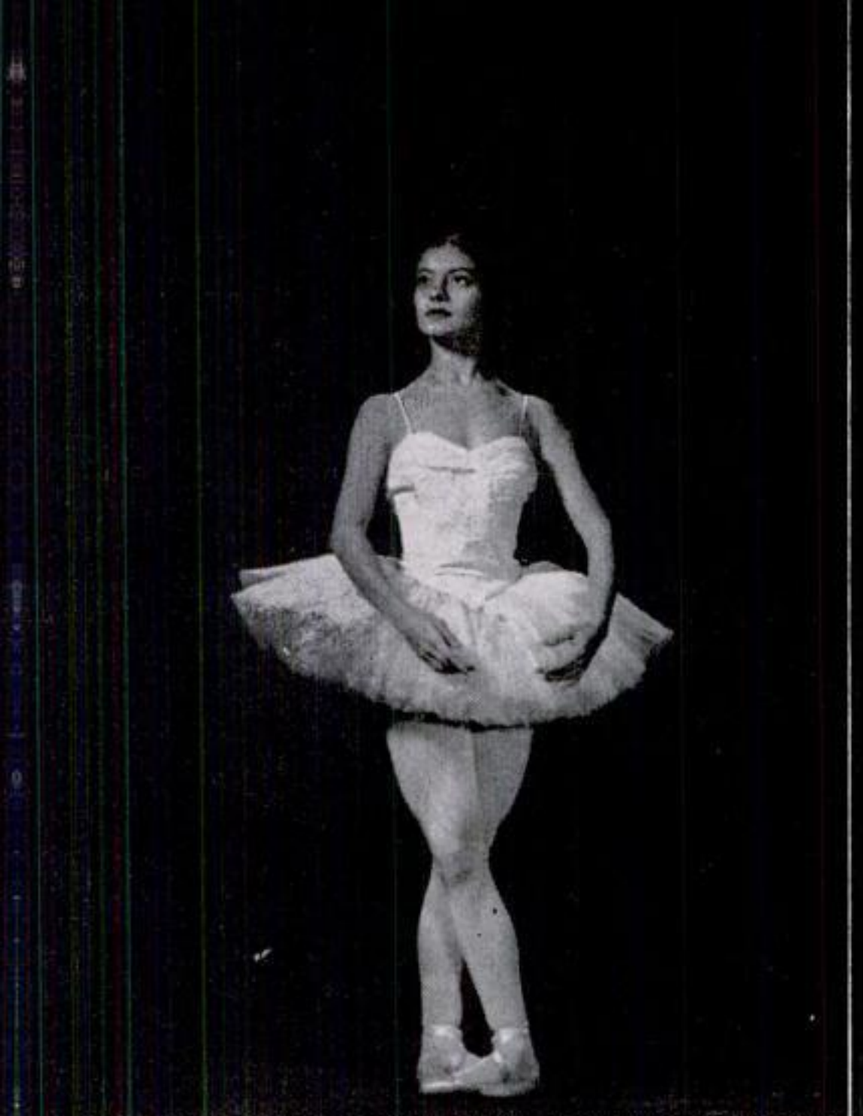


GJON MILI'S MULTIPLE-FLASH PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS ALICIA ALONSO DOING A "PAS DE BOURRÉE," A LITTLE SIDE STEP. IT IS ONE OF THE PRETTIEST FIGURES IN BALLET



HUGH LAING DOES A "GRAND JETÉ," A BIG JUMP STARTING ON ONE FOOT AND ENDING ON THE OTHER. "GRAND JETÉS" ARE MORE IMPORTANT TO MALE DANCERS THAN TO FEMALES

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THIS IS FIFTH POSITION (OF FEET), ARMS "EN BAS" (LOW)



THIS IS THE FOURTH POSITION WITH ARMS "EN HAUT" (RAISED)



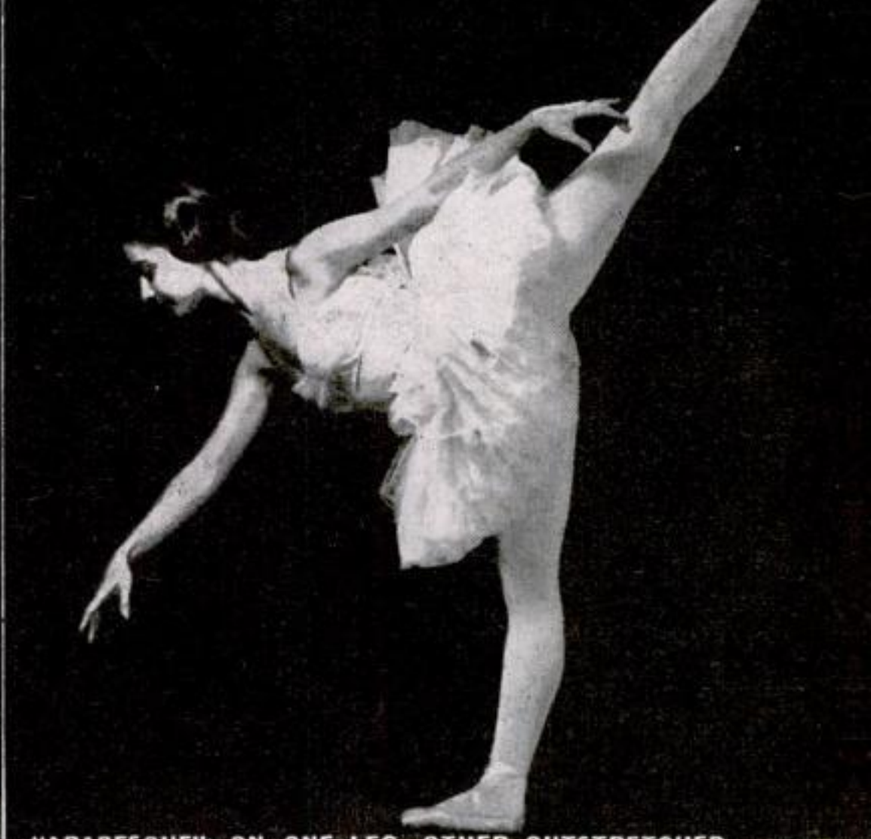
"RELEVÉ" (UP ON THE TOES) IN SECOND POSITION



"PLIÉ" (BEND), ARMS "AU COURONNE" (CROWNLIKE)



"PIROUETTE": A WHIRLING TURN DONE ON THE TOES



"ARABESQUE": ON ONE LEG, OTHER OUTSTRETCHED



"TEMPS LEVÉ": JUMP: TAKE OFF AND LAND ON SAME FOOT



"ATTITUDE RENVERSEÉ": ON ONE FOOT, BODY BENT IN TURN



"BRISÉ": CROSS FEET IN AIR AND LAND ON ONE FOOT

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Would-be ballerinas practice jetés in the mirrored practice room of School of American Ballet in New York City. Girls and boys enter the school when they are 8, usually graduate by the time they are 16. Then they are accomplished dancers, ready to join a bigtime *corps de ballet* or one of many Broadway shows which are eagerly in market for young dancers.

YOU MUST START YOUNG AND WORK LONG AND HARD TO BE REALLY FIRST-CLASS DANCER

Having turned to America for audiences, the ballet is also turning to America for dancers. Of the Ballet Theatre's 55 dancers, 42 are U. S.-born. They study in schools where the training is just as rigorous and the dedication just as intense as it used to be in Europe.

Dedication to the art is all-important in ballet because a dancer gets comparatively little pay for very hard work. A ballet dancer's professional life starts in the teens and usually ends while dancer is still young. Almost every ballerina of any importance is dancing leading roles by the age of 20. Only the best ones are still dancing much after 30.

One of these is Alicia Markova—born Lilian Alicia Marks in England—who, at 33, is considered the best of living ballerinas. Like all good ballerinas, she never stops working and studying (*see opposite page*). For all her greatness Markova gets only $350 a week, which is considered fabulously high pay for a ballet dancer.

Graceful hands are as important as agile legs and are sometimes harder to achieve. Choreographer Antony Tudor teaches Ballet Theatre girls the art of gentle hand gesture.



The five positions are first thing the student learns. They are positions of feet on which all ballet steps are based. They are shown in order below, starting with the first position at the left, to fifth at right.



ANTONY TUDOR DEMONSTRATES A DIFFICULT GESTURE TO ALICIA MARKOVA IN REHEARSING BALCONY SCENE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" BALLET



FROSTBITE VICTIM, SGT. NELSON KING, IS FED BY ARMY NURSE. KING, WHO HOLDS SILVER STAR, FROZE ALL HIS FINGERS WHILE GOING TO AID OF UNCONSCIOUS GUNNER

FROSTBITE

U. S. airmen's fingers freeze in high-altitude combat over Europe

Of the world's busiest combat areas the most consistently frigid is the high, thin atmosphere over Western Europe. Every airman who flies through it between England and Germany must wear an electrically heated suit and protect his hands with electrically heated gloves. But sometimes a crewman has to take off his gloves to fix a jammed gun or help a wounded comrade. In a few minutes his fingers will begin to freeze. Within an hour they will be so frostbitten that they will probably have to be amputated.

Alarmed by number of frostbite cases in the European theater, the Army Medical Department has set up a unit in England to handle and study them. It has found that upon exposure to high-altitude cold tiny blood vessels of the fingers immediately contract, closing off blood supply. Flesh soon begins to freeze unless blood vessels are reopened. Gentle heat and good surgical care have saved many a finger but the Army doctors' goal is a protective ointment or a drug to keep open cold-shocked blood vessels.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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First, study this actual color photograph. See if you can tell the $49 Oliver Moore original from the $6.60 Regal Reproduction—Style 4563. Then look below to see if you are right.

$49 OR $6.60?

"It's remarkable," says noted New York custom bootmaker, "how faithfully Regal reproduces my $49 originals for $6.60!"

Compare the two shoes above! Oliver Moore, creator of distinguished men's styles, designed and hand-fashioned the $49 original model . . . a rugged Scotch-grain brogue, as ultra correct in the swankiest clubs as on busy sidewalks from Boston to Hollywood.

Regal craftsmen mass-produce its duplicates . . . leather for leather, stitch for stitch . . . even to the new weather-proof, long-wearing composition sole . . . for $6.60!

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And only Regal brings you "Prescription Fit," which measures both your feet at the same time in sitting, standing and stepping positions . . . and *assures* correct, comfortable fit! Visit your nearest Regal Store and prove Regal quality and Regal values for yourself.

All styles, all sizes, one price—$6.60.

P.S. *The shoe at the right is the $6.60 Regal Reproduction.*

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Says Mrs. Helen Gittens,
of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania
As told to
Josephine Gibson,
Home Economics Director,
The Pittsburgh Press.

"Perhaps because my mother had to shop for nine children, I've always taken my food marketing seriously. At any rate, I *insist* on good food...and down-to-earth prices. Like my mother, I shop at my A&P where quality is always of the best and where I can save consistently on my food budget. Frankly, I consider my A&P Super Market indispensable. I enjoy the self-service which challenges my initiative. I appreciate the wide variety which never lets me down in finding the food my family needs for good health.

"I like the fact that A&P posts its ceiling prices where they can readily be seen; and I've noticed that A&P Super Market prices are often below the ceiling prices. Because I'm extra busy these days, I also applaud the convenience of doing all my food shopping under one roof. That means savings of time and energy, as well as money."

HELEN GITTENS combines good looks with intelligence . . . really uses the knowledge of nutrition derived formerly as a doctor's assistant and today as a careful student of food articles in newspapers and magazines. The health of husband Michael and three-year-old daughter Michele are ample testimony to this! Michael, supervisor of instruction for a Pittsburgh transportation company, is also an engineering student at Carnegie Tech, where he is working towards a degree. Helen has passed air-raid warden work, has taken U.S. government courses in (1) chemical and industrial materials inspection; (2) manufacturing procedures for women.



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Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.

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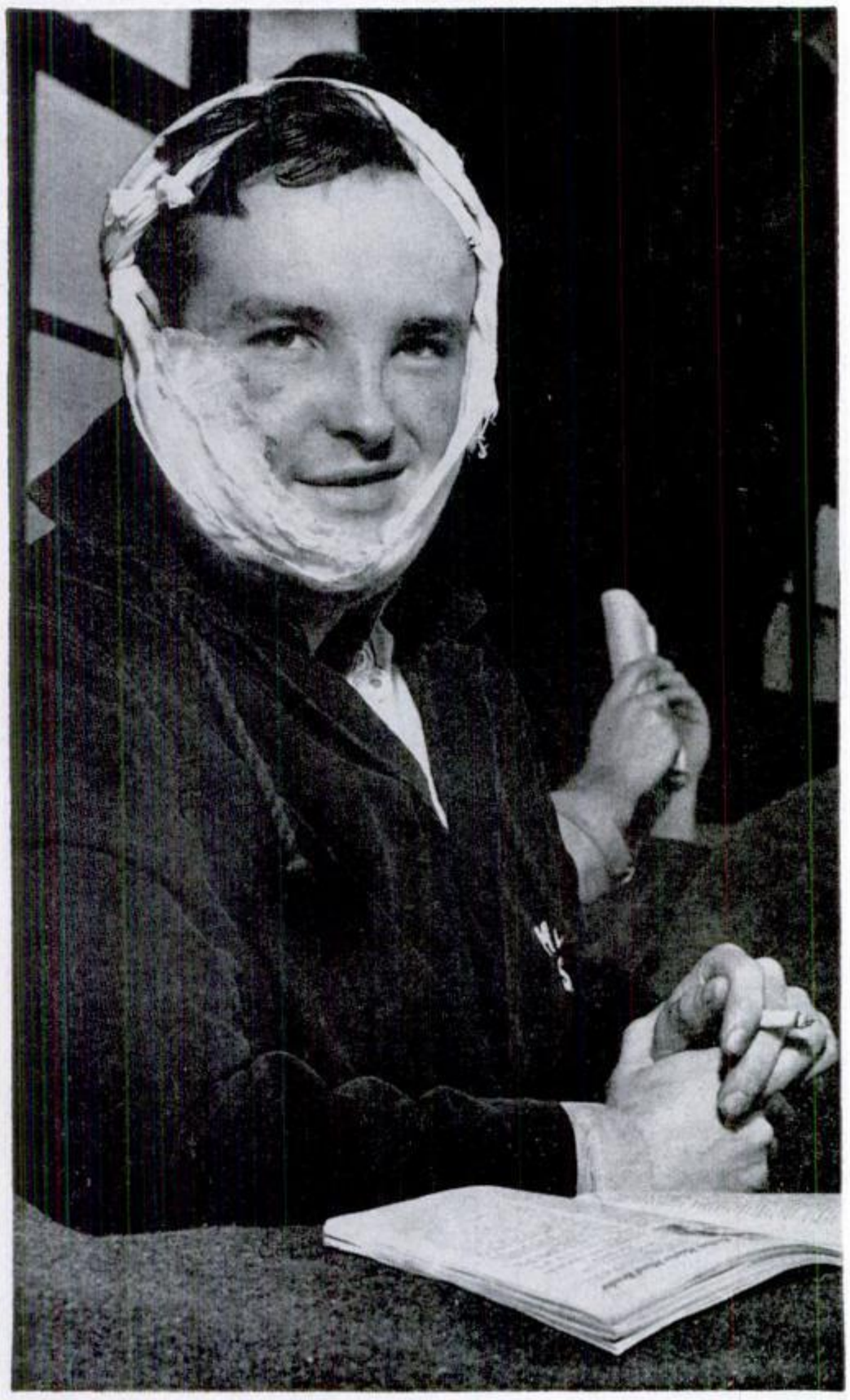
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

A&P SUPER MARKETS

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Frostbite convalescents play cards in the ward set up by Medical Department. Sgt. Wallace Rader (*center*) lost his right glove trying to replace shot-out oxygen system.



Frozen cheek of Sgt. Edward McGraw came from opening a gun-charging door, and then having it freeze tight while open. Blast of -62° air hit his face all the way home.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MISUNDERSTOOD! (because your hair is gray?)

**Clairol banishes every trace of gray or graying hair . . . swiftly, surely, beautifully*

The world doesn't understand how a woman with gray hair can still *feel* young. To the world, gray hair means "old," and many a sparkling personality is buried beneath this dull, drab color.

The pity of it is that you can't change the world's opinion. But you *can* change the color of your hair! You can make it young-looking . . . alive . . . a glorious tribute to your beauty. You can actually build a whole new, exciting life for yourself . . . "naturally, with Clairol."

CLAIROL IS DELIGHTFUL—Your hair luxuriates in a froth of iridescent bubbles. And quickly—almost before you know it—it's clean, silky soft and permanently colored. Every trace of gray hair has vanished!

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE—You don't have to be afraid when you use Clairol. It is made from the purest, most expensive ingredients obtainable. Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory controlled under skilled specialists.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET. It completely avoids that brassy look of old-fashioned dyes. Clairol shades are uniform . . . assuring a perfect match. **NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.**

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

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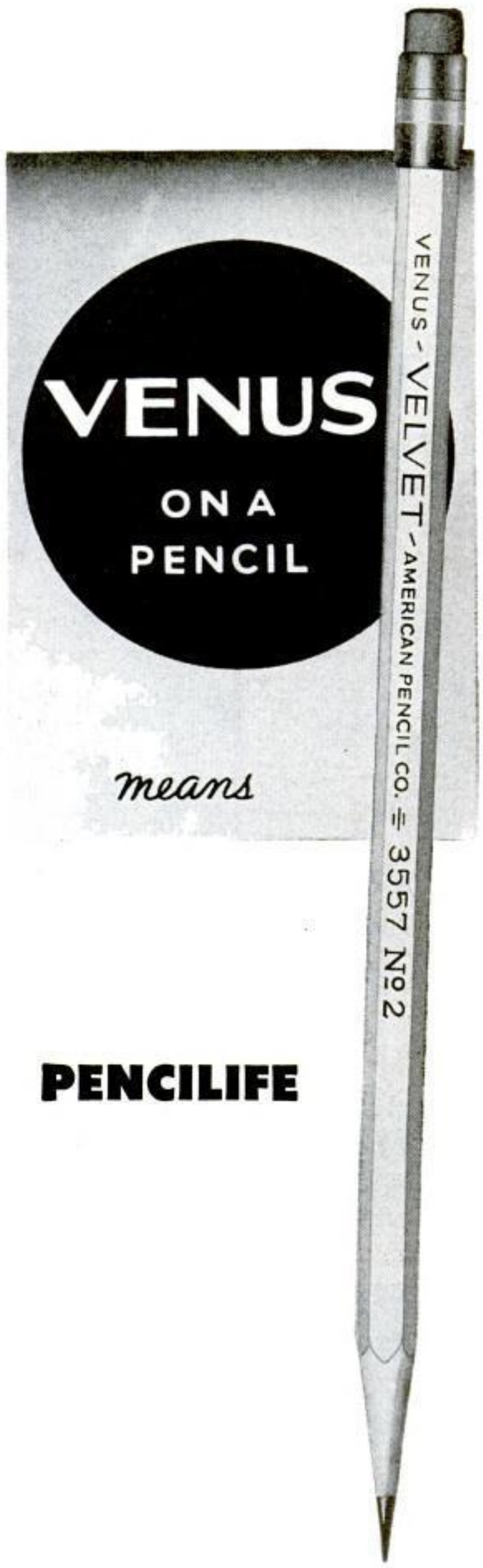


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Original Oil Shampoo Tint

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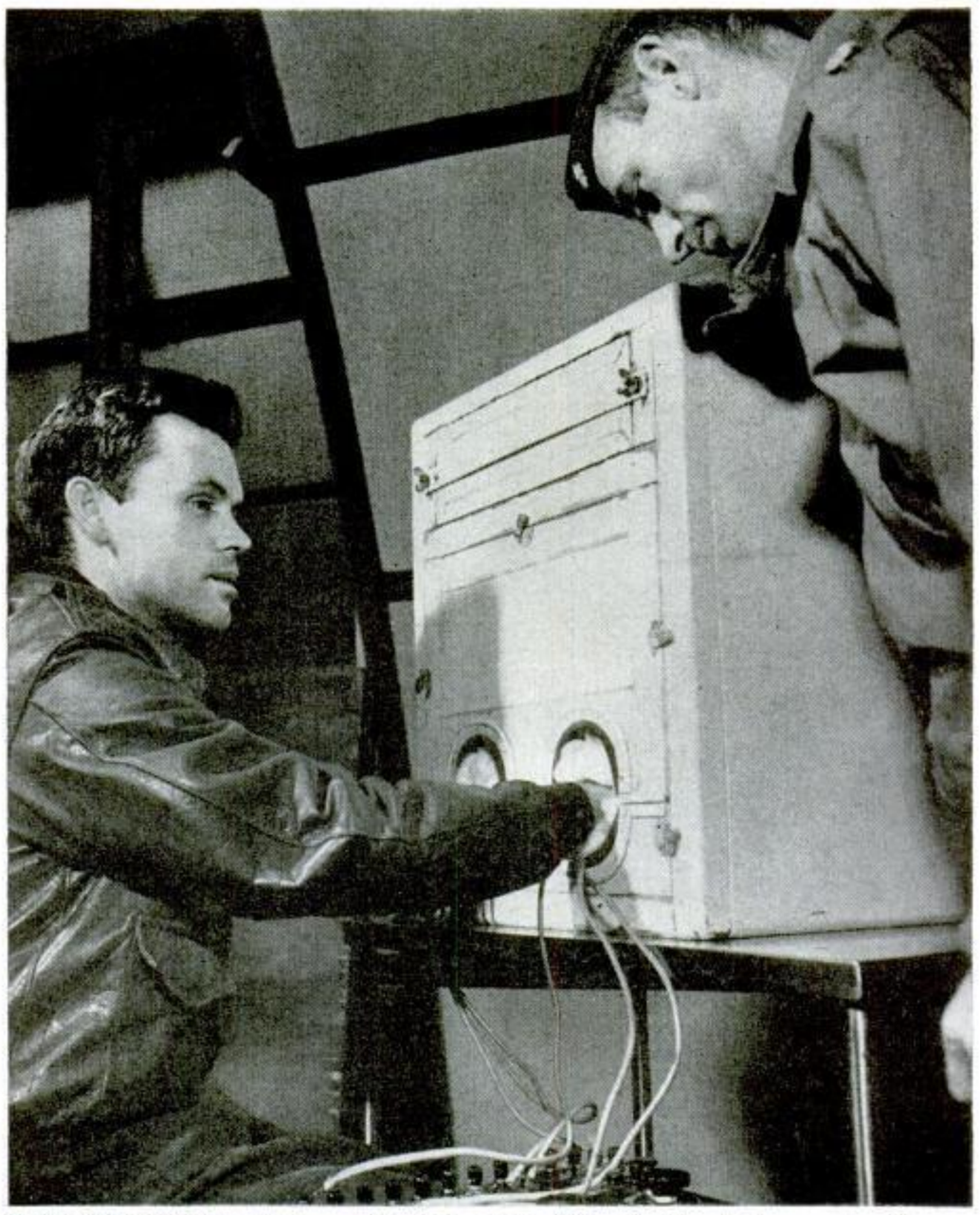


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Frostbite ward is filled with gunners who work in coldest parts of bombers. Recovery takes from a few weeks to several months but about 80% of cases avoid amputation.



Cold resistance is tested in special refrigerator. Wires lead to dials recording finger-tip temperatures. If patient's fingers do not get too cold he may go back to flying.



Hydrotherapy brings controlled heat to frozen parts. Warmth and gentle movement help flush out clotted blood vessels. Once blood begins to flow, recovery is assured.

MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE



Cold make breathing difficult? Nose feel "clamped in a clothespin?" Put a Luden's in your mouth. As it dissolves it releases cool menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps relieve clogged nasal passages, unclamp "clothespin nose!"



NEW! LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

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EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies
OLD FASHIONED TOMATO PRESERVES
This old-time conserve harks back to grandma's kitchen. To choice tomatoes we add sugar, spices and lemon peel for a luscious spread.
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If your grocer is temporarily out of this variety try the other delicious EVERBEST PRESERVES



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Air Mail letters get there first! Sky-Rite Stationery's lightness makes it economical. Brilliant white, crackly, use it for social and business mail.
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A father looks at his son

"Goodbye Johnny . . . when you wake up, I'll be gone . . .

"And all the things I've planned for you will have to wait . . . the games we were going to go to . . . the books we were going to read . . . the music we were going to discover together . . .

"I'll make up for them some day, Son . . . They're my *unfinished* business . . ."

* * * * *

Some day when families are together again, you'll want to give your children advantages they're missing today.

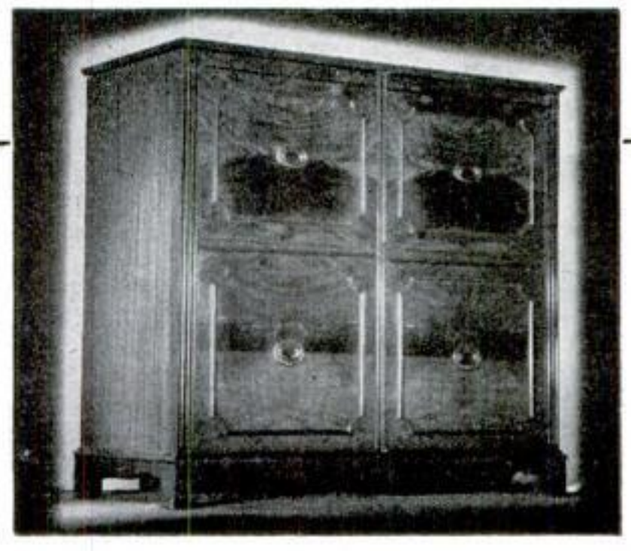
You may consider buying a fine radio to bring great music into your home.

If you do, may we suggest that you listen to a Stromberg-Carlson.

For into this instrument will go the skill of half a century . . . the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson famous in the world of music.

Into it will go the magic of FM radio at its best . . . and many revolutionary wartime developments.

If you want your children to know the inspiration of great music in all its greatness, plan to have them hear it through the postwar Stromberg-Carlson. Until then, buy War Bonds to speed that happy day.



IT WAS PEOPLE, working for Victory, that won Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E". . . To these men and women, and to our men in the Armed Forces, we have a responsibility. We must assure them good jobs when peace comes . . . We must plan ahead today. That is the important reason for planning fine radios for you . . . It's the important reason for all post-war planning.

IN RADIOS, TELEPHONES, SOUND EQUIPMENT... THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

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A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

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"Anybody'd know Joe—he has 'B.O.'
He never heard of Lifebuoy I guess"

Anybody'd Know Joe! But who in the world wants to be known for "B.O."? Yet you *can* go through life offending others—*and not even know it!* People don't tell you. And you don't notice it yourself because you soon get used to an ever-present odor. So play safe and use Lifebuoy in your daily bath. It's especially made to STOP "B.O."



cool shaves

LEAD THE COMFORT PARADE!

YOU hit the right chord for comfort—when you lather up with Ingram's! Ingram's lather knocks out tough beards on the double. And we've made Ingram's COOL. It soothes, conditions your skin for smooth shaves. Yes, and that Ingram's coolness lingers on! Get Ingram's—in jar or tube—for shaves that keep your face in tune with comfort!

Product of Bristol-Myers



IN JAR
OR TUBE

Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM

Frostbite (continued)



Army doctor examines blackened, badly frozen finger tip. Severe blood clot formed and gangrene resulted. Tip of finger will soon come off in spontaneous amputation.



Hot paraffin is applied to frostbitten hands after they have been partially healed by gentle warmth. Paraffin soothes extremely tender skin and stimulates the circulation.

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Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.



HARNESSED POWER OF TOMORROW!

Giant vacuum tubes will attract the virtually boundless energy of electrical storms... transmitting it to storage plants that will furnish fantastically cheap power to industries and whole cities. Already, pilot plants are being designed that will put into practice this progress of the future.

★ ★ ★

SIX long years ago, remember when Britain officially opened the new Singapore Far East naval base...when Germany absorbed Austria...when the Yankees became the first team ever to win three straight world championships? 'Way back then, Seagram was planning for your pleasure today. The *youngest* of the fine whiskies chosen for Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN was carefully stored away to mellow. So today, you can satisfy your preference for the *lightness* of Seagram's V. O. – CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

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In a minute, I'll have to answer

ONLY A MINUTE... to decide my whole life.

I've had a *feeling* Hal would ask me to marry him. Maybe that's why I wore my special perfume. Somehow, though, a girl never *really* is prepared when the moment comes.

Not that it's my first proposal. (Dreadful of me to think of such a thing, at a time like this.) There was Bill, gentle and unexciting... and Tom, who eloped with my cousin three days after I said no... and Roy, who got down on one knee and clowned...

But I didn't feel like *this* about any of them.

Hal's different. I knew he would be, the first time I saw him, dancing with that blonde Leonard girl. I'd never liked her much.

She tried not to introduce him, but I outmaneuvered her. And when the evening was over, Hal took *me* home.

It's been fun ever since... whenever Hal's ship is in. Finding out little things: that Hal likes blue... that I'm a whiz at soufflés. Big things: that we'd both rather own a little of the best than a lot of something not so fine.

I'm glad I started our set of International Sterling, just in case. It's all the dowry I have ... but it's one I can be really proud of.

Hal and I are sentimentalists about things like "family silver"... not just because it's the first important lifetime possession... but because of the *character* it gives a home.

And though I won't be setting out our sterling in any vine-covered cottage, for awhile, even a corner room at a Mrs. Somebody's will have a little of the right feeling.

But first—I have a word... the one he's waiting for... to say to Hal.

INTERNATIONAL is working full speed on war production and making less sterling, so your jeweler may not have all the pieces you want.

But no American complains about shortages. He knows that until victory is won, bullets are more important than butter knives.

So buy more War Bonds with your money... earmark some of them for International Sterling after the war. International gives you the lifetime satisfaction of knowing...

—that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house...

—that your pattern was designed by International craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 100 years ago...

—that pieces created by these craftsmen have been exhibited in leading art museums.

Copyright 1944, International Silver Company



TIE A RIBBON AROUND YOUR PLANS

If your heart's set on a certain International Sterling pattern... and your Silverware dealer hasn't it—right now...

Then wait for a little while. It probably won't be for long.

Your sterling silver is something you live with—every day, all your life. The International pattern of your choice is worth your patience.

International Sterling

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GOVERNOR THOMAS DEWEY TOSSES A LETTER ACROSS THE CHIPPENDALE DESK IN HIS STREAMLINED CAPITOL OFFICE FOR HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, LILIAN ROSSE, TO ANSWER

TOM DEWEY STICKS TO HIS ALBANY KNITTING

The Governor of New York ignores the polls and the primaries and works hard on his own record

While Wendell Willkie and Governor Bricker of Ohio are out stumping the states for spring primary votes, New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey stays in Albany and refuses to let his name be used on any state's presidential preferential primary ballot in Election Year 1944. Insisting that he does not want the White House job in 1945–49, Tom Dewey makes an elaborate show of sticking close to his gubernatorial knitting.

Despite his refusal to be a formal candidate, Dewey continues to have a strong following among GOP leaders, and a sizable lead in public-opinion polls. If this strength continues and Dewey is "drafted" by the Republican Convention in Chicago on June 26, the voters of the country will be asked to judge the Republican nominee on his record as administrator at Albany. Since that record is an integral part of his political destiny, LIFE herewith looks at Dewey in Albany, finds him a busy, hard-working governor of a big and busy state.

New York's Governor is happily up to his neck in his administrative duties. With a display of dignity and dispatch, Governor Dewey let Louis (Lepke) Buchalter go to the Sing Sing electric chair as No. 1 murderer of Murder Inc. and then turned his attention back to his legislative program. The successful passage of that program by the predominantly Republican legislature, now ending its session, is assured.

During his 15 months in office, Governor Dewey has managed to maintain a nice balance between good government and practical politics. Every appointee to state office has had to pass an inspection by Dewey's Criminal Investigation Bureau. Yet enough political plums have been awarded to satisfy the patronage demands of state and county Republican leaders. Like all good executives, he has gathered around him a corps of good, hard-working department heads (*p. 97*). With the help of these specialists, the Governor has started a series of modest reforms and embarked on a cautious fiscal policy. He has humanized treatment in the state's grim mental institutions and guaranteed workmen a fair break under better-administered compensation laws. From a bulging treasury he has raised the pay of state employes and set aside $360 each for New York's unemployed World War II veterans. The rest of the treasury surplus—$148,000,000—the Governor has carefully locked away for postwar emergency use. Thus, with his moderate reforms and his conservative financial policy, Thomas E. Dewey has managed to impress the country's voters as a liberal, but not too liberal, governor, a sound but not too conservative Republican.



"EXCELSIOR" IS MOTTO ON SEAL OF NEW YORK STATE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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WHERE THE GOVERNOR WORKS AND LIVES

The Capitol at Albany overlooks ancient elms and the brown, rolling Hudson beyond. Dewey's office is on the second floor, above the four-tiered steps. Because he felt uncomfortable in the gilded executive chambers occupied by his predecessors, Dewey modernized them for $130,000.

The Executive Mansion is on Albany's down-at-heel Eagle Street. Here the Deweys have done over the family living quarters on the second floor and the Governor's private study in first-floor bay, but an air of heavy Victorian gloom still hangs over the somber red brick mansion.

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MEN WHO HELP THE GOVERNOR RUN THE STATE



Chief trouble shooter is Paul Lockwood, Governor's smooth executive secretary. A 41-year-old bachelor-lawyer, he has been Dewey's alter ego ever since their racket-smashing days.



Publicist Jim Hagerty has improved the Governor's press enormously since he switched from crack New York *Times* reporter to interpreting Dewey to the Albany correspondents.



The banking superintendent is another *Times* alumnus, brilliant and professorial Elliott Bell. A Willkie financial adviser in the 1940 campaign, Bell is now Dewey's economic brain.



Legal Counselor Charles Breitel is a 34-year-old lawyer who, like Lockwood, dates from Tom Dewey's racket-busting days. And, like Lockwood, he works around the clock for Dewey.



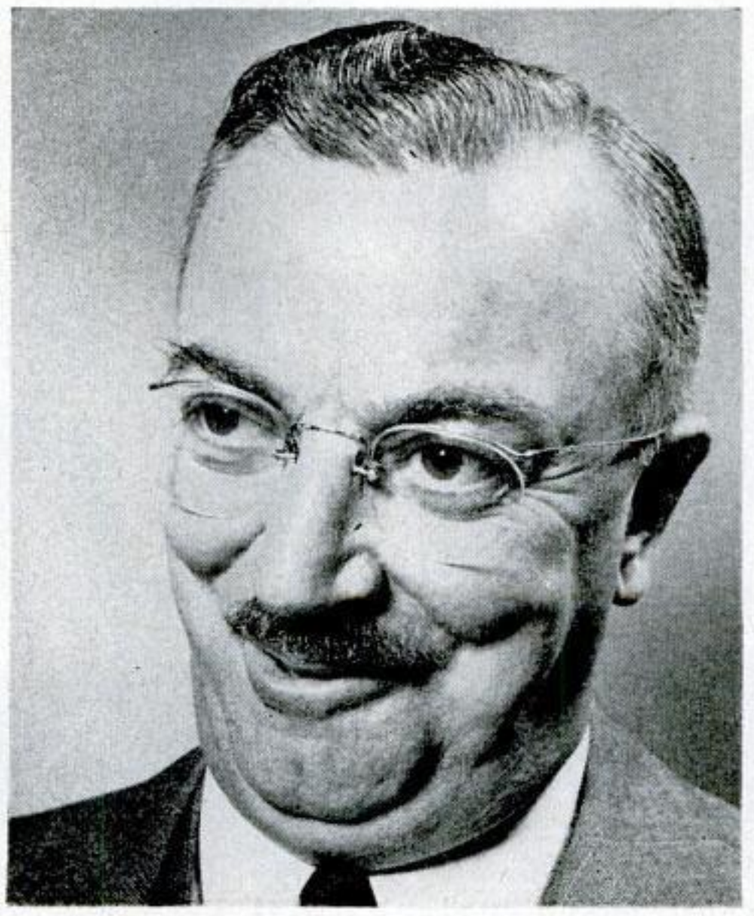
A statistical wizard is tweedy young Budget Director John Burton who cheerfully whittles department estimates to Dewey's economy demands. He has been with Dewey since 1938.



A tax "humanizer" is 49-year-old Rollin Browne, taxation & finance commissioner. Born an Alabama Democrat, he left a successful Manhattan law practice to join Dewey last year.



Agricultural adviser in Dewey's cabinet is Chester Du Mond, 58, an upstate New York applegrower. The most conservative member of the Dewey team, he sees red at OPA price control.



Comptroller Frank C. Moore, 48, watches over the financial affairs of 3,200 special districts, 548 villages, 932 towns, 59 cities and the 6,000-plus school districts in New York State.



Mental Hygiene Commissioner Frederick MacCurdy, 55, is a Dewey find. An able psychiatrist, he is changing New York's jail-like mental institutions into real hospitals for the insane.

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NEW YORK'S GOVERNOR IS GRACIOUS AND METHODICAL

Tom Dewey, like Franklin Roosevelt, is a professional But his technique is different. Trying to be a "model" governor, he himself never forgets, and he never lets his official caller forget, the dignity of his high office. He is gracious, correct and methodical. At breakfast on the sun porch of the gloomy Executive Mansion, he always reads at least three morning papers. By 11 o'clock sharp, after the eight-block ride from the Mansion to the Capitol in his official Packard limousine, he is in his office. From 11 a. m. to 7 p. m., the Governor's schedule is run on an assembly-line basis. With time out for conferences and lunch (*below*) with department heads and legislative leaders, he sees official visitors every quarter-hour on the quarter-hour. At 7 p. m. the Governor frequently takes home with him to dinner some of the bright young men shown on page 97. After they have gone, the Governor usually remains in his downstairs study until 2 a. m. reading their reports and studying legislative bills. Sometimes Tom Dewey relaxes from his gubernatorial task and frolics with his fawn-colored great Dane, Canute (*left*).

OCCASIONALLY THE GOVERNOR'S GREAT DANE IS PERMITTED TO ENTER HIS STUDY AND SEDATELY OFFER A LARGE PAW



At breakfast, while eating half a grapefruit, toast, milk, coffee and sometimes bacon and eggs, Dewey always reads the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, and the Albany *Times-Union*.



Dewey's desk lunch, often shared with legislative leaders like Assembly Speaker Oswald Heck, usually consists of more milk and coffee, fruit salad, a ham-and-cheese sandwich, applesauce.



Legislative conference in Governor's office includes state Senator Arthur Wicks (*right*) who says: "There's no friction between us and the executive, to speak of. Dewey don't allow it."

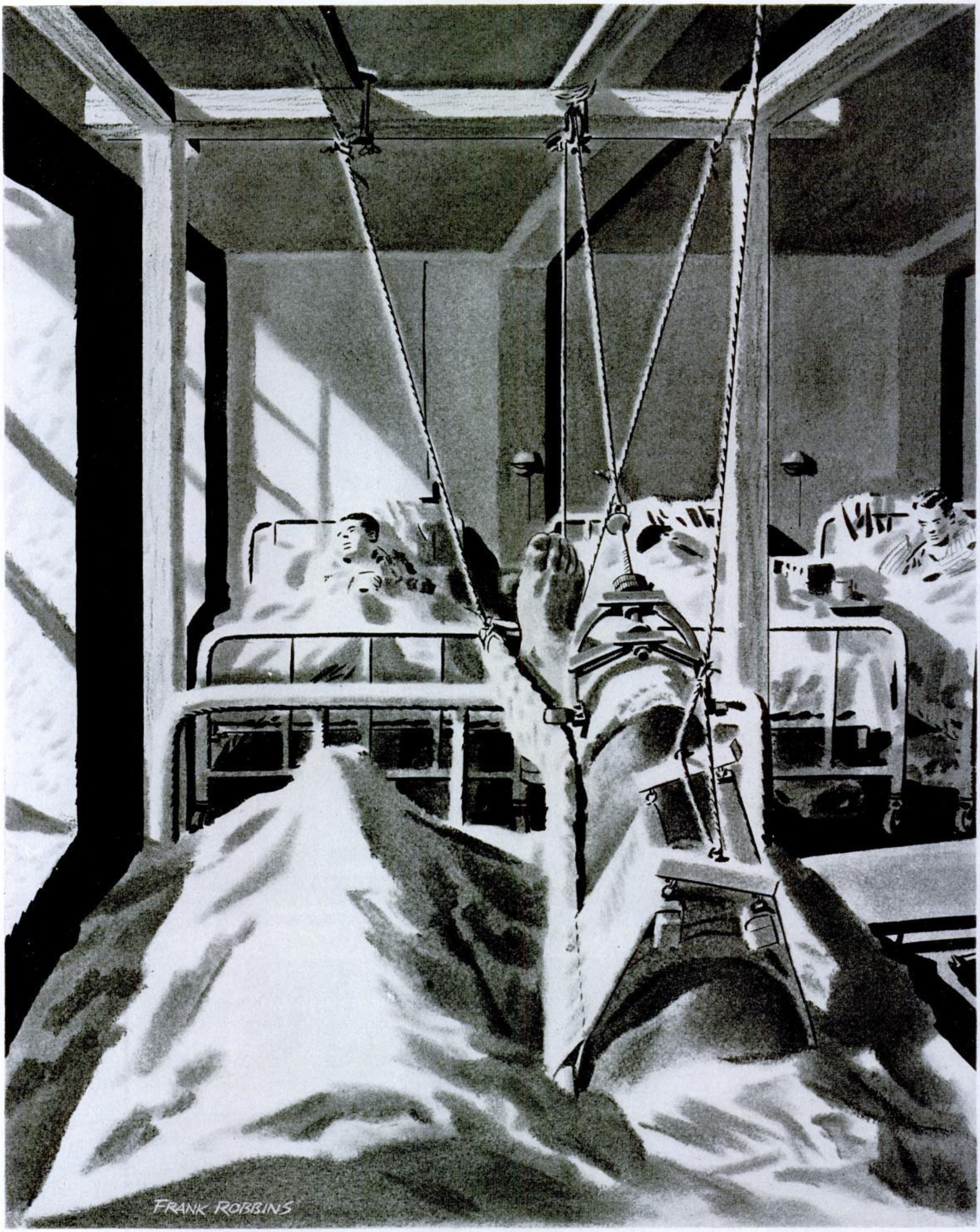


Press releases are handed out to Albany correspondents by Jim Hagerty under austere official portraits of four former governors: White, Charles E. Hughes and the two Roosevelts.

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The Executive Chamber, rarely used except for clemency hearings, is a cavernous, mahogany-walled relic of past governors and state grandeur. Around window (*clockwise*) are portraits of Lafayette and Governors Odell, Cleveland and Seward. The desk in this room is so large, the chair so deep that Tom Dewey sits on two telephone books when being photographed here

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Belden's wounded leg, suspended in a traction splint during the first part of his convalescence, loomed large in his view of hospital ward. He had been shot below the knee on the first day of the Salerno landing, was evacuated to North Africa by hospital ship. In his story "Hey, Soldier, I'm Wounded!" (LIFE, Sept. 27, 1943) he related this experience in detail. During the indefinite skirmishing of Salerno's first day the unit which he was accompanying encountered a German patrol. In the ensuing confusion Belden was hit as he attempted to climb over a wall.

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SEQUEL TO SALERNO

A LIFE WAR CORRESPONDENT, WOUNDED IN ITALY, REPORTS ON HOSPITAL EXPERIENCES IN NORTH AFRICA

by JACK BELDEN

I was in a crowd of wounded soldiers that our transports had brought back from Italy to Africa. Everyone had been unloaded quickly and at last only I remained. They had left me to the end because I was hard to move and because they might be going home to the States and they wanted to take me with them. But I was not well enough for the journey and now they had come to fetch me. A sailor got on top of my bed and grasped the sheet, and the others stood at the sides lifting the sheet, and they raised me up and then lowered me to the deck. There was no pain. Then they bore me through empty passageways onto the main deck and laid me in a sling and swung me over the side, and as I went by the rail I said: "Thanks, there was no pain." I slid down past the portholes, my eyes blinking in the strange light of the sun, and their voices accompanied me down to a small boat rocking on the water, and they said: "Cheer up; you'll have a pretty nurse."

Afterward, as I lay in the ambulance which the driver was piloting with practiced gentleness through the streets of the port, I thought about their remark. I suppose many combat soldiers, when they think of being wounded, dream of the nurse they are going to get. I know I used to dream this way. Sometimes it was an old sweetheart who would appear in a nurse's uniform to heal me. More often, though, I dreamed some unknown vision of loveliness would come and bend over my stretcher with ineffable tenderness as it was carried from the battlefield. When I got to the hospital I fancied some nurse would tuck me in, smooth my brow and say: "Is there anything I can do for you?" Later I hoped she would press her lips against mine and say: "Hurry up and get well; I'm waiting for you."

Just now the ambulance had entered a compound and drawn up beside a brick building under a palm tree. Orderlies slid my litter out of the ambulance and bore it down muted corridors into a large sunny ward which was bursting with the sound of many voices. The patients sat up in bed to look at me for I was the first man in from Salerno and I guess they wanted to see what the Germans had done to me. The orderlies, as if they knew their cue, paused a moment in the doorway so everyone could look me over carefully. Then they carried me in nonchalant triumph down to one end of the ward, where a bed scaffolded with an overhead wooden frame stood in splendid isolation between two rows of metal beds which protruded like clean white teeth from the yellow faces of the walls.

The orderlies were trying to wrestle me onto the bed, and I was telling them to pull on my leg and hold it high, as the Navy doctors had taught me to do to avoid pain, when a nurse pattered up beside my litter and stood there, listening and watching with frowning eyes. I thought: "At last you are here." I looked at her and tried to say with my eyes: "Straighten this out, will you, darling?"

Her lip curled and I thought she was going to smile, but instead she said: "Aw, shut up. You'd think we'd never done this before."

Then they wrestled me onto the bed with professional abruptness and there was more pain than at any time since I had been wounded. When the orderlies went away she remained standing by my bed for a few moments, and I let my eyes travel up her white cotton stockings, across her faded spotted skirt and over her coarse blue sweater to her chestnut hair and I glared at her, trying in vain to find the remnant of a broken dream.

The following article concerns the experiences of LIFE's front-line war correspondent in an American Army station hospital in Africa. He believes he received as good medical care in that hospital as he could receive anywhere in the world under the same circumstances. He is grateful to the doctors, nurses, ward boys and the whole hospital staff for that care, as a result of which he is now almost completely cured. In this article he has expressed his feelings at the time of experiencing them, feelings which were partially the result of his own personal background and past history and not necessarily the result of hospital life alone. That he may not still have these feelings is quite another matter. Nor does he claim that his feelings and experiences are the typical ones that an average wounded soldier has in a station hospital.

Steve, a lanky lieutenant from the First Division who was temporarily incarcerated in the war with malaria, got out of his bed and came up to mine and shook my hand. I saw that he was laughing as he said: "You're not on the front now, Jack. They treat you rough here in the rear."

I watched the ceiling for a long time. Presently there were heavy steps and irritable cursing voices, and the "fresh meat" from Salerno started in.

The wounded talk shop

Among the new patients the sicker ones lay quietly in bed saying nothing, but the ones with broken arms and minor flesh wounds sat up and called from bed to bed across the ward to each other.

"What beach you hit?"

"Red."

"That was a bastard."

"You ain't kiddin'."

"What gotya?"

"Mortar."

"Bad?"

"Naw. Busted wrist."

They talked like this for hours, for they had been in their first battle and they were indelible in their remembrances of it. Through shots of morphine and the sulfa drugs they kept it up, and when the lights went out their voices floated like sad music through the ward.

One said to another: "What happened to you, Doc?"

And a voice from the bed behind me answered: "I was up on the road, near where Jack here got hit, treating a wounded German, when the tanks came along. . . ."

"Couldn't you take cover, Doc?"

"I didn't think they'd fire at me."

"Geeze, Doc, you lay down, didn't you?"

"No, I stood up and turned around so my Red Cross arm band faced the road."

"And they let you have it."

"Yes. In the leg."

"Lucky it was in the leg, huh, Doc?"

"Yeah—lucky. Bullet hit a main artery . . . thought I was going to bleed to death . . . but I got a tourniquet on."

"That was smart, Doc."

"Foot went dead."

"Geeze, Doc!"

"Have to amputate now."

Five-thirty the next morning brought lights. With them came a blonde nurse, heavy-footed ward boys and imprecations from men who had only just fallen off to sleep after a night of restless turning. Now that we were in the rear lines it seemed a bitter and unnecessary thing to be awakened so early.

I heard a voice say: "Some people don't know there's a war on." Then a pale hand stuck a thermometer in my mouth and I went to sleep with it there. When I woke my mouth was full of glass and the bottom of the thermometer was gone. I called out: "Hey, nurse! I've swallowed the thermometer."

From the bed behind me, Doctor A snapped: "What are you hollering about a thermometer for when there's a man here with a bullet in his chest."

That would be Captain C, behind me and two beds up the aisle. His breast held a bullet that might at any moment break through into his lung. The doctors didn't dare go in after the bullet, but every day the captain's chances were better, for scar tissue was forming a wall between the bullet and the lung.

Captain C seldom spoke. Only around 7 in the morning and 9 at night he usually called to me: "Are you happy, Jack?" I would call back over my shoulder: "No, I'm not happy." Then he would sigh and say: "Gee, I'm unhappy." And after that he would lapse into silence again.

About the third or fourth day they wheeled me off to the operating room where the fracture specialist who had charge of my case jabbed a large needle in my vein. Everyone said he was a very good surgeon, but he was only a lieutenant. He was telling me to count now and I counted up to 12 before I dozed off.

The next thing I knew, a searing pain was shooting up and down the right side of my body. I heard voices talking and I said: "Pull on that leg! Pull!" "We are pulling," said a voice close at hand. "Don't stand there and lie to me," I said. "Why don't you pull on that leg?" A lot of voices laughed and I opened my eyes and saw a girl with honey-colored hair and a liquid smile bending over me. "What's your name?" I shouted, and she answered: "Eve." "That's a long time ago in my life," I said, and the voices laughed again. One voice, louder than the rest, said: "I bet that's the cheapest jag he ever had in his life."

I realized then that I was back in the ward and everyone was laughing at me. Things seemed kind of fuzzy, yet clearly enough I could make out a white cloth ball that was swinging on rope ends like a captive balloon back and forth across my pelvis. And lower down I saw a piece of clothesline which my eyes tightroped along until they

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Place mixture on ice. Slowly add cream (1 cup or more), working in until mixture stands firm. Pour into greased mold. Set mold in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 35 minutes. Serves six to eight.

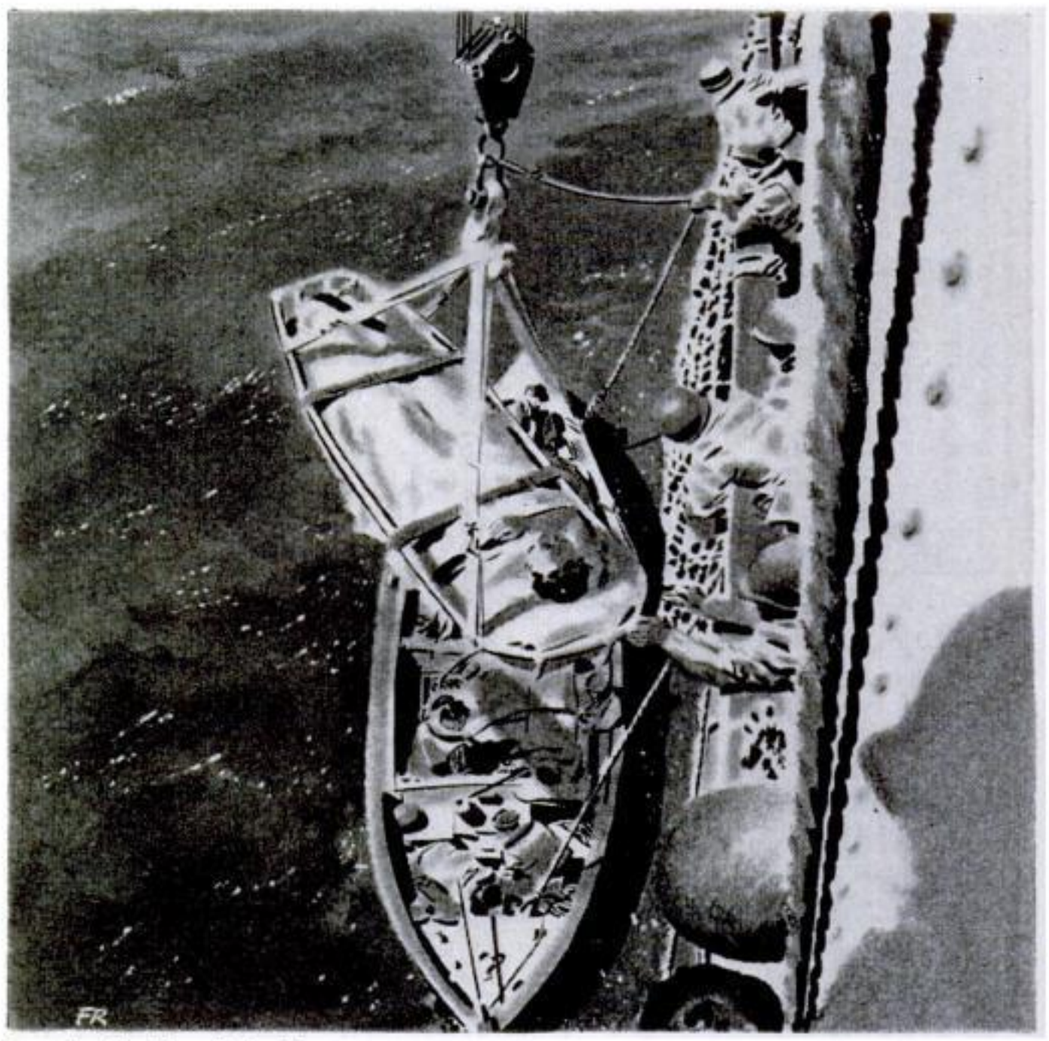


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Leaving the hospital ship in North African harbor, Belden was lowered over the side in a sling. Ship had been heavily attacked by dive bombers as it lay in Salerno harbor.

SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

came to a metal vise and I saw the vise was clamped to a skewer and the skewer—good God!—was piercing—yes, it was piercing—MY LEG! I groaned quietly for a second and then I called out loudly: "Hey, Mr. Goldberg, one of your machines has escaped." The ward gave me the dues of a ham actor and applauded my feeble effort with raucous laughter.

I did not laugh that day or the next either, for I was very angry, knowing that I was a prisoner of my bed for many days to come. When the doctor appeared the next day and said: "Sort of surprised you, eh?" all I could manage was a feeble and ungrateful "yeah." Later I was to be thankful—for I did not get a short leg—but then I was mad clean through.

Pinioned thus to what, for want of a more romantic name, I shall call my "couch of pain," I was, like all the other badly wounded, dependent on the hospital staff for my bread and butter, bed, bath and bowel movements. At first a straw-haired nurse, who after much coaxing admitted that her first name was Jane, attended to my needs in a not unmotherly fashion, pinning a paper bag to my mattress and filling it with matches and a salt and pepper shaker. Every once in a while she condescended to smile. But this blissful state of affairs ended as abruptly as it had begun and, after two days of female attentions, I was delivered into the expert and not unloving care of "Smitty," the ward boy.

Smitty had been a pants-presser in civilian life and I always thought he regarded the war as a strange and senseless interval between a pair of uncreased trousers. He, however, became for me mother, nurse, pal and father confessor, attending to all the grosser needs of my body with unflagging cheerfulness, supplementing the meager hospital diet with raw onions stolen from the kitchen and purveying all the gossip of the ward and the corridors. Smitty's chief hate in life was a lieutenant up the other end of the ward who was constantly keeping the ward boys on the *qui vive* with his demands for the bedpan and then not making full use of his opportunities.

Hospital routine kills time

With Smitty as a teacher, I was soon introduced to all the hallowed mysteries of hospital routine—a kind of mumbo-jumbo by which the staff tried to transform swinish human beings into noble patients. No matter how recalcitrant or how skilful the soldier might be in sabotaging regulations, the staff always won this contest. Still, none of us could ever fathom why the lights had to go on at 5:30 A. M., and even when it was explained to us that this early rising was necessary so that the day staff could get through its work, most of us considered it a lot of medical malarkey. Between lights at 5:30 and breakfast at 7:30 there was an interval which was usually occupied by temperature-taking, face-washing and, for the more cooperative, tooth-brushing—all of which, except the temperatures, might

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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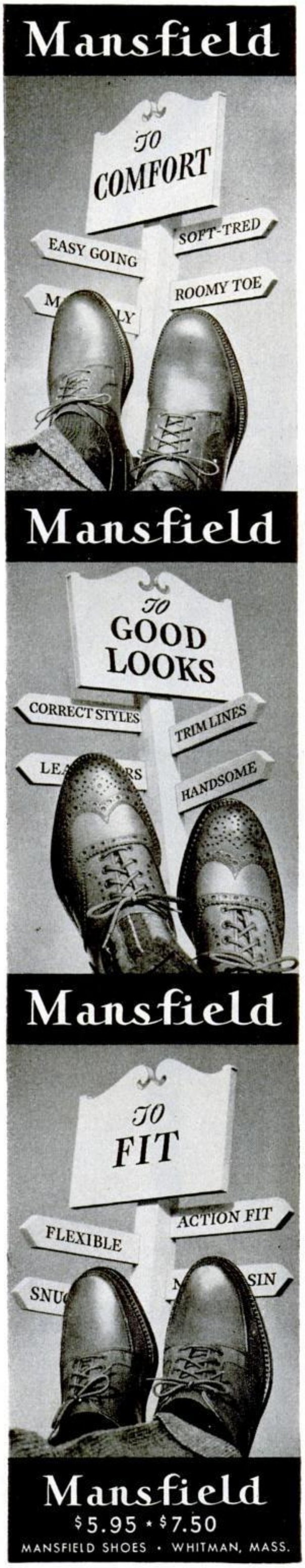
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SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

be avoided by keeping your head under the blankets and snoring.

After breakfast the routine started in earnest. Then came the real washing, bed baths, bedpans and back-rubs. By the time you were through with that came the daily *Stars and Stripes*—one copy for every three or four persons—and mail from the enlisted men's wards which had to be read and censored. At 11:30 lunch arrived and shortly afterward a Red Cross woman with a basket full of matches, V-mail forms and once in a while some uninteresting hard candy. At 3, more temperatures; at 4, another back-rub, if you were lucky—and I wasn't—by a nurse; at 5, supper. At 7 o'clock, the night shift came on. At 8, sleeping pills and stomach oil and at 9 lights out.

These sacred daily rituals, I and the other ward inmates soon discovered, were a blessing in disguise; for, all combined together, they formed a time-slaughtering process that made the even monotony of the days somewhat bearable. The Army had its planned and organized entertainment, but the fare was very slim. This was especially true of our officers' ward; for, as everyone knows, the enlisted men get the best of everything in this war. For example, if a movie star visited the hospital, we would only hear about it the next day from the ward boys. Still, like the enlisted men, we were privileged to view a movie once a week. The operators would wheel their machine into the ward and place a blanket over the window above my bed and a sheet on top of that. Then when they had wheeled me out of the way we would lie in bed in comfort and watch whatever Special Services had to offer. The movie fare wasn't bad, but our ward had so many windows and there was so much light that whenever a nighttime scene was flashed on the screen, all we could see was a perfect blank and we had to guess what was taking place from the actors' conversation.

Mostly, we furnished our own entertainment. When the World Series was on we formed a pool among 10 beds and then made a lieutenant at the other end of the ward turn his radio up loud so we could get a play-by-play description of the games. Arguments generally developed when the *Stars and Stripes* the next morning showed the total of hits was different from what we had tabulated over the radio.

Good books are rare

Books, as for the normal soldier, were our chief diversion in the hospital. The Red Cross had a well-stocked library, as such hospital libraries go, but I am afraid my literary tastes taxed shelves that were filled for the most part with Westerns and detectives. Poor Lucy Kinsolving used to stagger in with an armful of books she thought I'd like, but would have to stagger out again with her arms just as full when I would turn up my nose at all of them. Upon her insistence that it was one of the greatest books of the century, I looked into *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, but gave it up after vomiting through two chapters. However, Miss Scott, the head Red Cross worker, did manage to dig up a volume of Shakespeare, Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and some of Thomas Wolfe for me.

On the theory that I could get away with it where they could not, the other patients suggested that I speak to the colonel in charge of the hospital with a view to improving the food. This I did and the colonel said he would look into the matter. The next day he asked some patients at the other end of the ward about the food, and they all replied, to my sad astonishment, that the food was pretty fair. However, shortly after that the food spruced up considerably and I suspect that a new shipment had just arrived from the States.

Among the battle casualties, I soon discovered that I was very lucky because I was probably going to get completely well without any aftereffects. I think I first noticed my good fortune when I heard about Joe, an ensign from the ship which had taken me both to Sicily and Italy.

One day a ward boy brought me a can of chicken soup. When I asked where it came from, he pointed up the other end of the ward and I saw Joe waving from his bed to me. I learned that a shell fragment had knocked out one of his eyes at Salerno. A few days later Joe appeared in person by my bed. He wore a bandage over one side of his head and a strange, twisted smile on his lips. I thought the smile was due to some embarrassed kink in his mind about his wound, but it turned out that his face had been partially paralyzed and his lips frozen that way. Joe lifted up his bandage so that I could look at his eye. All I saw was a red mass, but when he asked me how it looked I told him it didn't look bad at all. The next time he had a black patch over his eye and he proudly raised it to show me the white celluloid-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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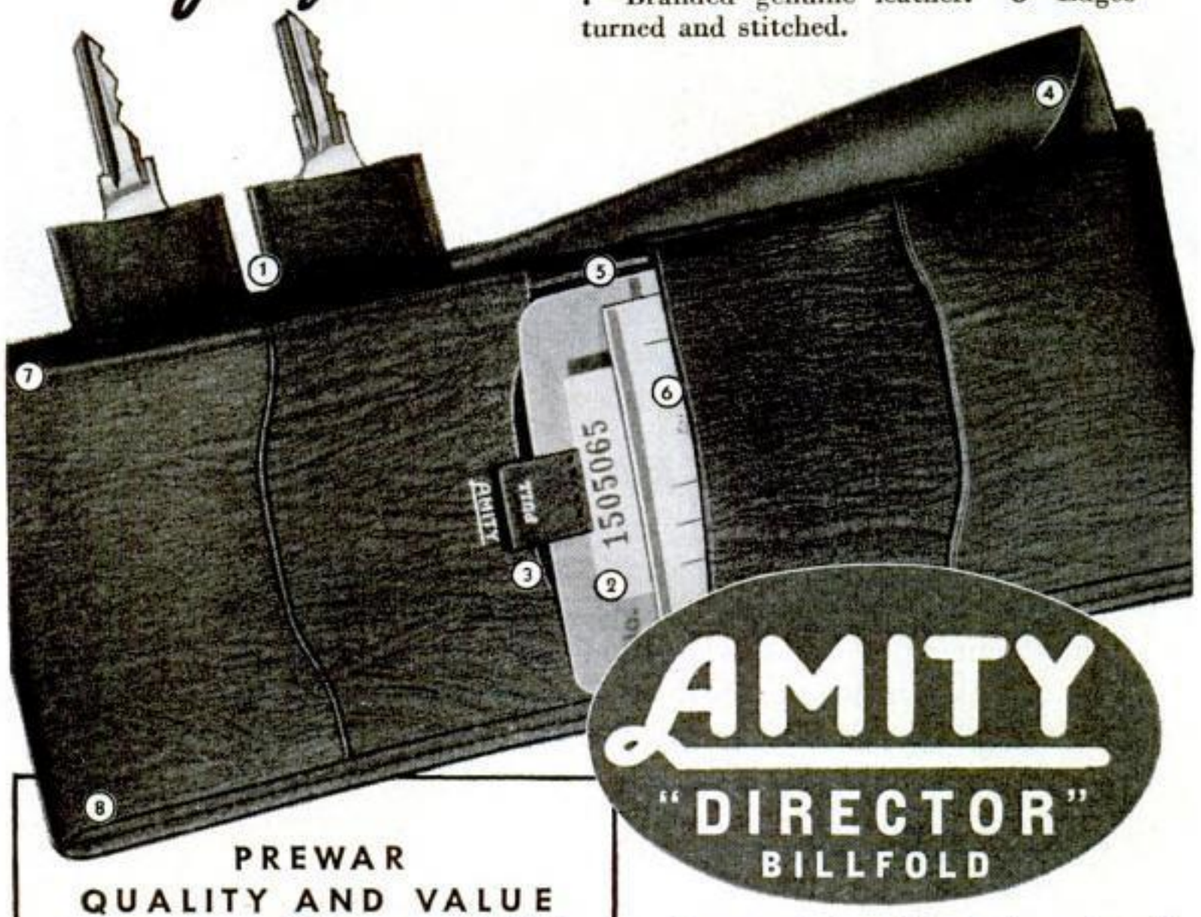
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SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

looking substance that now reposed in the hole in his head. "It's very handsome, Joe," I said, and he seemed quite pleased. A few days later when he left the hospital in a cheerful frame of mind about the glass eye he soon would have, I knew that Joe would be okay wherever he was.

At the other end of the ward, in a scaffolded bed like mine and also in traction, was Ensign B. B's destroyer had exploded under him and gone down in 40 seconds, and to our annoyance he never tired of crying the tale of his wound to any newcomer in the ward. B never did know exactly what had happened. There had been an explosion and he had found himself on deck with a broken leg and the sea already washing over his sinking ship. He had managed to kick himself away and paddle to a nearby raft and so had been saved. While he had been in the water, oil from the sinking ship had seeped into his wound and his leg had become badly infected. Every day the nurses used to take handfuls of pus out of him and finally he got to smell so bad that the other patients complained, and they put him in a room by himself.

My particular friend among the patients was Doctor A. I think this was because his bed was close to mine and because he and I were in the ward longer than anyone else. We used to watch the other patients come and go and feel the faint superiority that a man with a major-league wound always feels toward one with a minor-league injury. When we both were a little better, the ward boys used to wheel Doc's bed over by mine so that we could play gin rummy. On the very first occasion he pulled his blankets aside and showed me his foot, which was black and purple like an Arab's. He knew, of course, that he was going to lose it, and I think he felt bad about it, but the only time he ever voiced what was in his mind was when he said: "I'm a surgeon and losing a leg doesn't matter. But I think if I lost a hand I would commit suicide."

He generally beat me at gin rummy and I used to try and make him laugh by accusing him of having the ward boys place his bed slightly to the rear of mine so that he could peek in my hand. He would laugh all right, but both of us would instantly regret it; for the laughing shook his bed and caused him great pain.

The doctors were trying to save his leg below the knee and they didn't want to chop off his foot and lower leg until the fracture in the upper leg had healed a bit. But that black, dead foot wouldn't let them wait. The Doc's temperature began climbing day after day until it reached 104°, and the doctors decided they could wait no longer.

Amputation case quiets ward

When they brought him back from the operating room, his skeleton face green with pain and the stump of his leg looking pitifully small under the sheet, the whole ward observed a kind of hushed silence. A young naval officer and his fiancée, who was a nurse at another hospital, happened to be visiting me at the time. When I voiced my sympathy for the doctor, the nurse said: "Oh, there's no need to feel sorry for him. I've worked with dozens of cases like his and they'll give him an artificial leg so no one will know the difference." That night as I heard the doctor sobbing softly to himself, I am afraid I had little sympathy with the nurse's point of view.

On the whole there was very little drama in our ward. No deaths and hardly any wholesale pain. The best Army medical care in the world plus plasma and the sulfa drugs have tended to make a drab affair of wartime station hospitals. Even as a writer I could not say that I regretted this. And as a patient I was thankful to be able to swallow a few handfuls of sulfa every day and avoid sepsis, gangrene and the daily wound probing that was such a nightmare for the soldiers in the last war. They never touched my wound at all, only occasionally changing the dressings, and that was the way with most of the other patients, too.

Not all the patients in our ward were battle casualties. In fact, we were a fine mixed salad of wounds, piles, dysentery, malaria and all the illnesses to which rear-line headquarters personnel are heir.

We were always getting fresh fractures from jeep accidents, and for some reason this put me in a rage, for it seemed such a futile way to be injured. Yet these fracture cases were just as painful as any wounds and the men were in just as serious condition. I shall never forget the major who was brought in with a pelvis shattered in a jeep accident. He was strung up with more weights and pulleys than any man in the ward, and was for a while in great pain. Shortly after his arrival, a fat and jolly chaplain discovered him and took up a place at the foot of his bed where he could cheer him up. "Banged yourself up, eh?" said the chaplain, his voice just oozing good cheer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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Your doctor will see your baby safely into the world. But his crowded schedule will limit the frequency of later visits.

NOW THE DOCTOR'S JOB IS DONE — AND YOURS BEGINS

EVEN IN PEACETIME, your baby's utter helplessness is a tremendous and stirring responsibility. Today, when you may have to manage without your busy doctor's routine check-ups, your baby needs more than ever your constant and watchful care.

His greatest danger—*the "other fellow's cold"*

The greatest cause of fatal illnesses in infants and very small children is respiratory infections and their resulting complications. This means that to a tiny baby just an ordinary cold, passed on from an adult or older child, represents a real and serious danger.

The *safest* way to ward off the "other fellow's cold" is never to allow *anyone* with any kind of cold or nasal irritation in his room . . . or anywhere near him. But suppose you get a cold yourself? Or, if you are not well enough to take care of him, suppose whoever is helping you . . . catches cold? How can you protect your baby?

Reduce the risk . . . *wear a protective mask*

If you can't keep your baby isolated from a person with a cold—you can try to isolate the cold itself. Wear a mask yourself, if you have a cold. And *insist* that anyone approaching the baby does the same—the father, the grandmother, visitors. There should be no exceptions!

Mask of tissue quick, satisfactory

If you do not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, here's an easy way to make an effective emergency mask. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover the nose and mouth, and fasten at the back of your head with an ordinary pin.

Clinical tests show that germs are effectively trapped by two thicknesses of ScotTissue and the danger of contagion is greatly decreased. Doing your best to protect your baby from respiratory infection is a responsibility you cannot conscientiously overlook.



● A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown above—has two practical merits. It is used only once and is instantly disposable. If you stick to the "Mask For A Cold" Rule your family and friends will soon get used to it. When you explain its importance they cannot object.

• • •

FREE—Write for 32-page booklet, "*Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care.*" Authoritative information on Supplies for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Use of the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Bathroom Habits. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 59, Chester, Pa. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

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A radio listener in Los Angeles writes: "The commentator for KHJ tells us that Longines watches are good watches. I can verify that statement for I am carrying one of your watches which my father gave me when I was 15 years of age. I still have it and it keeps perfect time. I am 78 years young now; that was 63 years ago." ¶ Since the first Longines watch was made in 1866, millions of people all over the globe have also verified the statement that Longines watches are good watches. Ten world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece are further verification of the forthright statement made by our old and valued friend from California. Longines is a good name to look for, on a watch.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



ON THE AIR

The Symphonette, Mishel Piastro, conductor, on the air coast-to-coast in frequent Longines concerts of "The World's Most Honored Music." See your local newspaper for station and time.

SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

"Well, I see you can still smile—haw-haw-haw—that's the stuff. Too bad you can't get a Purple Heart. Haw—haw-haw." He convulsed himself with good mirth.

I and the other wounded patients almost threw a bedpan at the chaplain, we were so mad. Who wanted a Purple Heart anyway?

There was at first a lot of these professional cheerer-uppers. They were an excrescence on the life of the ward and, for me at least, they accomplished just the opposite purpose from that intended. In my early days in the hospital, doctors, nurses, chaplains, visiting doctors, high-ranking officers on a tour of inspection and many people with vague occupations made of the ward a perpetual parade ground, sounding off the bugles of their good cheer with utter indifference to the likes or dislikes of us poor animals in the cage. From bed to bed they would gaily pass, and it made no difference who they were, their conversation always was the same. "Well, how are you today? Getting used to it here? That's it, smile. You have no idea how lucky you are."

In one three-day period, "Slim," a naval warrant officer who was suffering with a painful case of sciatica, and I counted 51 different groups who asked us how we were. We knew that we were supposed to be nice to all these people but it was very hard and finally we rebelled. Slim would keep watch on the door and when he saw one of the groups come in he would throw back his head, whinny through his huge nose and holler: "Here they come." At that, I would duck under my blankets and pretend I was asleep. If anyone were rash enough to raise the blanket, I would pop out with an insane grin and say: "Well, how are you today? Getting used to the patients? That's the stuff, smile!"

The nurses weren't much help either. In the first place I had little to do with any of them. I soon discovered that in the Army there were so few nurses to go around that the ward boys performed most of the actual nursing duties. The nurses changed dressings and kept charts. As one nurse expressed it, her real job was that of an overseer and not of a nurse.

I later became fond of our nurses, but in the beginning I found that their attitude of belonging to some Royal Order of Magicians, whose medical secrets could be known only to the initiated, was a little hard to bear. Perhaps I had the wrong approach, but whenever I tried to find out how it felt to be a nurse in the Army all I would get would be a bit of bedside fluff or some bromidic wisecrack.

The nurses have personality

It was difficult for me to find the Woman in the Nurse, but after a while I did notice some idiosyncracies in our nurses that made them individual personalities. To amuse myself, I gave them all nicknames. There was, for example, the pretty, pert nurse whom I christened Miss Sterilized Smile because she always wore a fixed smile on her lips that neither sympathy nor insults could wipe off. There was Miss Cross the Street, who ran about the ward in a great dither as if she were always crossing the street in the midst of a traffic jam. To a supervisor who every now and then glared into our ward as if she were a girls' boarding-school mistress, I gave the name Miss Granite Face. One of the buxom, young day nurses I called Miss Comfortable Arms, while a woebegone little nurse who had only just arrived from the States and padded around the ward as if she were pursued by the Furies of Homesickness, earned from me the title of Miss Lonelyheart.

On the whole I guess our nurses were as fine as you would find anywhere. But in my loneliness at the time I always wished they could have been more human. Perhaps there was a method behind their attitude and maybe they were that way on purpose.

After I had been in the hospital about a month, a young and handsome major was brought in with a hip fractured in a jeep accident. Shortly after he arrived, a pretty girl with jet black hair and a wonderful smile arrived to visit him. She had so much warmth and personality that I thought at first she was French, but she turned out to be a nurse from another hospital. She promptly set about, much to our own nurses' initial annoyance, to make the major's bed, to wash him and then to stroke his hair and kiss him. She used to come without fail and repeat this routine every day. And though it may sound gooey in the telling, her affection gave each man in the ward a little thrill of pleasure. You might have thought we would be jealous, but such was not the case, and she became the mascot and the darling of our ward so that we were out of sorts as much as the major, who incidentally was married, if she did not put in an appearance.

Some time after this there occurred in our ward the biggest news event in weeks. A new nurse arrived. She was very pretty. Her hair

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110



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Enjoy real maple sugar flavor

Nothing can match the flavor of real maple sugar. And we make sure you *get* it in Vermont Maid Syrup.

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Vermont Maid Syrup



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Just two tiny "VITAMINS Plus" capsules each day—that's all you need take to get *every one* of the recognized essential vitamins. Full protective amounts of all the vitamins—and iron—you *must* have to enjoy good health!

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To assure full potency, "VITAMINS Plus" comes in 2 tiny capsules instead of less costly tablets or a single capsule. Thus the water-soluble vitamins and iron are separated from the oil-soluble vitamins. This means less chance of chemical reactions which destroy strength. The capsules also prevent destructive air from reaching the vitamins.



Be sure you get the *right* vitamins and iron, and be sure you get them in the *right* form—the "VITAMINS Plus" two-capsule form.

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First in its field, "VITAMINS Plus" is compounded to the most modern formula. As new advances are made in the science of vitamins, its master formula is improved and amplified—so that you can *always* depend on the balanced potency of "VITAMINS Plus."

Remember—you cannot feel or look your best when you lack the indispensable vitamins and iron which you can get so easily in "VITAMINS Plus." Get the best—get "VITAMINS Plus." Let it help *you* feel and look *your* best!

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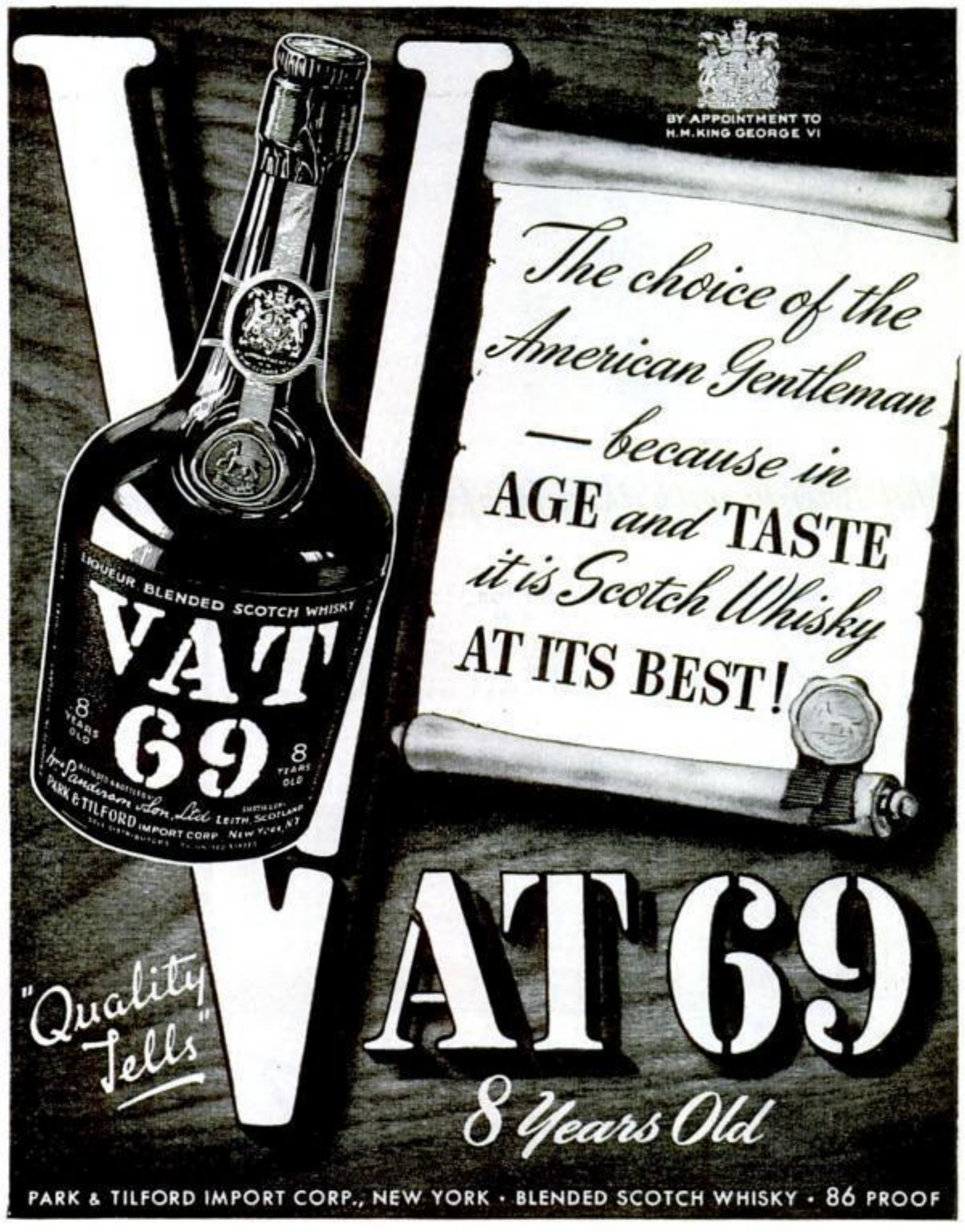
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Blonde night nurse occupied Belden's thoughts. Privately he named her Miss Beautiful Body. Other nurses: Miss Sterilized Smile, Miss Granite Face, Miss Lonelyheart.

SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

was golden silk; her eyes were like the Mediterranean outside, and her lips were always laughing. She was just over 20 and shone with good health and the joy of service. What the rest of her was like you can imagine from the nickname I privately gave her: Miss Beautiful Body.

For some time I never saw her close at hand, for she had been assigned to duty at the other end of the ward. The only times she ever spoke to me was when she brought the pills around in the middle of the morning. She would fly up to my bed, place the pills on the table, say: "Vitamins! Sunshine!" and then fly on again before I could say hello.

But even from a distance I could see that she had brought a change into the ward. Patients who had been wont to fall off into a surly sleep after breakfast would now remain wide-awake, vying with each other in saintly cheerfulness, all in the hopes that she would come and make their beds. They would practice little dodges to gain her attention, such as dropping a pack of cigarets on the floor when she was going by so that she would have to stop and pick it up. And whenever they thought they could get away with it, they would pass up a back-rub by a ward boy and later on innocently tell her that their backs had not yet been rubbed.

Admiration from a distance

For a long time I admired her from a distance, never getting to speak to her at all. I used to say to myself: "Oh, she's just a bit of fluff with a nice body," but somehow that wouldn't do and I wished more than ever that she would come down the ward and speak to me for five or 10 minutes. Then, one afternoon, I found her suddenly digging around under my bed among the pile of papers, musette bags and stray cigarets there.

When she stood up, her face flushed from her exertions, she said: "You're the messiest patient in this ward."

"He needs a wife," a young naval ensign who was visiting me said.

"Oh, he'll get caught someday," she said, turning toward me and laughing.

"I wouldn't consider it getting caught," I said.

When she started to go, I tried to think of something to say to hold her there.

"Would you marry me?" I blurted out.

She looked me up and down in an appraising manner.

"Sure," she said, smiling.

After that it became a game. She was kind enough to take the initiative herself, for I guess she saw that I was pretty low.

She would come around at least two or three times a day, and she would say: "Well, when is it going to be?" Or another time she would say: "Haven't changed your mind yet, have you?" I would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

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Courtesy Is Not Unpatriotic

BEFORE Pearl Harbor when you traveled by Flagship for pleasure, as well as for business, you received personalized attention and courtesy from American Airlines. You expected thoughtfulness and civility as an integral part of American's service, as much as the time-saving advantage of air travel.

Then came the impact of war! Suddenly transport planes became so priceless that about half of American's Flagships were diverted to the military emergency. But the domestic transportation problem continues to increase in size and importance.

The four employees pictured above are typical of American's thousands, all of whom believe that politeness, and consideration of passenger welfare, *are needed and appreciated even more now than in peacetime.*

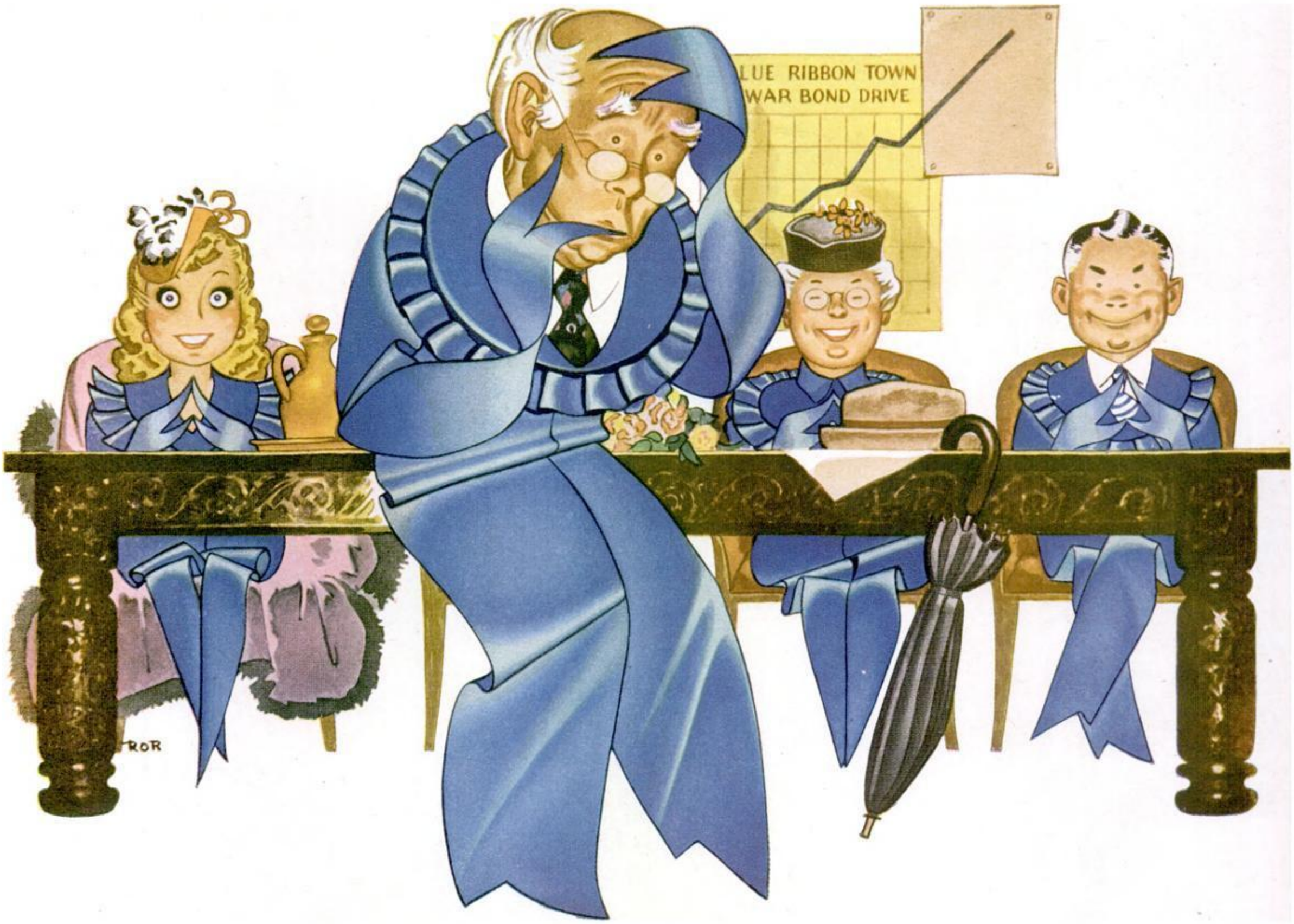
American's passengers are *people*—men and women who are working hard under the war strain. Aboard Flagships are technicians, scientists, Army and Navy personnel, manufacturers, engineers and many others who are more strenuously active than ever before. Bodies and minds become fatigued. Since you *must* travel, it is American's duty to make your trip as restful as possible.

In the air you are detached from the earth; free from the grind-on-the-ground. To make your Flagship trips interludes of relaxation is the aim of everyone in this organization.

American Airlines regrets there are not enough Flagships to serve many more essential travelers.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

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Said Professor McVitty, "Dear, dear what a pity—
Now, *why* did I summon the War Bond Committee?"

"It seems I had something important to say,
But I fear I'm a bit absent-minded today—
And I can't for the life of me seem to recall
The reason for holding this meeting at all.

"Blue Ribbon Town's Bond Drive is crowned with success
So that isn't it... Ah, but is it? Yes, yes!
It comes back to me now—friends, the reason we're here
Is to toast our success with Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer!"

* * *



33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

There's 100 years of brewing skill in every delicious drop of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. *Full-flavor blending* from 33 fine brews gives Pabst its unchanging *goodness*—its matchless taste and flavor. Order it with confidence . . . serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



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HAVE A BIT OF HOLLYWOOD RIGHT IN YOUR HOME

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as Hollywood does, let French's help *keep* your canary a happy singer!



OWN A CANARY... *THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!*

FIRST APPLICATIONS
relieve torture—aid healing of
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'Invisible' Liquid Proves Great Success!



Here's a Doctor's remarkable formula—Zemo—a stainless *liquid* which appears *invisible* on your skin—yet so highly medicated that first applications promptly relieve itching, burning of Eczema, Psoriasis, and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing.

Zemo positively won't show on skin all the time it is helping it. Apply any time. First trial convinces! 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases.

ZEMO





SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

ask her where she wanted to go for the honeymoon and she would say that was up to me.

In this way the time went much faster. To amuse myself and her, I started to write a letter about our honeymoon. I knew a romantic cliff near the town of Taormina in Sicily from which the Cyclops is said to have thrown his rock at Odysseus, and I picked this spot for our honeymoon. As I continued writing in this letter all the things that we would do, I began to notice a subtle change was taking place within me. I saw that the letter which had started out in an amusing vein had somewhere in the middle turned serious and I was putting down all the things I had always wanted to do on a honeymoon. That was when I first became frightened. I determined not to give her the letter. I thought also that I would stop playing our game.

Just about that time she was transferred to the night shift, being the only nurse on the ward from 7 at night until 7 in the morning. This somehow made me want to talk to her all the more. The evening hours up till 9 o'clock, when the lights went out, were always the gloomiest hours of the day, and it was then when everyone, including myself, felt most lonely.

So when she appeared that night and paused a moment by my bed and asked in her old vein: "Well, have you decided on the day?" I had an answer ready.

"In these whirlwind affairs," I said, "it is usually the man who pursues the woman. That's impossible in my case so you'll have to pursue me."

"You'd be dead," she said laughing.

"That would be better than the way I am now," I said.

She forked her fingers over my face.

"I'll start tomorrow," she said.

"No, tonight," I said.

I could feel my face getting strained and I guess I must have been flushed. She looked down at me pensively for a moment, then crinkled up her eyes.

"You frighten me," she said.

She went away. I was warm and trembling. It wasn't she that was frightened; it was I. For several hours after the lights went out I imagined that she would come and see me. Of course, she never came and I tossed and turned the rest of the night, having nightmares.

He worries about sentimentality

All the next day I cursed myself up and down for a sentimental fool. I told myself that I was acting like a character out of a ham play, imagining that I was in love with a nurse.

Perhaps you cannot understand how I could get in such a state on the basis of six or seven conversations lasting about three minutes each. I wondered at that myself. I knew that any patient in a hospital for a long time, shut off from friends, might possibly become interested in his nurse. Also I knew that any soldier, cut off from women for a long time and living amidst violence, might be doubly sensitive to a nurse. But I could not say that I was a typical soldier. I had been in a war area for seven continuous years, years of perpetual violence and little tenderness. So I told myself that I was merely breaking down before a woman's kindness.

The next night I lay in bed sleepless, hoping that she would come around and talk to me but restraining myself from ringing the bell that would have brought her. As she made her rounds with her flashlight dimmed by her hand, she saw that I was not asleep. She paused by my bed, just behind me, and whispered: "Can't you sleep?"

"No, on account of you," I said.

Her hand lay on the bed just behind me and I placed my hand on top of hers. She didn't take it away, but walked around the table so that she stood where I could see her, and she was enchanting with the flashlight shining on her golden hair.

"Why do you always tease me?" I asked.

"I am not teasing you," she said.

"Do you mean to say you are serious?" I asked.

"Sure, I'm serious," she said.

I gave her arm a little squeeze and she patted me affectionately and went away.

After she had gone, I found myself crying. Then I fell into a troubled nightmare.

When I woke up the next morning, Smitty was by my bed and quite excited. He told me that the nurse's boyfriend, who had brought her to the hospital in his jeep at 7 o'clock the night before, had several hours later been injured in a jeep accident. He had asked to be brought to our hospital, and during the night he had been carried in, badly smashed and scarcely recognizable.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

REVOLUTION *over 20 Years Ago!*
LEADERSHIP, *TODAY . . . for*
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Remember dealers receive new stock at regular intervals. If you don't at first find the brassiere by Maiden Form you want—look again.

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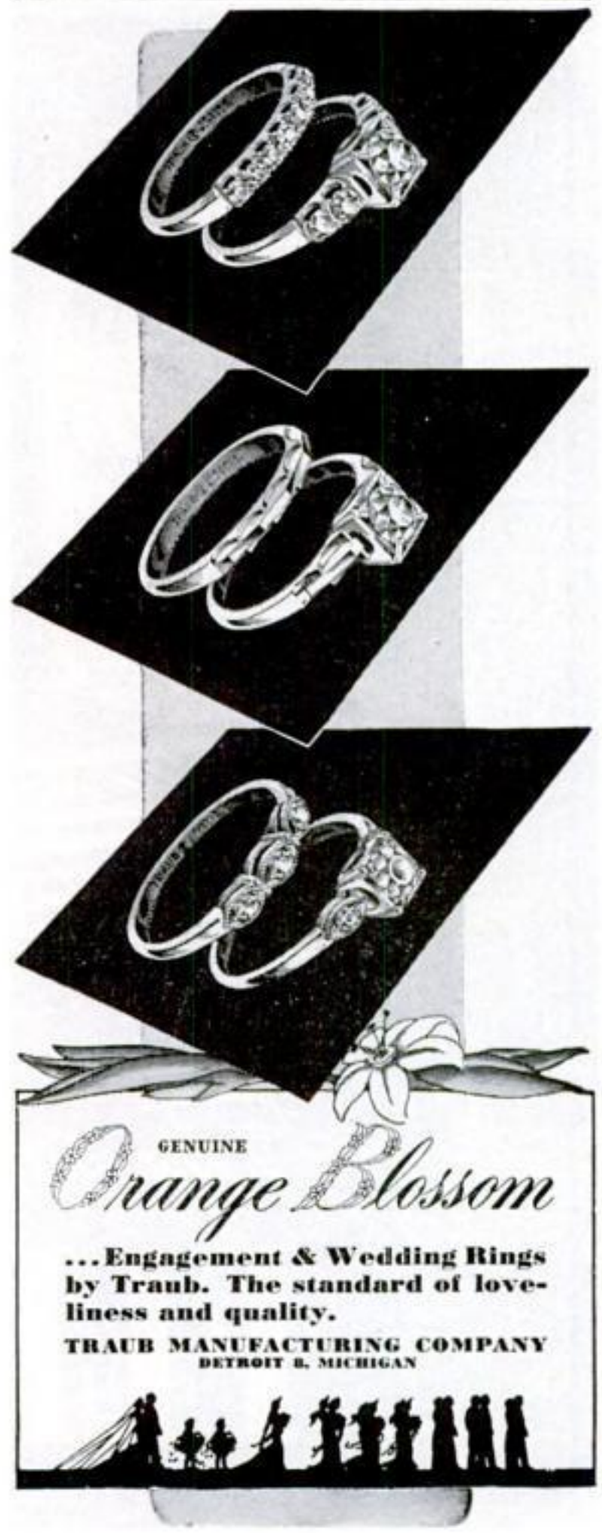
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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES

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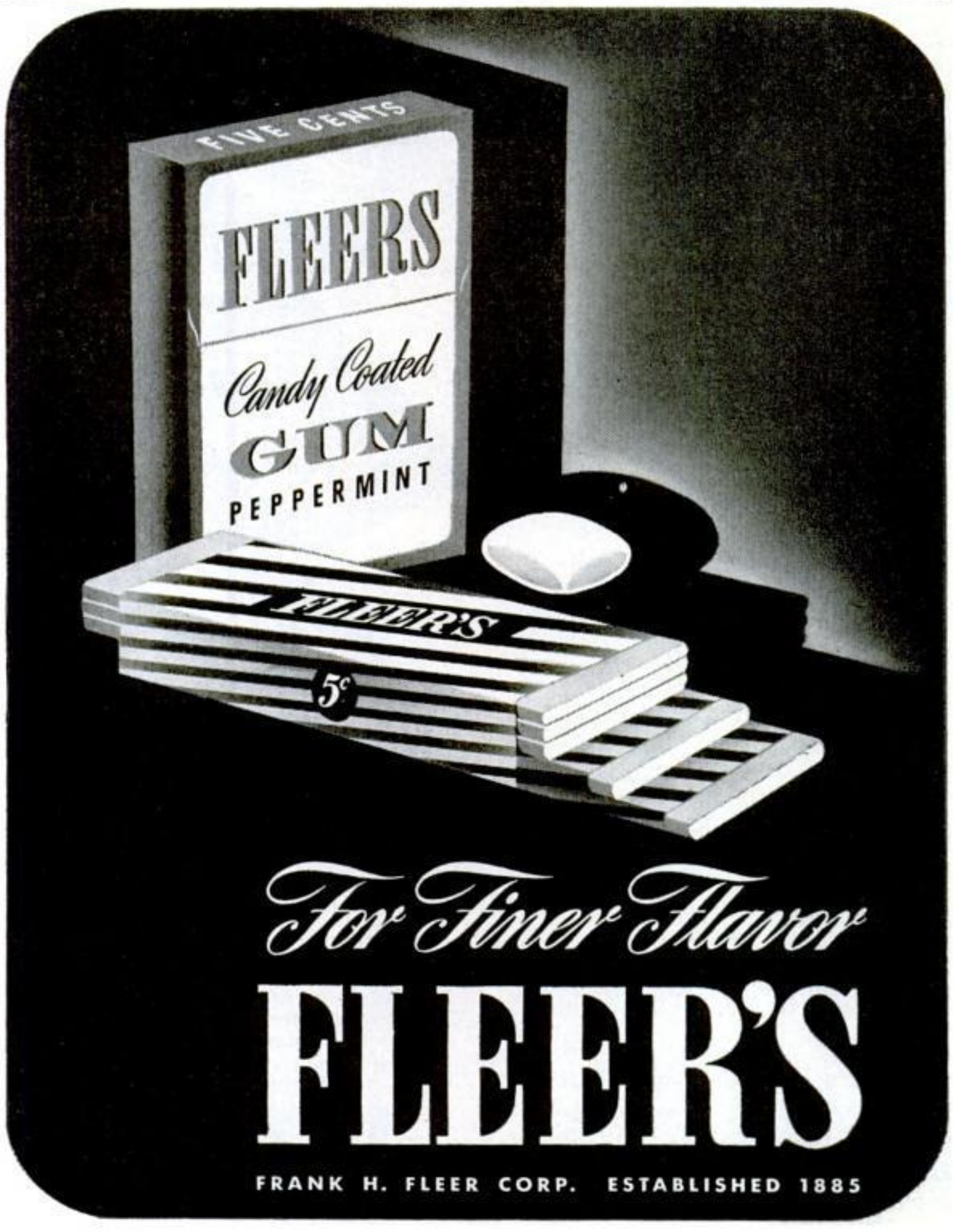
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SEQUEL TO SALERNO (continued)

"She's in there now, sitting beside him," said Smitty. "Poor kid, she won't leave until he regains consciousness."

It came as a kind of shock to find she had a boyfriend. I had never thought of such a thing. But in a way I was glad. Here was something that forced me to stop all my childish romanticizing. After this, I told myself, I will look at her objectively.

And for a while I did. I discovered things I hadn't seen before. She took a kind of joy in performing services. Every night when she came on duty, she stopped by each bed, but her greetings were not the mere "How are you tonight?" They were personal greetings, suited to each individual patient and meant for him alone.

I saw that she was working like a subtle chemistry through the ward, producing changes in everyone. When she came on duty, the sad aura of the evening was dispersed, as rain clouds are blown away by a fresh wind. Even the melancholy long-time pensioners sat up to call loud and cheerful greetings to her. And something that had never happened before: men sang.

When the lights were out, her personality stole through the ward like a strange magic. Then, with her heels no longer clop-clopping, she would enter the ward on soft, muted feet, and make her way from bed to bed. Her flashlight played on her soft gold hair and her face shone white and mysterious above her dark nurse's cloak, and she was a vision of too much beauty. A silent watcher from my bed, I would gaze in stricken awe as she bent in anxious tenderness over a newly wounded man, or picked up a fallen blanket or patted back into place a sliding sheet. And at last it was too much and I knew that she was good and sweet and true.

Conversation at night

And when she paused by my bed one night and I saw her throat leaping like a white marble column from her tight-clasped cloak, I could not help but ask in sad dismay:

"Do patients always fall in love with their nurse?"

"No," she said, and her voice was soft like a caress, "that happens only in storybooks."

"It's happened to this patient," I said.

"You're kidding me," she said, and I knew she was being generous.

"No," I said, "I may be kidding myself, but I'm not kidding you."

"Yes, you're kidding me. So you can write about me," she said.

"No," I said. "I wouldn't do that."

"Please don't kid me," she said.

And when she went away, I strained against all the diabolic complications of the machine that was holding me prisoner. And I cursed the day that I had been wounded.

The next day they brought her boyfriend into the ward, and much to my distaste his bed was just in back of mine. She used to come into the ward early then, before her scheduled time for duty, and sit by his bed and bathe his bruised face with quiet impersonal fingers. It added salt to my wounds but I liked her there behind me nonetheless and I appreciated her for what she was.

About this time, the doctors took me out of traction and put me in a cast which encased me from my foot to my chest, giving me the appearance of a white marble monument. I knew that this meant that I now was ready for transportation and would soon be leaving. Although I had not been home in 10 years, I did not welcome the opportunity, for I was sad at the thought of leaving her.

That same night, when I was low and blue, she came on duty early to see her boyfriend. Acutely aware of her there by the bed behind me and every now and then catching snatches of her conversation, I suddenly was plunged into the deepest kind of melancholy and overcome by loneliness. I felt that I could not stay in the ward another minute. I had the ward boys bring a wheel chair and I rolled myself down the corridor.

I was in a bad state. I stopped close against a wall and hoped nobody would bother me. Finally I found an alcove off the corridor and huddled there in the dark, alone. I felt that I could not go back to the ward, for I was fed to the point of nausea with the imprisoning walls, the patients' faces and the same old talk. So at last I asked the ward boy to wheel my bed in the alcove so I could sleep alone. It was a simple matter, and he went away to do it.

I waited but he did not return. Instead she glided through the door. Instantly the alcove seemed touched with magic.

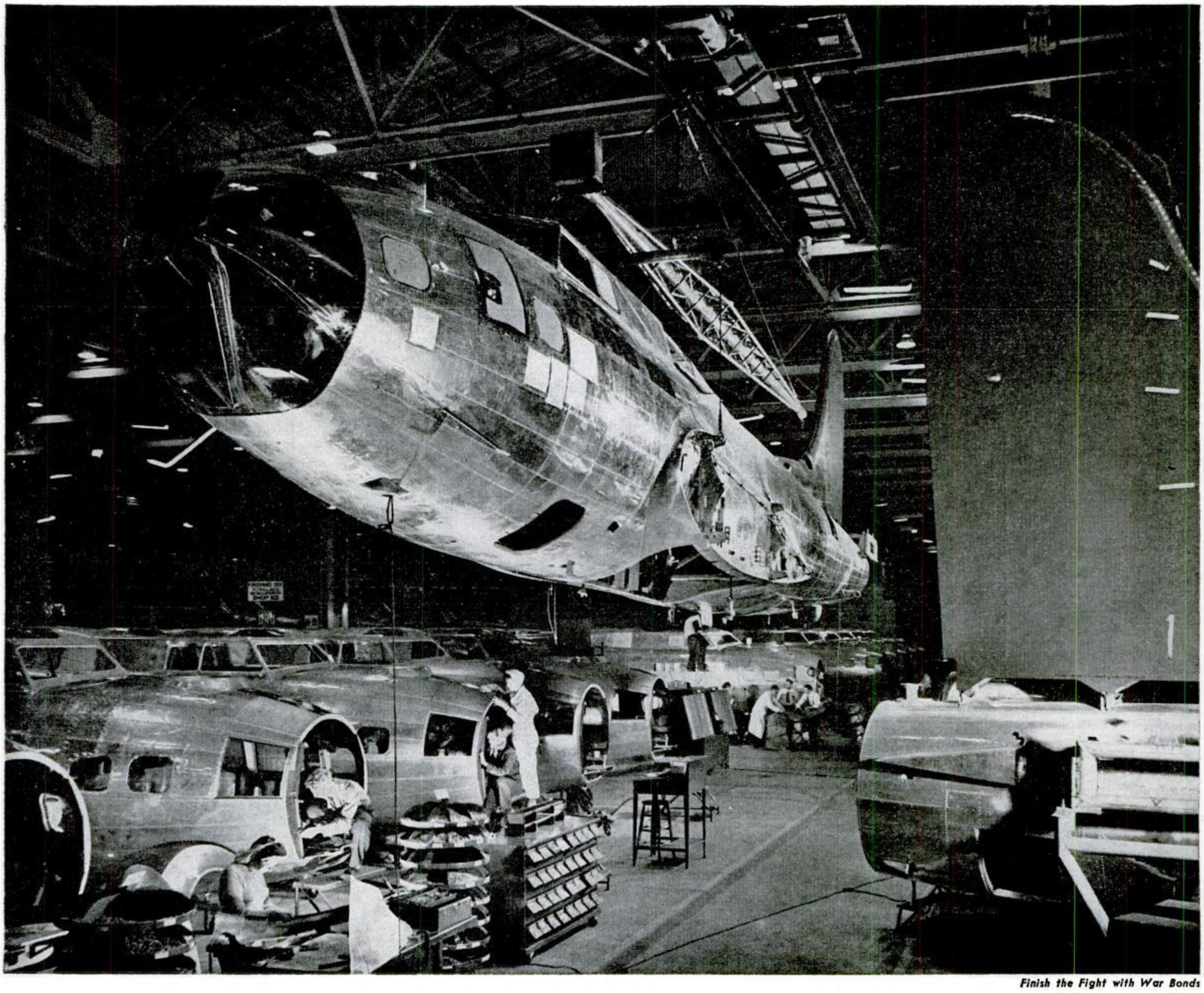
She let her light trail along the ground and she stood looking down at me with a shadowy smile on her indistinct face.

"Why do you want to sleep in here?" she said. Her tone was puzzled but kindly.

The light was again on her golden hair and she was like an old

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Flight without Wings

There is no roar of engines when the great, gleaming fuselage of a Boeing Flying Fortress makes its first flight. Smoothly and quietly it glides above the compact rows of partly completed bodies to the final assembly line.

After the overhead crane has set it down in position, the wings, tail surfaces and landing gear will be joined to the fuselage and the big bomber will be ready for the air.

Thrilling even to the uninitiated, this scene holds a far deeper significance for the trained technical man. It typifies an entirely *new development* in production engineering — a major Boeing contribution to wartime speed and efficiency.

The Boeing system emphasizes short-flow, multiple-line production. It provides maximum use of every foot of plant space. It allows for flexibility in design — vital to rapidly changing combat needs. *And it turns out planes faster.* Boeing's rate of production today is more than 10 times what it was the month before Pearl Harbor.

Boeing production engineers have proved that by completing each section of a plane separately, and bringing the sections together only in the last stages of assembly, both space and time are saved. After a plane receives its wings it occupies several times as much room as when it is in sections. That is why even the complicated electric wiring of a Fortress is fully assembled and installed before the final joining of wings and fuselage.

Without such basic innovations in design, engineering and manufacture, Boeing could never have achieved the swiftly multiplied production that now darkens enemy skies. True today, it will be true of any product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

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USE ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

VICKS INHALER

CHILD'S COLDS To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Good for adults. **VICKS VAPORUB**



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vision. I was choking with the beauty and the nearness of her and I could not speak. I looked at her across a gulf of aching hope but could only glare.

"If you're going to ask me why," I finally blurted out, "then never mind. I won't sleep in here; I'll go back to the ward."

She drew closer and stood smiling gently down at me. I could not help it. I shivered inside my cast.

"Are you lonely?" she said.

It was not a question. It was a statement. She had not dragged it out of me; she had not forced me to say it; she had said it for me; and I silently thanked her for it.

The wonder of her overcame me. I took her hand and pressed my lips into it. Then I laid my cheek against it and caressed it.

She said nothing. She did not comfort me. She did not utter words of practiced sympathy. She did not say: "Poor boy! I understand." She did not make me think I was taking advantage of her. She was just she and she was perfect.

I slept alone in the alcove that night. She came back later and we talked for a brief while. I did not take her hand again, but only talked with her. She did not say much, but she did me good.

The next day they came to take me away. She was off duty but she was sitting by the bed of her boyfriend when the litter-bearers came to fetch me. As they wrestled me out of bed for the last time, and I caught a quick glimpse of her making gentle dabs with a washrag at her friend's face, I could not help but smile ruefully at myself. I recalled a story by Laurence Stallings that I had once read about a wounded lieutenant in the last war who fell in love with his nurse. At the end of the story the nurse had married the lieutenant's doctor. So it was all just like the storybooks. I sighed, blinking back a sentimental tear, and called goodby to Doctor A behind me.

Then they picked me off the floor—she did not say goodby—and bore me down muted corridors and there was no pain. They carried me out under a palm tree and slid me in an ambulance and I thought of all the wrong things I'd said and all the right things I'd left unsaid; and there was no pain.

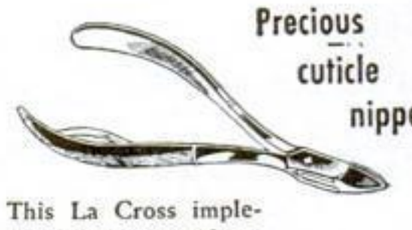
As the driver drove with practiced gentleness through the streets of the port, the man beside me sang in my ear his happiness at going to America. But I only lay there and thought: I am going away from her.

The ambulance bore us down to a dock; soldiers bound me to a litter with ropes; and sailors raised me high over their heads onto a gangway. Then I saw once more the blue of the Mediterranean and explored the unaccustomed vastness of the sky and felt the rain falling from it like teardrops on my face, and suddenly I exulted in having burst my prison walls, in feeling the largeness of the world again and in knowing that America was waiting for me.



Now back on his feet, Jack Belden walks without crutches. However, because his leg is still stiff and sore, he uses a cane. While he was in the hospital he gained 20 pounds.

La Cross



Precious cuticle nipper

This La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the duration it may be difficult to replace . . . at the present time, no La Cross implements are being made.

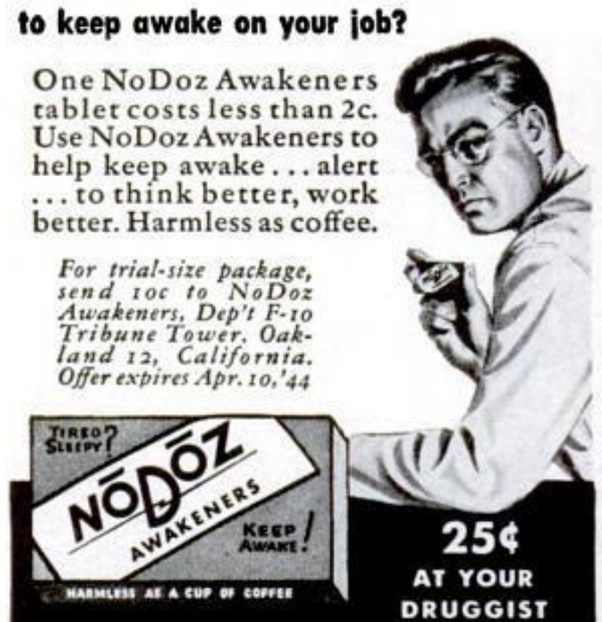
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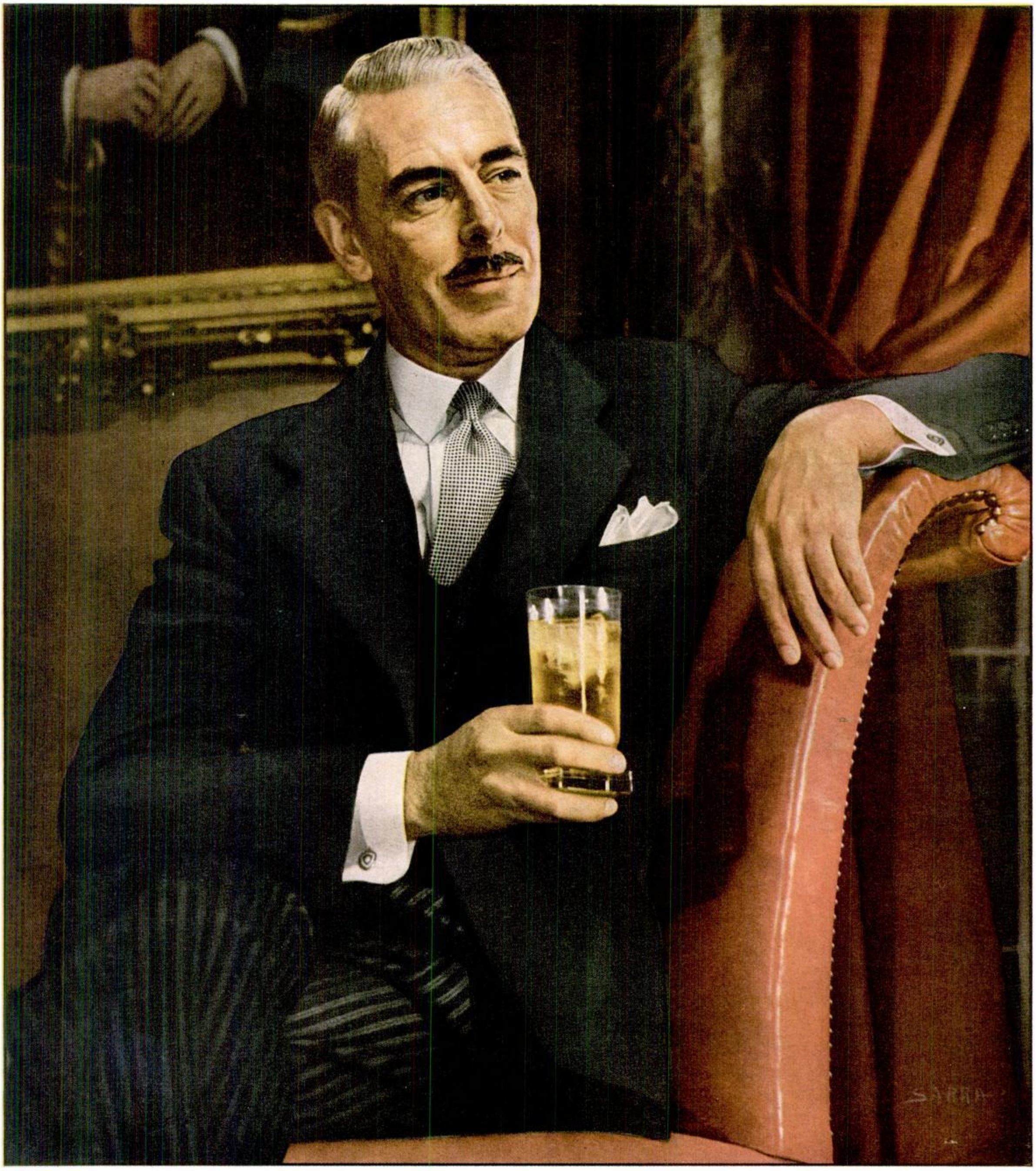
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This distinctive whiskey..."Custom"Blended for those who can afford the finest...is so *rare*...so *smooth*... so *mellow* . . . that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America . . . each bottle of Lord Calvert is numbered and registered at the distillery. A "Custom" Blended whiskey, 86.8 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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Third down···and ONE to go!

SOMEDAY, maybe not until after the war, the full story of the grand job being done by our submarines will become known. At sea for weeks, ranging thousands of miles from bases to the very shores of Japan, reports of their accomplishments filter back slowly. They can't broadcast their exploits—and the Japs won't.

One short news release says—"One of our subs stalked three Jap destroyers at anchor, sank them, and also a fourth which pursued her."

★ ★ ★

The men and women in Thompson plants may not fight alongside American boys in fox holes, tanks, planes, and submarines, but they can have the satisfaction of knowing they have some "part"—a vital part—in every land, sea, and air action against the enemy.

They have good reason for this feeling because the hundreds of different precision parts they make in quantities of millions, find their way into every type of military equipment that uses internal combustion power.

Mechanized warfare is a war of "horsepower." Superiority in horsepower is as vital as superiority in manpower. The precision work and productive effort of each of the 20,000 Thompson workers is a big factor in giving Allied Nations this superiority—an advantage which means paying less lives and casualties for ultimate Victory.

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THOMPSON AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.

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UNABLE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN EASTER AND CIRCUS MAGAZINE COVERS, EDITOR GINGER ROGERS DREAMS SHE IS A CHILD STANDING BEFORE MAGAZINE CONTAINING A CIRCUS

"LADY IN THE DARK"

Its dream sequences are the most elaborate and costly ever filmed

Lady in the Dark is Paramount's $3,000,000 Technicolor filmization of Moss Hart's and Kurt Weill's musical play about a lady and psychiatry. It is the story of Liza Elliott, an editor of a swank fashion magazine, and her involvement with three men—the elderly publisher to whom she is engaged, her attractive advertising manager and a glamorous movie star. Unable to solve her muddled sex life, she goes to a psychoanalyst. From this point on *Lady in the Dark* is a staggering procession of dream sequences through which Liza gropes her way back to normalcy.

Lady in the Dark was a subtle and endearing musical play. As a movie, it is mainly a Technicolor riot. In the role of Liza Elliott, Ginger Rogers lacks the bounce and versatility that distinguished Gertrude Lawrence's stage performance. But the Rogers interpretation has its own ingratiating charm as well as an extremely fine view of her shapely legs (*see page 125*). On this and the following pages LIFE presents scenes from the movie's elaborate circus sequence.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

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"Get in line, brother. Service men come first."

DR. GRABOW

THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE



America's

ONE and ONLY

Pre-Smoked

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PIPE

They're amazingly sweeter from the very first puff because Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine smokes every DR. GRABOW pipe. Yes, they're *Pre-Smoked* with Edgeworth tobacco. And so... no bite, no bitter taste, no breaking in. If your dealer cannot supply you, remember that right now a large percentage of DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes go to service men overseas.

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"Lady in the Dark" (continued)



Watching two trained dogs being led by a long-nosed clown, Ginger, dressed as a schoolgirl, experiences the childhood thrill of seeing the circus. This entire sequence takes 13 minutes.



Clown dressed as frog cavorts in front of Ginger, while wooden horses and their riders speed around the ring. This miniature circus has all the noise and hurly-burly of an actual circus.

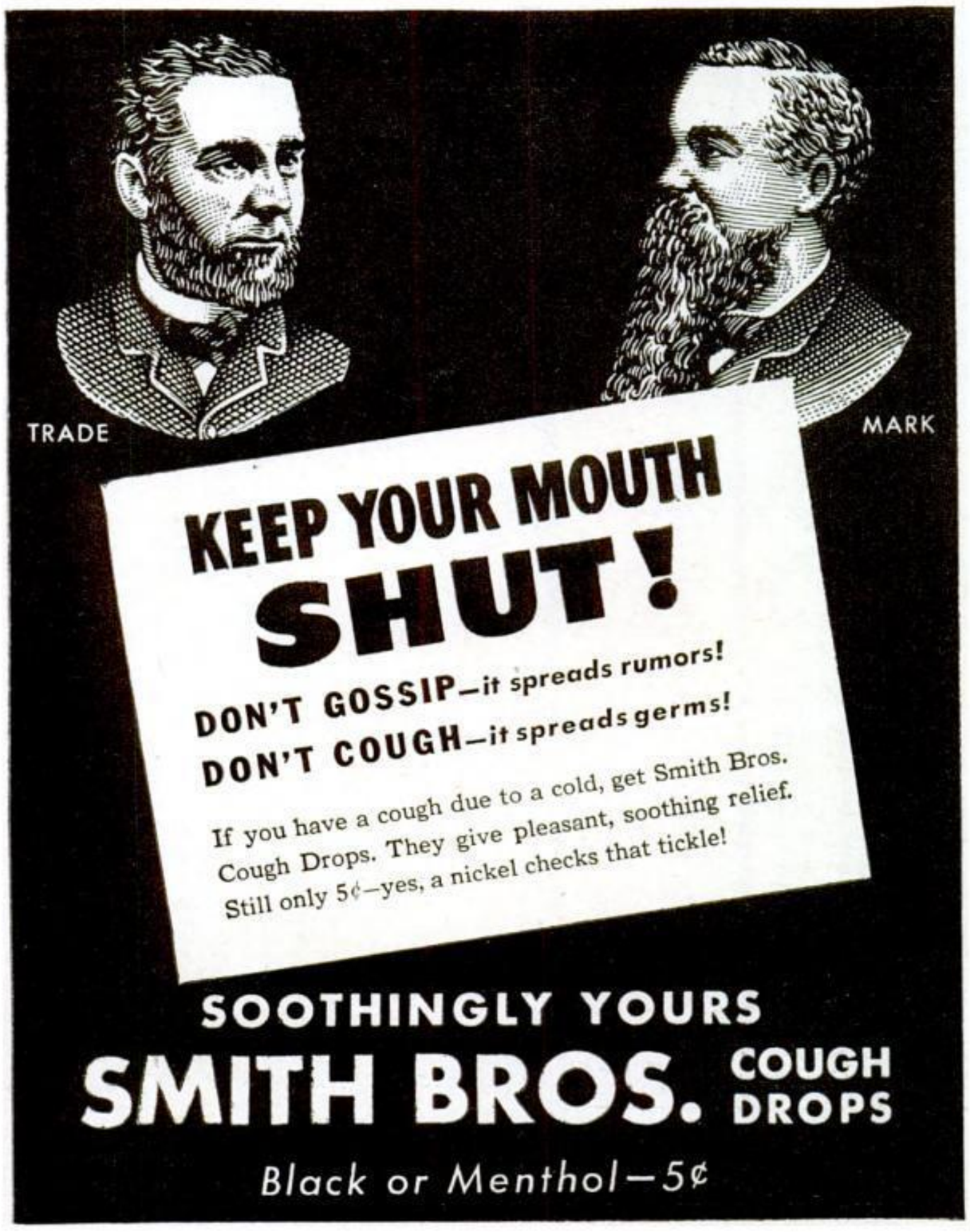


Watching photographer (a caricature of Mischa Auer) snap a Veronica Lake-like fashion model, Ginger suddenly realizes that he is one of the staff photographers of her magazine. Most of her intimate friends and business associates appear satirically in this sequence. In the stage version of *Lady in the Dark*, the role of photographer was played by Danny Kaye.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"Lady in the Dark" (continued)



Ginger's best friend walks up to her on huge stilts. She is one of the magazine's editors. She thought it was ridiculous for Ginger to take her problems to psychoanalyst.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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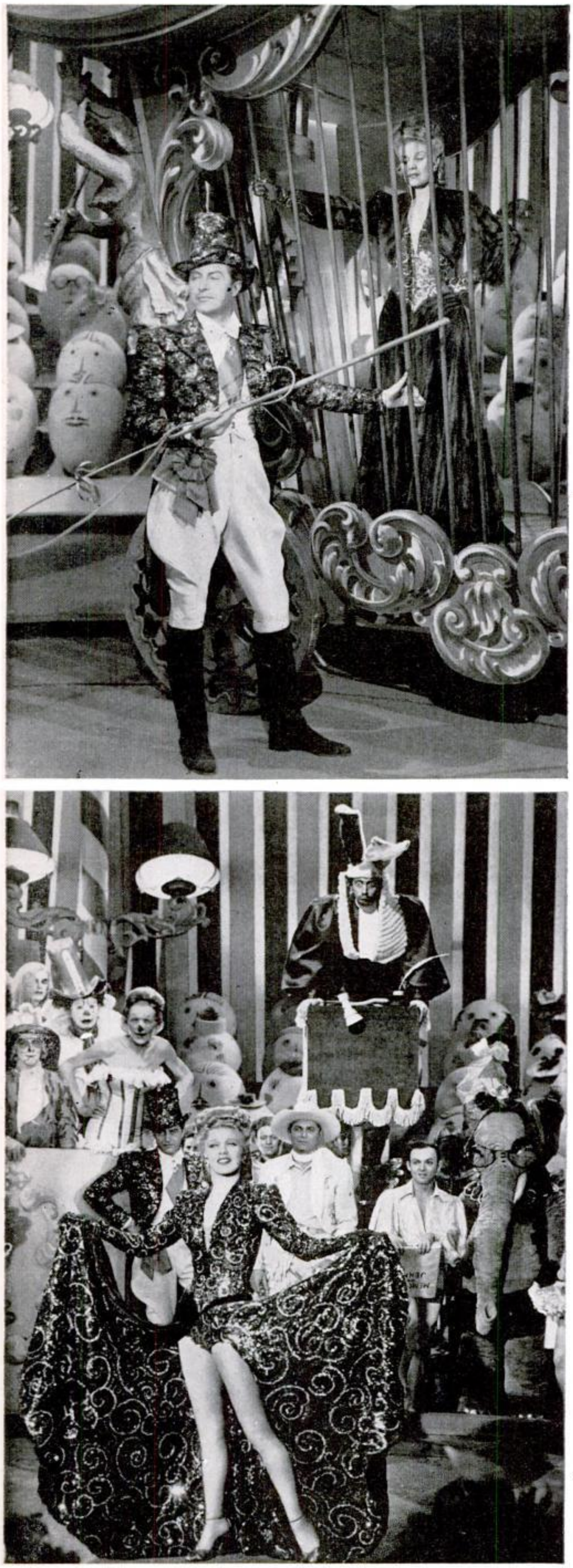


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Refueling is a big job. On our fighting fronts, it must be done in a big way. This means big trucks . . . heavy-duty trucks . . . *Autocar Trucks!* . . . For every front, Autocar provides special-purpose vehicles for our Army, our Navy, our Marine Corps, and our Air Forces. Heavy-duty equipment for heavy-duty jobs, today's Autocars herald the famous trucks that you will buy and use for rugged dependability and low-cost-per-mile performance when the war is won.
U. S. WAR BONDS
Your Big Job Today!
AUTOCAR TRUCKS for Heavy Duty
MANUFACTURED 'N ARDMORE PA. • SERVICED BY FACTORY BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST

"Lady in the Dark" (continued)



Brought to trial in cage, Ginger Rogers is exhibited to a court of clowns *et al.* by the prosecutor. Below: Ginger, in her best leg shot, singing famous *The Saga of Jenny*:

Jenny made her mind up at thirty-nine
She would take a trip to the Argentine.
She was only on vacation but the Latins agree—
*Jenny was the one who started the Good Neighbor Policy.**

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Golf Hill ski tow carries skiers easily to the top, except for jerky stops en route, when the unskilled are tossed into a snow bank. The Smiths are leading the 800-ft. ascent (*above*), which takes about three minutes. Whiteface Mountain looms beyond ski jump, which is 88 feet long.

"Winkie" starts down the first and gentle half of Golf Hill slope, reaching the bottom without upsetting. The powdery snow was deep and packed, just as skiers like it best. The Club sends out picnic lunches, complete with chef on skis, for those guests who want to ski uninterrupted.

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WINKIE MAXWELL-SMITH LANDS FLAT AFTER CAPSIZING DON



LINDA SCHEERER WASHES MONTY TORRE'S FACE IN THE SNOW



DR. TORRE THEN GOES AFTER LINDA SCHEERER

Life Goes to Lake Placid

Winter sportsmen have fun in the snow at famous mountain resort

Back in 1905, long before Americans were talking of Christies, stem turns and slaloms, a little group of ski enthusiasts was holding forth at Lake Placid, a spot in New York's Adirondacks already famous as a summer resort. This year the place marked up its most profitable season since 1932, with 10,000 visitors between Christmas and the beginning of March. Hundreds more were turned away because the 11 hotels, 34 guesthouses and the famous Lake Placid Club were unable to get help. To avert a strain on their larders, hotels asked guests for their ration books.

With the exception of bobsledding, the sports program was as elaborate as ever. There were ice carnivals and hockey in the Olympic Arena, horse racing on frozen Mirror Lake, ski races, jumping contests. For active participants, there was a strenuous schedule to wear them down to the point where they had to go home for a rest: skiing in every form, skating, snowshoeing, dogsledding, sliding and sleighing.

On a recent weekend LIFE sent Jack Wilkes, photographer from its Los Angeles office, a native Californian unacquainted with snow, to document the record-breaking activity at Placid. He found liveliest guests were the six young people pictured here. They were Jack Willson and his wife, Fan, of St. Albans, Vt., who were honeymooning; Don Maxwell-Smith, of New York and his wife "Winkie," Linda Scheerer of Llewellyn Park, N. J., who was staying at the Club with her parents, and Dr. "Monty" Torre of the Club staff.



LEAVING THE TOW, SKIERS TRY THE ASCENT THE HARD WAY. HILL IS FLOODLIT AT NIGHT FOR THE INDEFATIGABLE

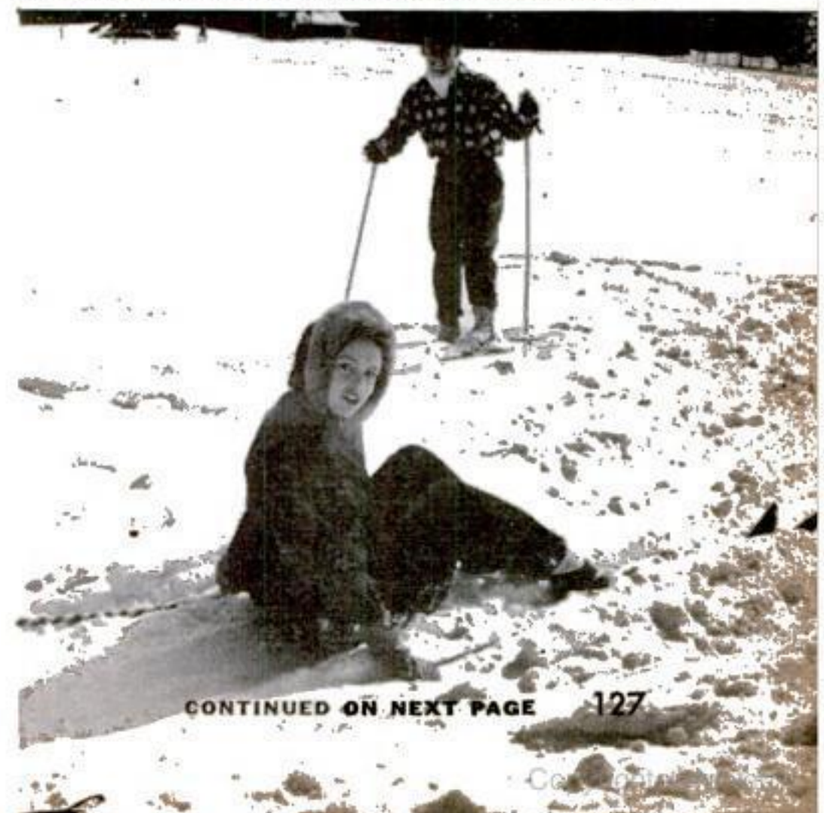
FAN WILLSON PUTS ON FIRST SKIS WITH HER HUSBAND'S HELP



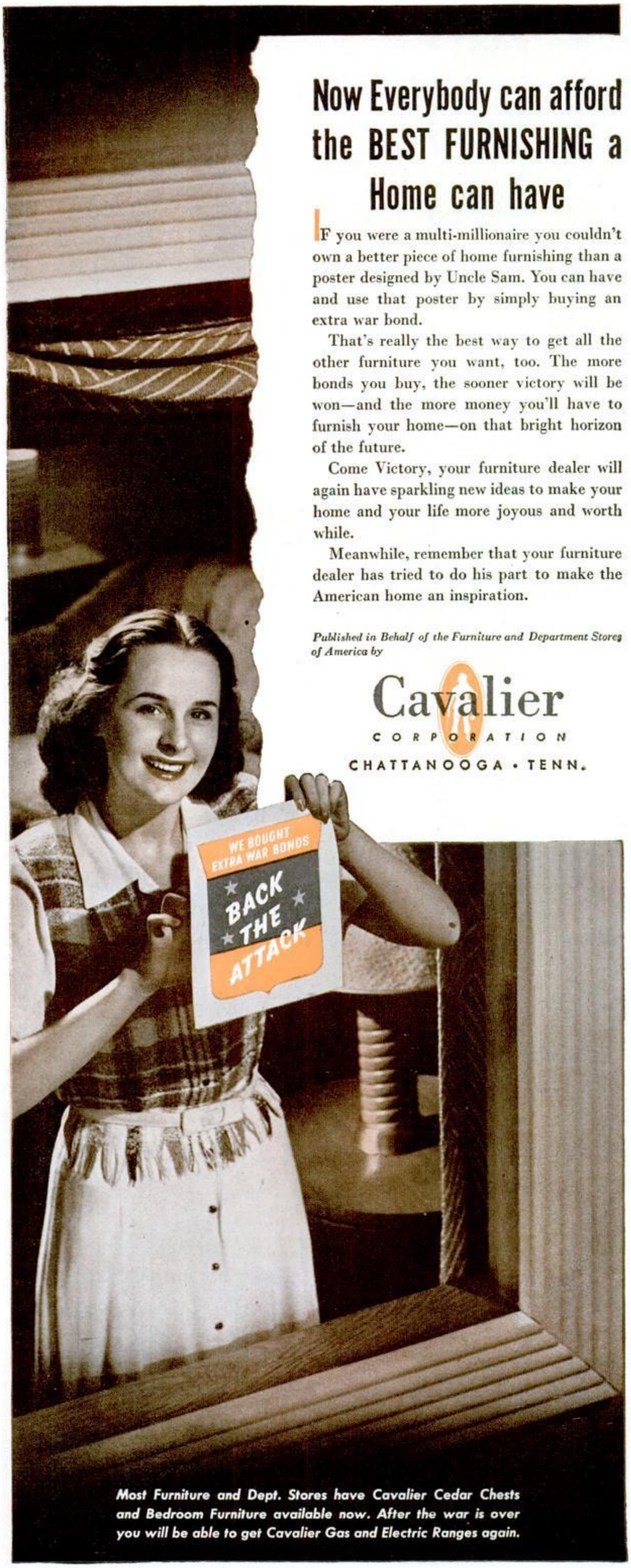
SMITH PULLS FAN UP GOLF HILL IN MOUNTAINEER FASHION



SITZMARK FEATURED FAN'S SKIING TECHNIQUE



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Now Everybody can afford the BEST FURNISHING a Home can have

IF you were a multi-millionaire you couldn't own a better piece of home furnishing than a poster designed by Uncle Sam. You can have and use that poster by simply buying an extra war bond.

That's really the best way to get all the other furniture you want, too. The more bonds you buy, the sooner victory will be won—and the more money you'll have to furnish your home—on that bright horizon of the future.

Come Victory, your furniture dealer will again have sparkling new ideas to make your home and your life more joyous and worth while.

Meanwhile, remember that your furniture dealer has tried to do his part to make the American home an inspiration.

Published in Behalf of the Furniture and Department Stores of America by

Cavalier
CORPORATION
CHATTANOOGA • TENN.

Most Furniture and Dept. Stores have Cavalier Cedar Chests and Bedroom Furniture available now. After the war is over you will be able to get Cavalier Gas and Electric Ranges again.



Winkie rides on her husband's shoulders. Both are good skaters, waltzed expertly together on ice. Rink is a tennis court in summer. Part of Club shows in background



Linda slips and Dr. Torre catches her. Skating casualties outnumbered skiing, with a wrenched knee for "Monty," strained back for Don. They went right out again

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Eight Huskies pilot dogsled parties over unfrequented lanes. They announce coming by bells jingling from their harnesses. Driver is a Frenchman named Suzanne.



Boys get shoved over ice in chairs on runners, girls furnishing push. Every Sunday afternoon trotting horses race over a snow-covered course on nearby Mirror Lake.



Skijoring up from village, Linda Scheerer and Monty Torre put in strenuous morning. Expert skijorers guide the horse themselves from skis, but this pair didn't try it.



Sportsmen flop before fire in Club lounge, winding up their strenuous outdoor activities with evening of Chinese checkers. Room has five fireplaces, is paneled in pine.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS
AUNT JEMIMAS PROVIDE A WARM WELCOME





"Folks SMILE from ear to ear when they eats my AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES!"



RECIPE

ORANGE SAUCE ON AUNT JEMIMAS!

A tested, taste-applauded idea for a nourishing new main dish . . . or as a dessert surprise! You'll be serving it often!

ORANGE SAUCE FOR 5

¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups water
⅓ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
4 teaspoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon butter

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Then place in double boiler and cook 15 minutes. Stir in other ingredients, and serve hot over Aunt Jemima pancakes. It's a delicious combination! (Tip: If you're serving 'em for dessert, make your Aunt Jemimas in the tiny 2 inch dessert size.)

GOOD ANYTIME — *Specially for lunch and supper!*



FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

GET BOTH the Red box for pancakes and waffles — the Yellow box for buckwheats

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Here's the lowdown on Collins...Kay...Conover



PRODUCER-DIRECTOR of radio's Kate Smith Hour, Ted owns one of the biggest collections of angling equipment in the country. But he usually frees the fish after catching it! Other enthusiasms: mystery yarns, the comfort of old clothes, the better taste of Regents. "You'll go a long way," he avers, "before you find a cigarette as mild."



SINGING COMEDIENNE Beatrice never took a voice lesson. A stock company trouper at 7, she haunted performances by Anna Held and Lillian Russell, now reproduces their moods in her own renditions of Gay Nineties songs. Petite Beatrice dotes on Regent's tallness. "Regents are over 20% longer," she reminds you, "naturally mean more value."



HARRY, WHOSE LUSCIOUS Cover Girls are a national institution, attended Notre Dame for exactly one day, quit book larnin' to become a "collar ad" model, then opened his now famous model agency. Harry, who knows how to pick 'em, picks Regent's crushproof box for special praise. "Tops!" he exclaims. "Just like a custom-made cigarette case."





ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better tasting! Multiple Blending is the reason—an exclusive Regent process that makes Regents *really* mild, always so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. *They cost no more than other leading brands.*

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

COCONUT INDIAN

Sirs:

The old Indian chief (*right*) appears to be very sad and ill. He is not what he seems, however, for he is actually my 11-year-old daughter Jill (*left*). His head is a carved coconut, and my daughter's head is under the pillow.

FRANKLIN E. BUMP JR.
Wausau, Wis.





BRIDESMAIDS

Sirs:

Lovely Shirley Brockbank (*left*) had no trouble finding attendants for her wedding. She enlisted her eight pretty sisters. Left to right, they are: Ila, Helen, Elinor, Patty Lee, Mary Carol, Nancy Dawn, Elsie Joyce and Barbara Kay.

J. R. HODSON
Provo, Utah

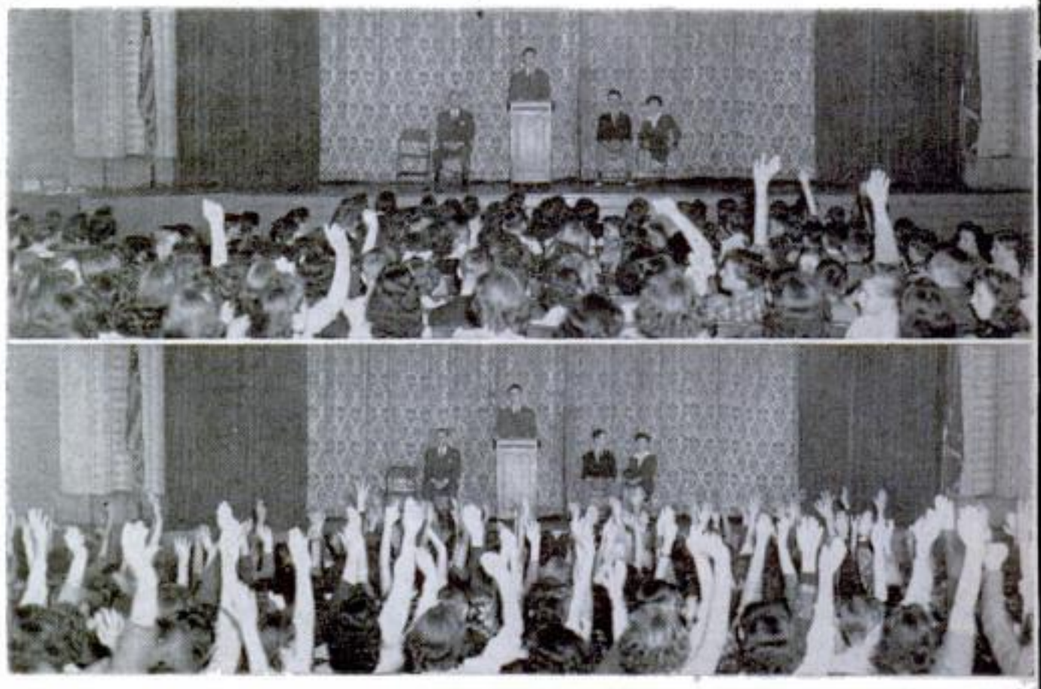


LASTING PEACE?

Sirs:

Students at the Pekin Community High School, before a lecture by Harris Wofford, 17, take a vote on the chances of a lasting peace after this war. The upper picture shows the ayes, the lower the nays. Wofford, a Scarsdale, N. Y. boy soon to join the Air Forces, has been lecturing on the coming peace.

F. F. McNAUGHTON
Pekin, Ill.



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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS
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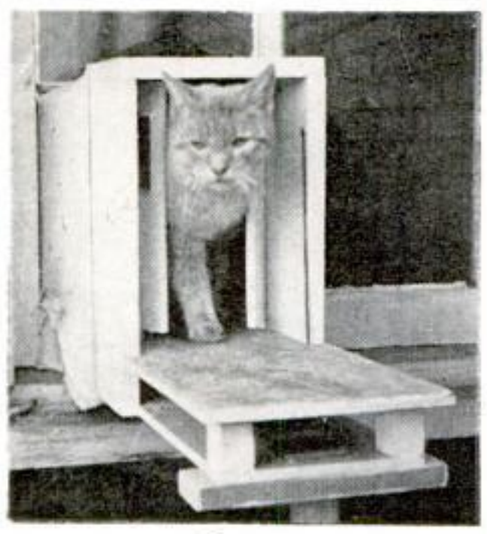
CATWALK

Sirs:

Muffin, my cat, doesn't wake the neighbors trying to get in or out of the house. These mechanical doors, invented by me, open with her weight on the platform, close with a spring.

DANIEL MELCHER

Washington, D. C.



SNOW DOUGHNUT

Sirs:

Among the strange and interesting fantasies of winter I found this "doughnut" of snow which formed on an automobile wheel and, now thawing, hangs nonchalantly from the hubcap.

N. EARLE TAYLOR

Worcester, Mass.



TOOTHBRUSH SMILE

Sirs:

My pedigreed bull terrier, Mickey, gets a great kick out of wearing an old pair of store teeth that I used once as a temporary set. He smiles winsomely at guests, refuses to give the teeth up.

NEIL TOOMEY

Brooklyn, N. Y.



Here, in the mountains of Puerto Rico, this superb rum has been distilled for generations

Ron MERITO



Available Gold Label & White Label. 86 Proof. Write for recipe booklet. National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. L-8, PO Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.

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WEATHER FORECAST : *Rain!*

Style Forecast : **ALLIGATOR!**



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Don't try to out-guess the weather!— out-dress it in your dependable new Alligator Raincoat! Here is magnificent styling, precise tailoring — out-and-out rainy-day dependability that has made Alligator truly the best buy in rainwear. Just the coat for fine, fair weather, too. The all-around garment that's number one choice in millions of American wardrobes! Join the swing to Alligator — see your dealer's selection now! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

TO PROTECT YOUR HOME..BUY WAR BONDS! TO PROTECT YOUR CLOTHES..BUY ALLIGATOR!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

SIX AMATEURS & WALKOWITZ . . .

Sirs:

I was so much interested in your story on the Walkowitz exhibition in the Feb. 21 issue that I made this portrait of Mr. Walkowitz myself. It was taken from your photograph of him on page 77. This is good exercise for amateurs.

THAD W. CULMER II

Robinson, Ill.



. . . IMPISH . . .

Sirs:

I don't profess to be any sort of an artist, but your article and pictures interested me so much that out of curiosity I made a very rough pencil sketch of your subject, trying to get my own slant on his personality.

FAYE BAIEVSKY

Brooklyn, N. Y.



. . . REFLECTIVE . . .

Sirs:

The face of Walkowitz is most tempting to any artist. What I liked about him were his appraising and reflective eyes. I just had to do him although it meant drawing on a sketch pad, in bed, where I am recuperating from an operation.

HARRIET ANHALT HOROWITZ

Forest Hills, N. Y.



. . . QUIZZICAL . . .

Sirs:

Here's another Walkowitz. Your fascinating story is an inspiration to amateurs as well as professional artists. Challenged by the personality of this unusual artist, I did this sketch from your photograph portrait.

AMBERNETT P. MAYERS

Speculator, N. Y.



. . . PHILOSOPHICAL . . .

Sirs:

Although I have never attended art school, it is my greatest ambition to be fortunate enough, some day, to study portraiture under the direction of so fine a professor as Abraham Walkowitz. Thanks for your splendid article.

JANICE DALE

Wethersfield, Conn.



. . . AND ESTHETIC

Sirs:

This pen sketch of Walkowitz will illustrate further your statements about self-expression. Even a neophyte finds himself producing very different subjects in almost identical manner and mood. Here is my Walkowitz.

GORDON LYMAN

Enid, Okla.



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You'll enjoy what yesterday's travelers missed, on your

JOURNEY INTO CUBA

1 **"Earmark some of your War Bonds** for a trip to Cuba," advises the export manager of an American company. "After this war you're going to find that it'll be easier than ever before to fly there . . . and have time to see things most voyagers have missed.



2 **"After you've explored** the antiquity and gaiety of Habana, you'll ride out into the sun-bathed countryside of this enchanted land and find new delights at every turn.



3 **"In nearby Pinar del Rio,** for instance, I saw hand-raised patches of the regal Vuelta Abajo—cigar tobacco as unique, as prized among connoisseurs, as the flavor of Canadian Club Whisky.



4 **"And on the same road**—sprawling fields of the fat, juicy, sugar-sweet pineapple you'll be ah-ing over in Habana. Other exotic fruits of Eden, too—mamey, fruta bomba. Trees heavy with bananas and coconuts.



5 **"Yes, and right** within sight of the capital's turrets, I stopped off at a sugar plantation stretching beyond the horizon . . . where a friendly Cubano cut me a length of succulent cane—tastier than candy.



6 **"Another treat,** pleasant and familiar, comes whenever you tarry for refreshment. Canadian Club! I mentioned this to a friend on the battlements of Morro Castle. 'Ciertamente, señor,' he replied, 'Canadian Club is Cuba's most popular fine whisky!' "

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting all those grand "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making urgently needed war alcohol instead of whisky; consequently the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" these days—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

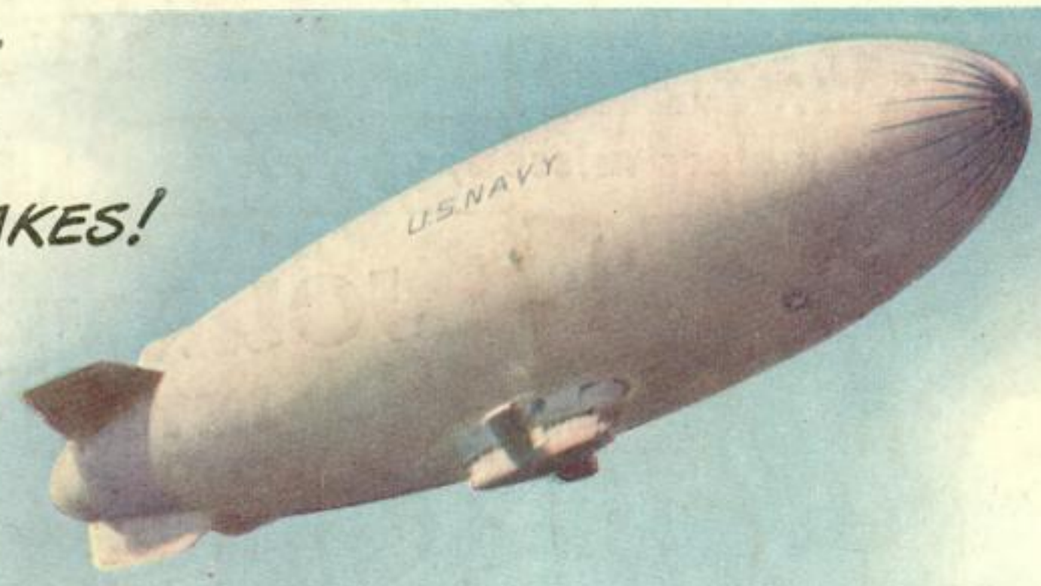
"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



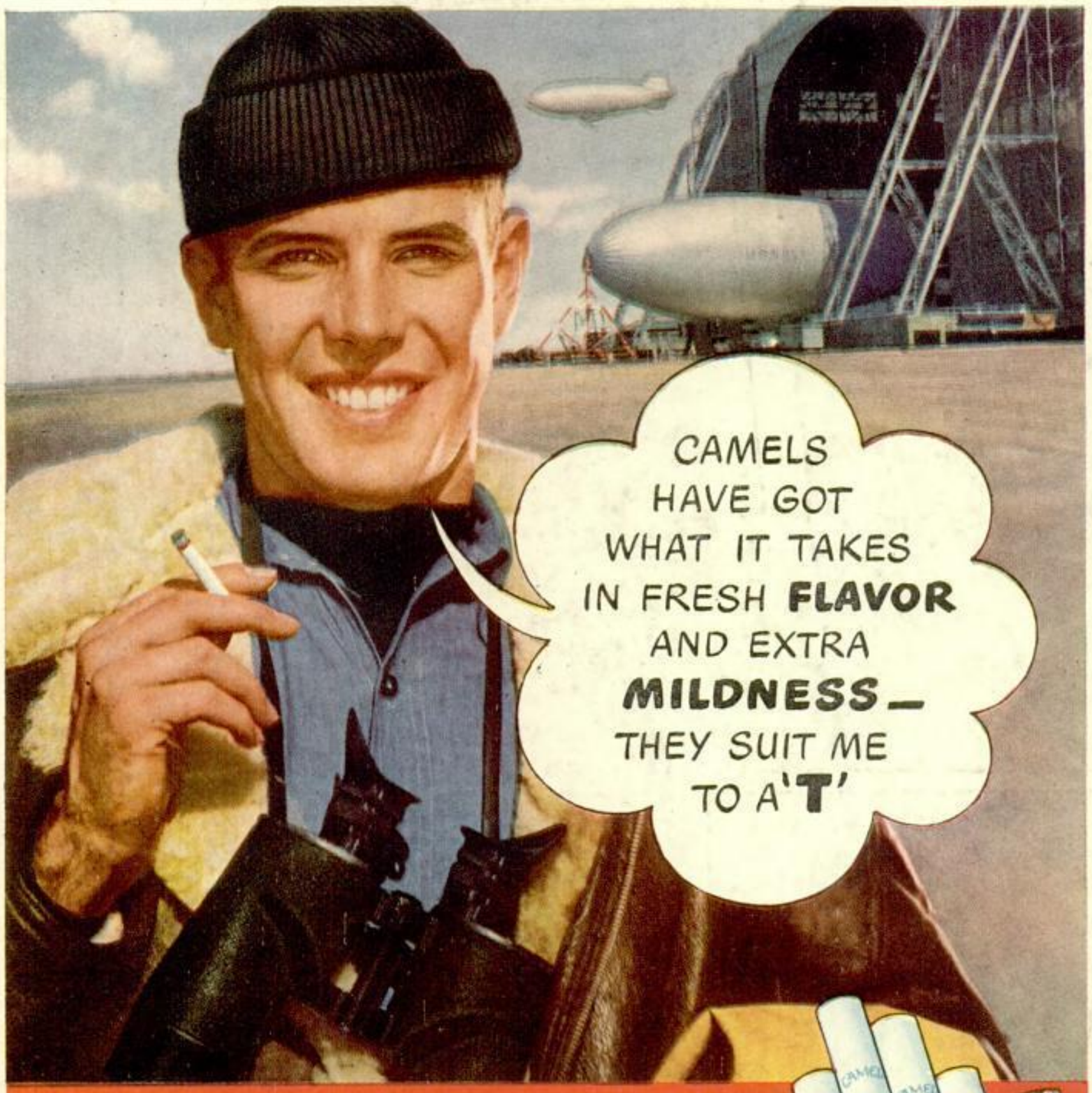
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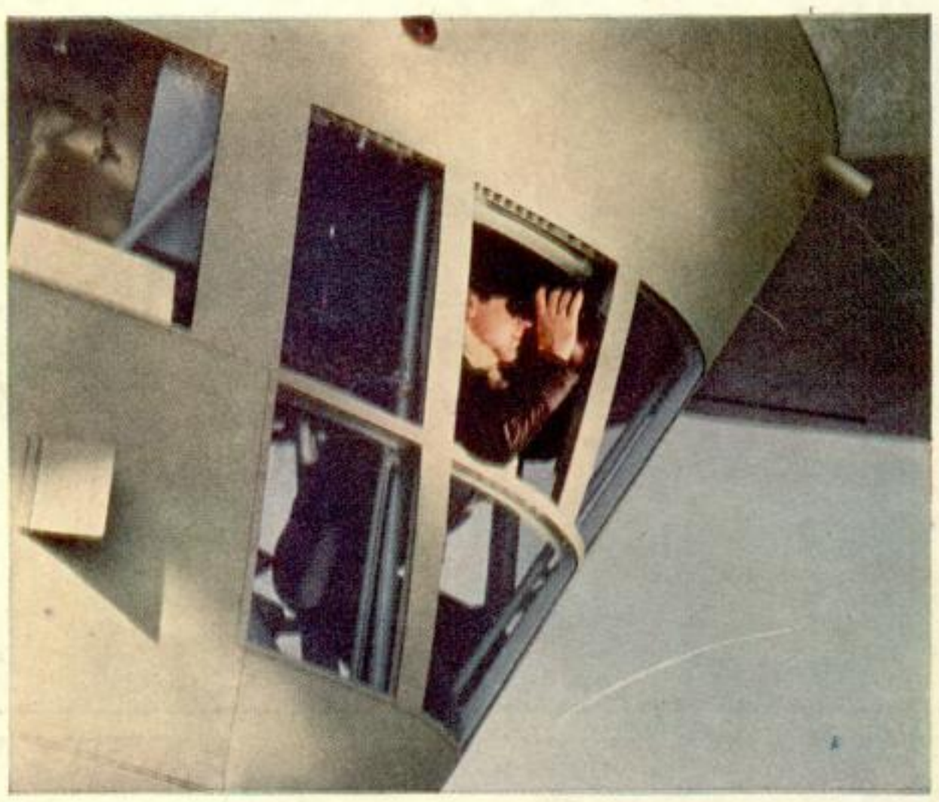
THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!



"Sentries of the Sea" on BLIMP PATROL!

YOU RIDE the swaying gondola of a helium-filled bag poised above the convoys—you guard the life-lines of war, and patrol America's endless coast-lines. And after those long hours on sentry-go above the waste of water, a Camel with its fresh, full flavor is a mighty good friend to have handy! Let the "sky sailor" at the left tell you one reason why Camels are the favorite with men in the Navy.





TOP SPEED, 70 knots; cruising radius, over 1,500 miles—and through the wide windows of these big gondolas the crew of ten keeps constant lookout—with a bomb-bay full of bad news at the first sign of a U-boat!

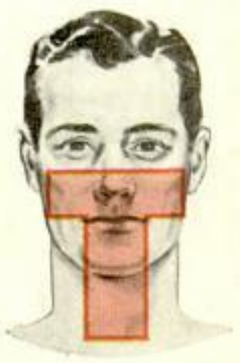
First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)





LENS GIRL—Anne Basa, inspector of Navy binoculars for Universal Camera Corp., turned to Camels because, "Camels are so easy on my throat—and they taste so fresh." Right, Anne! Camels stay fresh—because *they're packed to go round the world!*



Check Camels with your "T-Zone"

How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically . . . for taste . . . for your throat . . . for your "T-ZONE." That's the proving ground of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's costlier tobaccos give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels in your "T-ZONE."

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camel COSTLIER TOBACCOS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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